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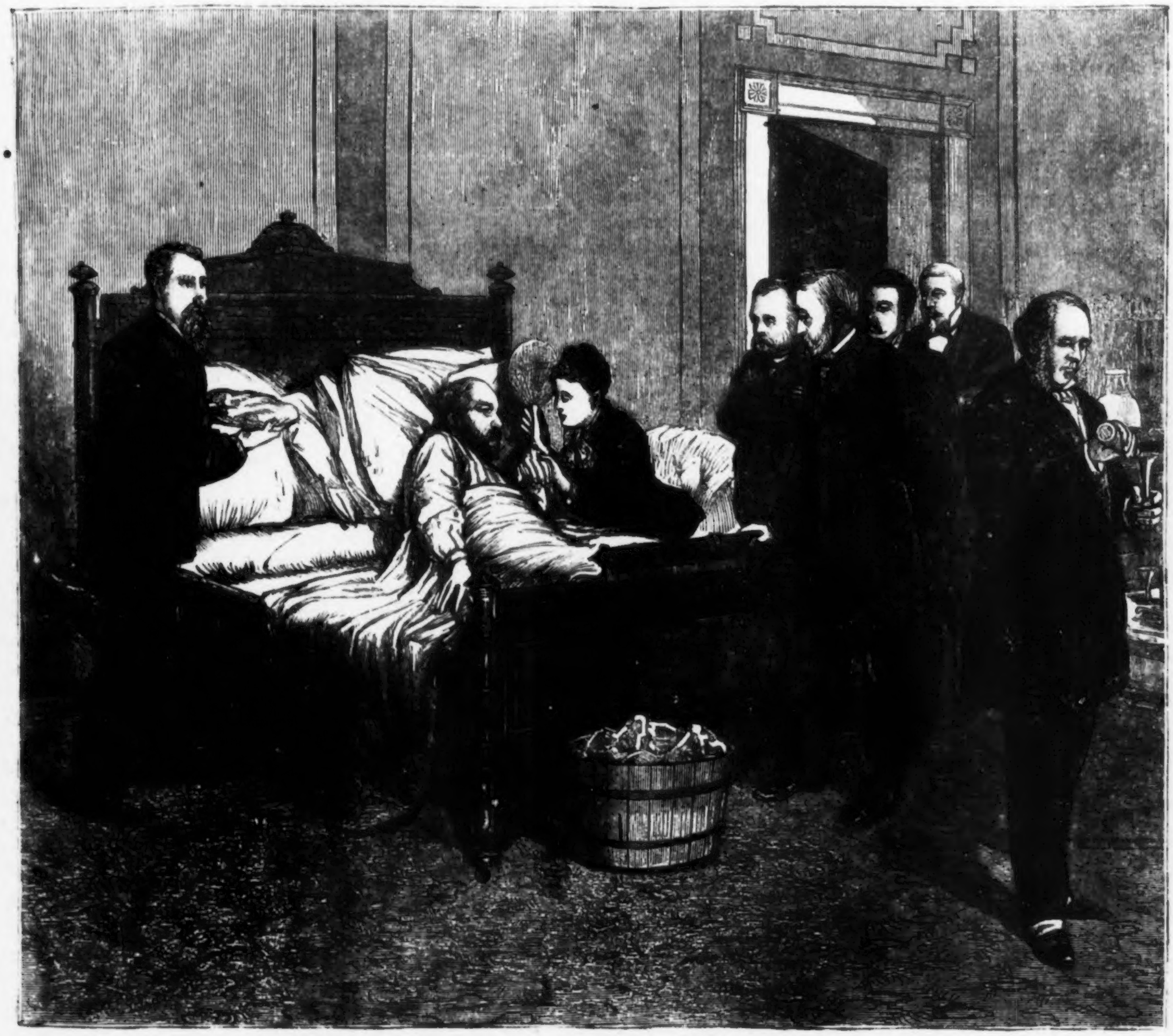
DAYS OF GLOOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

OUT of the fifty millions of people in our country, not more than two millions have ever seen the Executive residence and office in Washington City, except with the eye of the heart, which has been so constantly directed toward it since the assault on President Garfield's life.

The White House receives its name from the white paint which is annually put on the sandstone material of its walls. When the Government, in 1790, resolved to make its permanent capital on the Potomac, a quarry of soft sandstone, generally called "freestone," was purchased at Aquia Creek, some fifty miles below Washington; and of that stone, which is of a pale gray or yellow color, several of the large buildings about Washington were made. It could be brought up the river on vessels or scows, landed within half a mile of the positions of the buildings, and drawn up to them by oxen. This stone, when painted, has something of the look of marble.

The architect of the White House was James Hoban, an



PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.

Irishman from County Kilkenny, who studied building and architecture in Dublin during the time that Ireland had an independent Parliament, and a public spirit and patriotism of her own. Near the close of the Revolutionary War, Hoban, who had seen the Irish Parliament House, Trinity College and the principal constructions of Dublin and Great Britain, sailed to Charleston, South Carolina, which was then rapidly springing up as the most important city in the South, abundant architectural signs of which remain, notwithstanding the ravages of war and fire.

After Washington City had been legislated for, Henry Laurens, a South Carolina statesman, gave Mr. Hoban a letter of recommendation to General Washington. Hoban took the prize offered for the best model of an official residence, with building specifications. General Washington rather thought the house was too large in Hoban's plan, but Jefferson, with some passion for architecture, retained its proportions, and under him, as Secretary of State, the work was undertaken. The year General Washington died the house was about fit to shelter a tenant, and therefore its walls and form, with the exception of the large carriage-way in front, stand much as Washington beheld them.

The architect of the White House, Hoban, lived till the year 1831, and his posterity inhabits the City of Washington. He was a devout Catholic, and has a monument in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Washington, therefore, never inhabited the city of his name. He frequently lodged or took his meals within the present city, but generally stopped in Georgetown, which is now included in the capital, and called "West Washington." General Washington died at Mount Vernon, December 14th, 1799. His last words, spoken with difficulty, were: "I am fast going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" His secretary bowed his head. "It is well," said Washington, and soon after died.

Nearly one year afterward the Adams family arrived in Washington, and inhabited the White House about the middle of November, 1800. Washington himself had frequently stood within the shell of this building, looking up at its proportions and observing the progress made by the masons and carpenters. But he never lodged in the house, and there was no roof upon it when his body was placed in the little family vault on the declivities of Mount Vernon, amongst the beautiful timber there.

Mrs. John Adams, who had driven from Baltimore to the new capital, and lost her way on the road amongst the almost impenetrable woods of that region, first complained of the labor of lighting the apartments, and of the numerous fires that had to be kept up to prevent the fever and ague. No bells were in the house, whose proportions were so large that the servants could not hear a call; the negroes never cut wood enough; no grates were set in the fireplaces, and there was no coal. Mrs. Adams, with Yankee practicality, took the East Room, which has since been used for receptions so many years, and hung clothes-lines in it to dry her washing. The stairways were not up at the time, and only six chambers were fit to inhabit.

This residence has ever since been the home and office of the American chief magistrate, except after the war of 1814, when the British burned the mansion, with the exception of the walls. President Madison then removed to a large brick mansion called the Octagon, which is about a quarter of a mile west of the President's house. There he signed the treaty of peace with England. The White House cost, in John Adams's time, $333,000. Nothing was saved from its contents but a celebrated portrait of General Washington.

When the building was rebuilt the present porticoes, front and rear, were added, and the total cost of rebuilding was $360,000, showing that in the space of twenty-five years wages and material had gone up in price. The beautiful *porte cochère* in front, which is of the height of the house, was of considerably later construction. There stood in the architect Hoban's time in Dublin, and still stands, though with alterations, a noble mansion belonging to the Duke of Leinster, which was the pride of Irishmen; and the arrangement of its windows and their form probably influenced him in modeling the front of the White House.

At that time classical style prevailed in private and secular constructions, and the White House has portico columns and a gallery all around the roof in its plan. It is 170 feet long by 80 feet deep. The front portico is double, so as to admit foot passengers and carriages also. There are only two stories in the building besides a basement, which is below the street line, though not sunken in the ground, since the front path to the White House rises upon a gentle hill, and leaves the basement on flatter ground, considerably below its level. The central hall at the White House front door is 40 feet wide by 50 deep. At the foot of the hall is a room 40 by 30, with side parlors opening out of it, 30 by 22 feet each. All these lower rooms are 22 feet high. On the right, as you enter, is the State Dining-room in the wing, so to speak, which is 40 by 30 feet. The East Room in the opposite wing was formerly called the Banqueting Room, and is 80 feet long by 40 feet wide. It would be in any country a very large room, and takes over 1,100 yards of carpet to cover the floor. Some of the original furniture placed in this house in Monroe's administration yet remains. The lower part is wholly used for receptions and public occasions. The upper part is divided in half, and that side to the left is appropriated to the public, and is overrun with office-seekers during the morning hours; while the rooms on the right, in which General Garfield has been lying for some time, are the family apartments, and are scarcely ever shown except to the family visitors. We may suppose that at the present day this White House would cost to build $750,000, and to furnish would require $50,000 to $100,000 more. For many years the grounds about it were not inclosed, and had a most negligent and forlorn appearance.

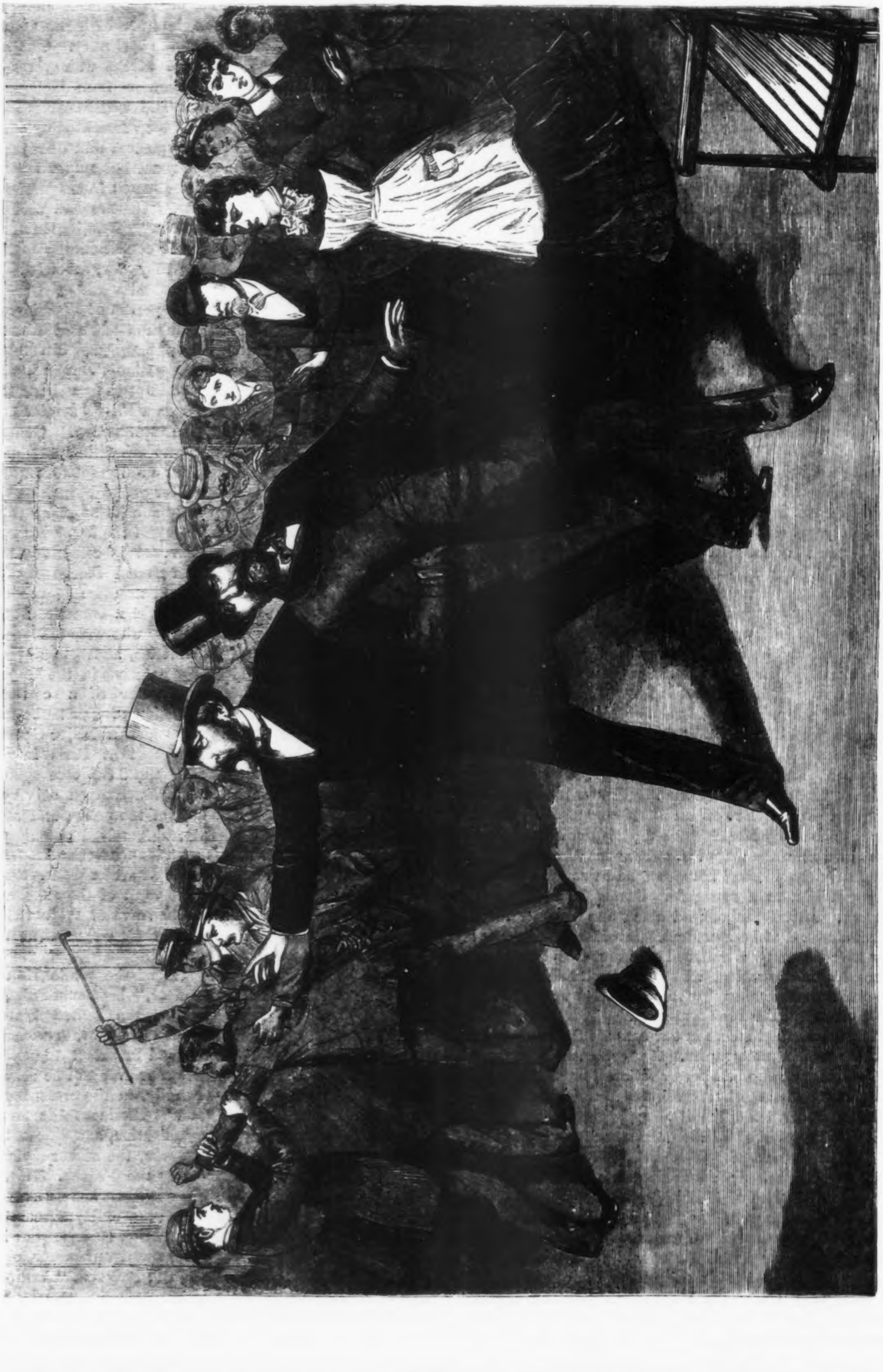
Four of the departments of the Government were built on the same square with the White House. In course of time, as they have proved too small for their purposes, two immense buildings have been built on the White House flanks, separated from it by private streets. The Treasury Department is on one side, which cost about $6,000,000, and on the other side, partially finished, is the magnificent building for the State, Navy and War Departments, which will probably cost $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. Since the Rebellion the grounds about the White House have been very much improved, and the flat fields in the rear, stretching off toward the Potomac, have been made higher by filling in, and will in course of time become parts of a splendid park, extending quite through the City of Washington, from the President's house to the Capitol. Here have passed eighty years of political and personal romance.

Several of the Presidents have been childless, or have been made so while in office. Washington, as is well known, had no children, and adopted those of his wife. Mr. Jefferson was a widower without sons, and his married daughter dispensed his hospitality. Madison had no children of his own, but his wife had a son by a former marriage, named Payne Todd, who was a gambler and squandered his stepfather's money, and finally brought his widowed mother, after Mr. Madison's death, into almost complete penury. She had to sell her residence in Washington, on the square opposite the White House, and retire to Virginia. Mr. Madison's estate, like that of Jefferson, has been sought to be disposed of by a lottery. Mr. Monroe had no sons, and the most prosperous time of his life was in the Presidency, when he was in receipt of the salary of the office. With this money he obtained an agreeable estate about thirty miles from Washington, near Leesburg, Va., but his creditors seized it, and he was in absolute danger of imprisonment for debt. He returned to New York City and abode with his son-in-law, who was Postmaster of New York, and even this refuge became precarious, and the son-in-law got into trouble with his Post Office accounts and had to be dismissed. President Jackson lost his wife after he had been elected to the Presidency and before he took his seat. Some of his friends thought there was social compensation in this, as she was not an educated woman, and he had married her under some misapprehensions. The old President, however, always deeply regretted her loss to the end of his days, and revered her memory. His house was kept by his adopted son's wife. Mr. Van Buren was a widower, and inhabited the White House with his sons, whom he treated as his equals in age and intelligence. They became very accomplished men. Their mother was Mr. Van Buren's cousin. He was one of the most polite and agreeable persons who ever became master of the White House, and his nature was so deliberate and his speech so suave that he never provoked personal hostility. After he quitted the Presidency his ambition was nettled to return to the office, and he became considerably more aggressive than in earlier life. President Harrison was buried from the Executive Mansion, and it was the first occasion of a funeral of a President. Mr. Tyler lost his wife and was remarried while in the White House, an event that has never been repeated. He married the daughter of a gentleman from Brooklyn, New York, who had been killed at the explosion of the big gun on the ship-of-war *Princeton*. Mr. Tyler was an affable man, though much misunderstood by his embittered party, which had nominated him, as in the case of Vice-President Arthur, without sufficiently considering his views, and was then disposed to regard him as a renegade. James K. Polk had no children. Mrs. Fillmore died about one month after her husband ceased to be President. President Pierce lost his only living son by a railroad accident but two months before his inauguration, and some excitable people attributed it to design, saying that obstacles were placed on the track to kill the President-elect.

Violence against rulers in our country first commenced in the partisan newspapers. An eccentric poet named Philip Freneau, who had been employed on the New York press, was made translating clerk in Mr. Jefferson's office at Philadelphia, the office of Secretary of State, in 1791. He forthwith attacked all the measures of the Government except those which originated with Jefferson. From this beginning there was more or less violence in the public writings till the end of Washington's administration, when some of the irresponsible hacks around the seat of Government had the insolence to express delight that Washington could no longer "afflict his country." Soon afterward outrages commenced in France; the King was imprisoned and Lafayette confined in a dungeon. Next an insurrection broke out in the Alleghany parts of Pennsylvania, based on the resistance of the crude people there to paying any tax on the whisky they so bountifully consumed. For the first time Washington took up arms against his fellow-citizens, raised an army of 15,000 men, and put down the rising, one of the leaders of which was Albert Gallatin, afterward Secretary of the Treasury. The remarks of Washington at the close of the whisky revolt refer distinctively to the disposition to form plots and secret societies against the lives and welfare of rulers. "The insurrection," he said, "has been fomented by combinations of men careless of consequences and disregarding the unerring truth, who can arouse but cannot always appease convulsion, and have disseminated from ignorance or perversion of facts, suspicions, jealousies and accusations against the whole Government." Washington then denounced "self-created societies," corresponding to the Jacobin Clubs of France, and they very soon disappeared.

Among the foreigners around the person of Washington were several who figured in assassination schemes. Among them was Fieschi, a sculptor, who subsequently attempted to assassinate the King of France. Colonel Despard, who was executed in England for an attempt to assassinate the King and Cabinet in 1803, had been a British soldier and prisoner in America during the Revolution. General Pichegru, of the French Army, who was either strangled or committed suicide in prison, for an attempt to murder the First Consul, had been an officer of the French on the American side. Washington City and its adjacent parts became the place of refuge of many of the desperate men on the Continent who had endeavored to commit crime. Among them was a young officer named Cloriviere, who was concerned in the first infernal machine against the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a courtier of the King, and by the aid of his relatives, who were influential in the Church, he got off to America, and settled right under the nose of President John Adams in the City of Washington, as the priestly director of a convent. Limoelan de Cloriviere, a schoolfellow of Chateaubriand, became a Chevalier of St. Louis and a Major-General under George Cadoudal. Implicated at Paris in the affair of the infernal machine of the 3d Nivose against the life of the First Consul, Limoelan escaped only by a kind of miracle from the pursuit of the police, and after being long concealed in Brittany, he resolved to emigrate to America. He built at his own expense the Academy and elegant Chapel of the Sacred Heart in Georgetown, and is buried in the middle of the vault of the nuns, and over his body is raised a tomb to serve at the burial of the Sisters as a resting-place for their coffins while the funeral ceremony is being performed.

John Adams, the first occupant of the White House, says in his "Thoughts on Government," that Count Pulaski, who was killed in the service of the United States, "planned an enterprise, much to his dishonor, to assassinate King Stanislaus of Poland"; and President Adams remarked, "No good cause ever was or ever will be served by assassination, and this is, happily, in the present age, the universal sense of mankind." President Adams received letters threatening his assassination, and one, of the date of 1799, is quoted in his works, the author saying: "Myself and family are ruined by the French. If you do not procure satisfaction for my losses when a treaty is made with them, I am undone for ever, and you must be a villain to your country. Assassination shall be your lot if restitution is lost to America through your means, or if ever you agree to a peace without it." Signed, "A ruined merchant, alas! with ten children, made beggars by the French." President Adams wrote to his Secretary of State: "If it is required of me to procure satisfaction for



PRESIDENT GARFIELD SHOT DOWN BY AN ASSASSIN IN THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO DEPOT.

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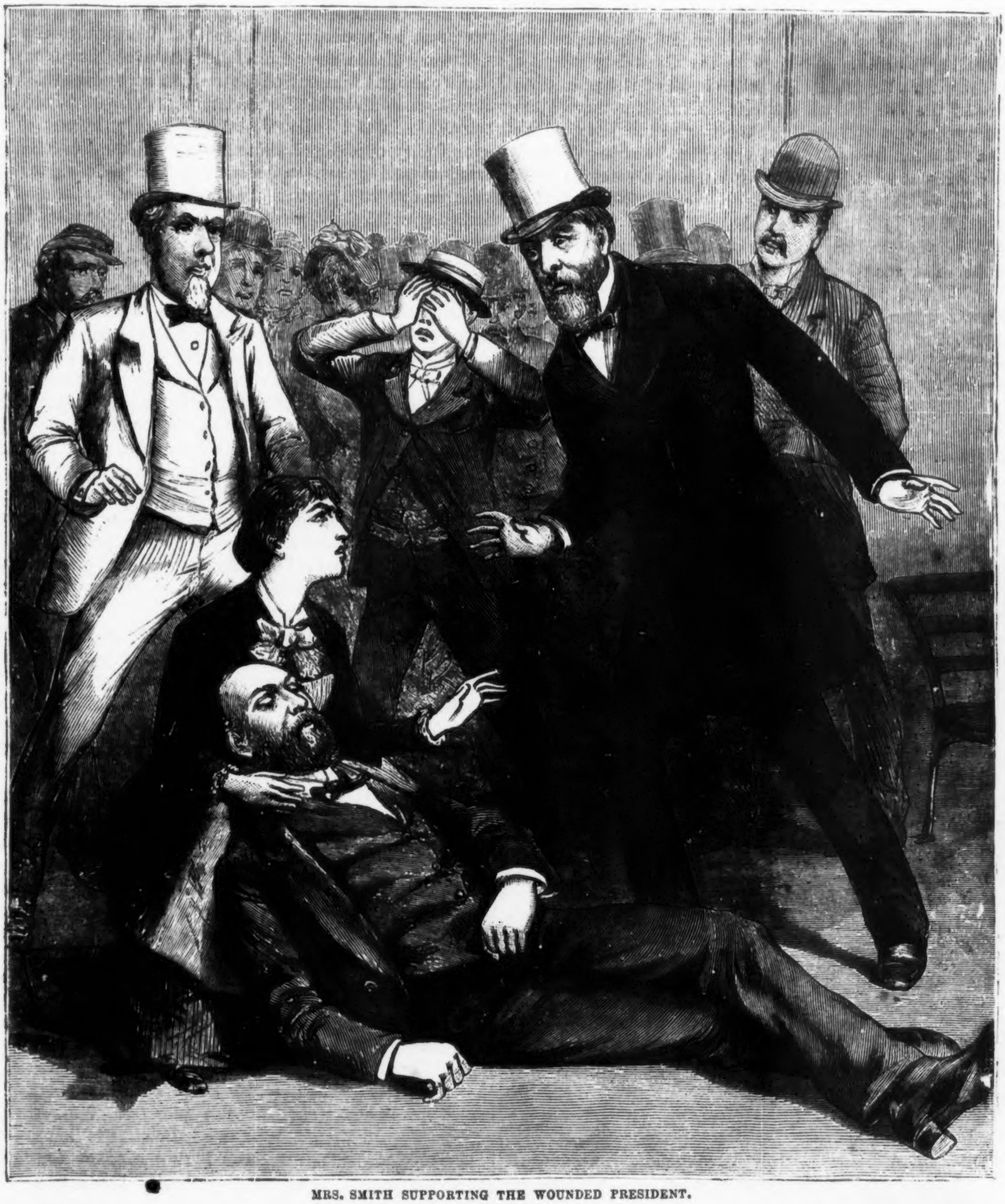
every family ruined by the French upon pain of assassination, I believe Mr. Assassin may do his work."

President Adams, on taking up his home in Washington, made a speech to the two Houses of Congress, saying: "May this territory be the residence of virtue and happiness. In this city may that piety and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and self-government which adorned the great character whose name it bears, be forever held in veneration! Here and throughout our country may simple manners, pure morals and true religion forever flourish."



MRS. SMITH SUPPORTING THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

While this prayer has been answered in the main, cases of violence have not been uncommon, even around the President's person. Our early Presidents were, in general, relieved from the pressure of large crowds by the distance of the capital from the large centres of population, and by the cost of going there.

The first attack on the life of any President was that of Lawrence upon Andrew Jackson, in 1835, near the close of Jackson's administration. President Jackson was himself one of the first encouragers of violent behavior on the part of politicians and office-seekers around the City of Washington. A member of Congress opposed to Jackson, named Stanbury, from the State of Ohio, had said in debate that one of Mr. Jackson's secretaries had been removed for attempting to give a contract for Indian rations to Sam Houston. Upon this, Houston, with a stick, attacked Stanbury on his way down Capitol Hill, and beat him when lying down. Instead of being indignant, Jackson said that after a few more examples of the same kind,

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members of Congress would learn to keep civil tongues in their heads. Houston was sentenced to pay a fine of $500, but the President officially pardoned the fine and took Houston out of jail. A Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, was also grossly assaulted by a ruffian in Jackson's interest, who fired a pistol at Arnold. Some time after this President Jackson got into a violent discussion with a member of Congress of his own party, on the matter of a Federal appointment in Mississippi. He accused this member, George Poindexter, of having suggested his assassination.

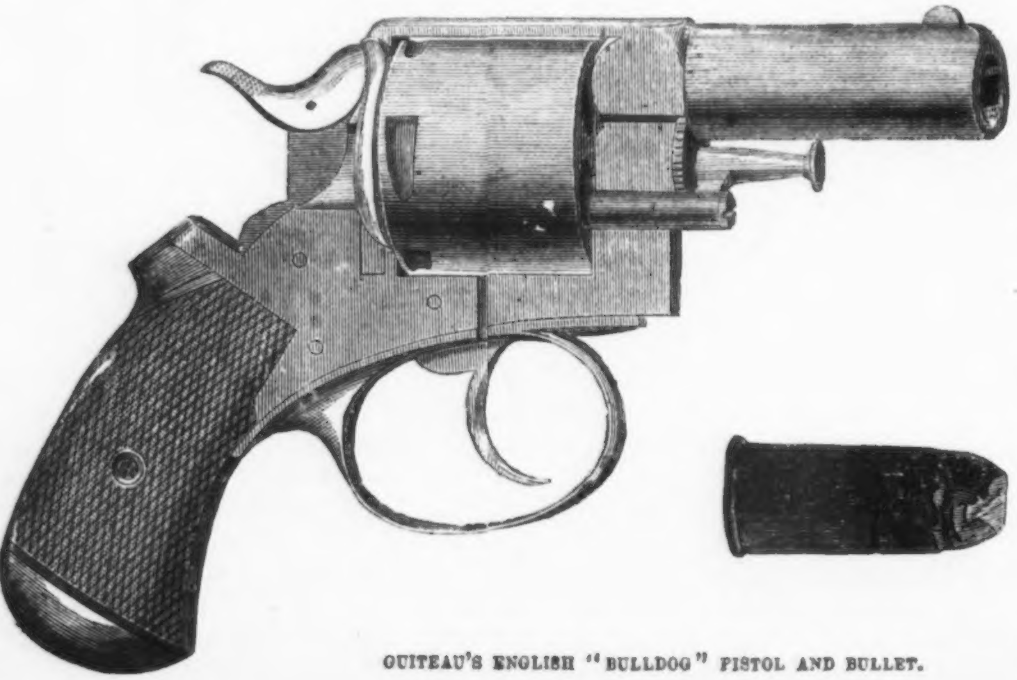
President Jackson had gone to the Capitol to attend a funeral. The President was at the head of the procession to escort the body to the grave, with his Secretary of the Treasury on one side and his Secretary of the Navy on the other. Just as he had crossed the rotunda of the Capitol, and was about to step on the portico, a man emerged from the hall, and at a distance of only eight feet leveled a pistol at his breast and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded with a loud report, without discharging the pistol, and he drew another, which he had held in his left hand under his cloak, which also missed fire. President Jackson rushed on the assassin with his stick uplifted, but a lieutenant of the navy knocked the man down, and he was taken to jail. The President was hurried to his carriage and conveyed to the White House. For some days his belief remained unshaken that the man had been set on to attempt his destruction by a clique of his political enemies. The prisoner proved to be a lunatic. His name was Lawrence, an English house-painter, long out of employment, who had heard on all sides that the country had been ruined by the measures of General Jackson. The physicians who examined him reported that "he stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his difficulties, he was still fixed in his purpose to kill him, and if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also; and declared that no power in this country could punish him for having done so, because it would be resisted by the Powers of Europe as well as of this country. He also stated that he had been long in correspondence with the Powers of Europe, and that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the crown of England, and that he should yet live to regain it, and that he considered the President of the United States nothing more than his clerk. We now think proper to add that the young man appears perfectly tranquil and unconcerned as to the final result, and seems to anticipate no punishment for what he has done."

Lawrence was placed in an asylum, and the affair, which at first had assumed portentous importance, soon ceased to be a topic of remark.

At the approach of the great Civil War, during Mr. Buchanan's administration, that President, according to a very probable rumor, was in considerable fear of his own life. Some of his friends attribute his negative behavior as he approached the end of his term to the idea that some of the hostile influences then making ready for war would put him out of the way, so as to give the Vice-President control of the country, and of the army and navy. It is not believed, of course, any person of responsibility considered this matter; but the Federal Government had grown to be such a tremendous affair, with such vast patronage, that the turning over of all its offices and powers to the representative of a party aroused great numbers of clerks and dependents, particularly from the Southern States, to the belief that they were to be unjustly dealt with.

Mr. Lincoln always believed, from the advices of his friends, that there was a scheme on foot to prevent him ever reaching the capital city. He behaved in a manner to show his faith in these rumors, by leaving Harrisburgh without notice in the night-time, and going through Baltimore in a sleeping-car, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow-passengers and the newspaper reporters. It is said that he was once shot at during the war, while riding to the Soldiers' Home unaccompanied. After that he was prevailed upon to take a trooper with him. Still he never expressed nor showed any signs of apprehension until the fatal bullet of Booth brought him unconsciousness, even while his face was wreathed in smiles, sitting at the representation of a play, with the sense of victory and the restoration of the country kindling his blood.

There is neither room nor occasion to review the causes of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. It is enough to say that a native of Maryland, John Wilkes Booth, the grandson of a Radical politician in England, and the son of a very erratic though gifted actor, formed the notion, during the latter part of the war, of making a prisoner of President Lincoln, and taking him either dead or alive through the Federal lines to Virginia, as a contribution to Southern independence. Many circumstances connected with this plot are known to friends of Booth still living, while many other alleged circumstances never existed but in the imaginations of their relators.



GUITEAU'S ENGLISH "BULLDOG" PISTOL AND BULLET.

Numerous friends and schoolmates of Booth had gone to the South. He had himself, while acting in Richmond in 1859, attended the execution of John Brown. About five years later one of his friends, named Beall, was hanged in the harbor of New York as a spy, despite the intercession of Booth, who spent a large part of the war in Washington City as a gallant around the hotels and an occasional actor. He contemplated seizing Mr. Lincoln on the day he was inaugurated the second time, and making a bold dash to cross the Eastern branch of

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the Potomac, even seated in the Inaugural carriage. At this suggestion the band of vagrants Booth had sworn into his service took flight, and most of them dispersed. He then began to deliberately consider the propriety of killing the President, and about six weeks afterward, when the army of Lee surrendered, Booth in revenge concluded to shoot the President at the theatre, so as to make the occasion highly picturesque. Besides, he knew the stage of that theatre from having acted upon it, and was a favorite of its proprietors and laborers. Learning on the morning of the 14th of April, 1865, that Mr. Lincoln was to have a private box at the theatre, Booth went into the dark building during the day, bored a hole through the thin door of the President's box, and fitted a bar into another door, so as to shut out the audience from the box corridor. He then had his horse, which was kept in the rear of the theatre, prepared to make his flight that night, and gathering a few members of his band together, he sent them on various errands, and then went to the theatre, shot the President, leaped from the box on to the stage, and went out the back door into the alley, and although his foot had been fractured by leaping from the box, he mounted his horse and rode off. Nearly at the same hour of the night, Mr. Seward, who was sick in his residence, was stabbed by an unknown man. Another common person went to the Kirkwood Hotel, where Vice-President Johnson boarded, carrying a knife for the purpose of killing him. Not for about ten days was Booth overhauled, having made a circuit of nearly one hundred miles from Washington into Virginia. His excuse was that he had committed the crime for his country—meaning the Southern States. He was shot in a barn, and four persons concerned in the tragedy were executed on the scaffold, by the judgment of a military commission. Unquestionably the Civil War between the sections aroused the half-insane vindictiveness and passion for distinction which culminated in this memorable crime.

The death of the Earl of Beaconsfield in England only a few weeks before the attempted assassination of President Garfield recalls to our minds the eloquent remarks of that statesman, announcing in the House of Commons the murder of Abraham Lincoln. His inferences have a double value to us at present, since assassination, which appeared to be an exotic in our midst, has apparently been naturalized among us. "In the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the cause and consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to assure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. Even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not propitiate the inexorable destiny of his country. The violent deaths of two heroic men, Henry IV. of France and the Prince of Orange, are conspicuous illustrations of this truth. Let us not, therefore, sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with accumulated wisdom and strong in the discipline and energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle."

The place where the assassin, Charles Jules Guiteau, inflicted almost mortal wounds on President Garfield, is one of the newest ornamental buildings in Washington. The railroad depot in our time has become almost what the forum was in the days of Rome. One of the English artists, Frith, has painted a most elaborate picture, engravings of which are found all over the world, called "The Railway Station." Among the hundreds of figures collected under the glass roof is a criminal, just being seized by the officer as he is about to depart on the train.

The railroad reached Washington from Baltimore about 1830, and was a single track until the time of the Rebellion. No other railroad departed from Washington, except the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to the South, which became the line of the movement of armies to the great battlefields of Bull Run, Culpepper and Chantilly. From Alexandria also departed a short railroad up the south side of the Potomac to Leesburg, near the field of Ball's Bluff. The State of Maryland, like many of the older States which had fallen under control of a single large corporation, the State itself and its principal city being stockholders in the railroad, opposed obstacles to the opening of any other line across its territory, and it was not until about 1870-72 that the Pennsylvania Railroad, through the aid of a local charter, was enabled to extend itself from Baltimore into Washington. The Government at Washington had been very desirous of some competing railroad route to the North and West, so as to stimulate better time, more conveniences, and lower fares. Congress gave extraordinary privileges to the new railroad, and allowed it to build a depot in the very centre of the City of Washington, only a few steps from Pennsylvania Avenue at Sixth Street. The right of way to this depot was accorded across the public park belonging to the Government. The Railroad Company, in recognition of this favor, put up the most beautiful depot building to be found south of Mason & Dixon's line in the United States. It is in style a Flemish hotel de ville, with Gothic pavilions, spires, balconies, and rich decorations in brick, iron, stone and slate. Not a very extravagant building in size, it was the only building of that style in Washington until the taste for Gothic houses was developed in more recent private residences. The depot stands at the corner of Sixth Street and one of the cross-streets at right angles, called B Street. The rectangular streets of Washington are numbered from east to west, and lettered from north to south. This depot stands right over the former creek, satirized by Tom Moore in 1808, in the line—

> "And what was Goose Creek is Tiber now."

The Tiber was almost as great a nuisance to Washington in its day as the ancient Tiber to Rome, which is still puzzling the wits of Garibaldi to make it available to commerce. The Tiber at Washington has been made into a great sewer, which still occasionally overflows, and fills the cellars on Pennsylvania Avenue, and leaves the depot out on an island, to be paddled to in boats. This rich, almost florid, building, in which the prevailing colors are red and white, presents an interior of light and elegance. The principal entrance is on Sixth Street, but there is a ladies' room on the B Street side, and the ticket-seller has his office near the great entrance, between the main waiting-room and the ladies' room. A large restaurant, a smoking-room and other apartments open from the principal hall, and the gate or wicket through which passengers pass to the trains is immediately opposite the ladies' room, and separated from it by the general hall. The ceilings are high and ornamental.

On the morning of the 2d of July, 1881, President Garfield came to this depot in a private carriage with his Secretary of State, who was to see him off on the limited

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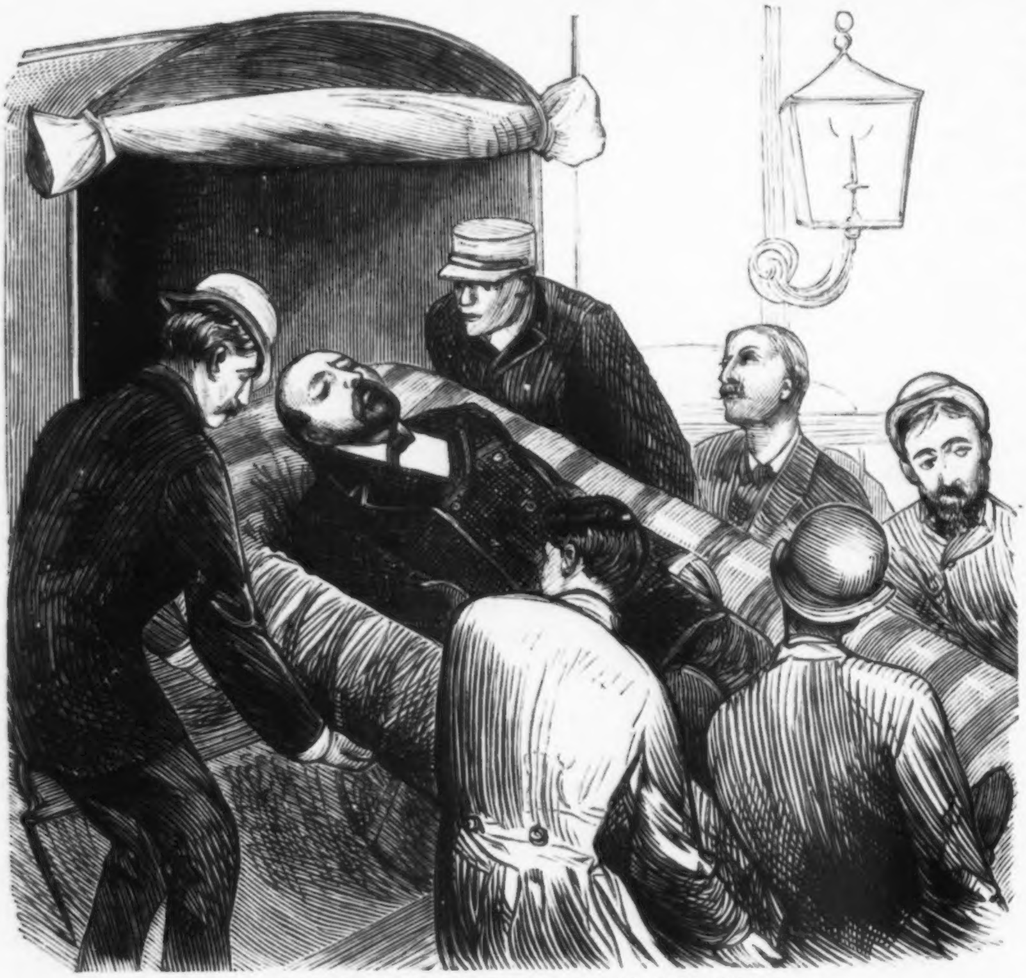
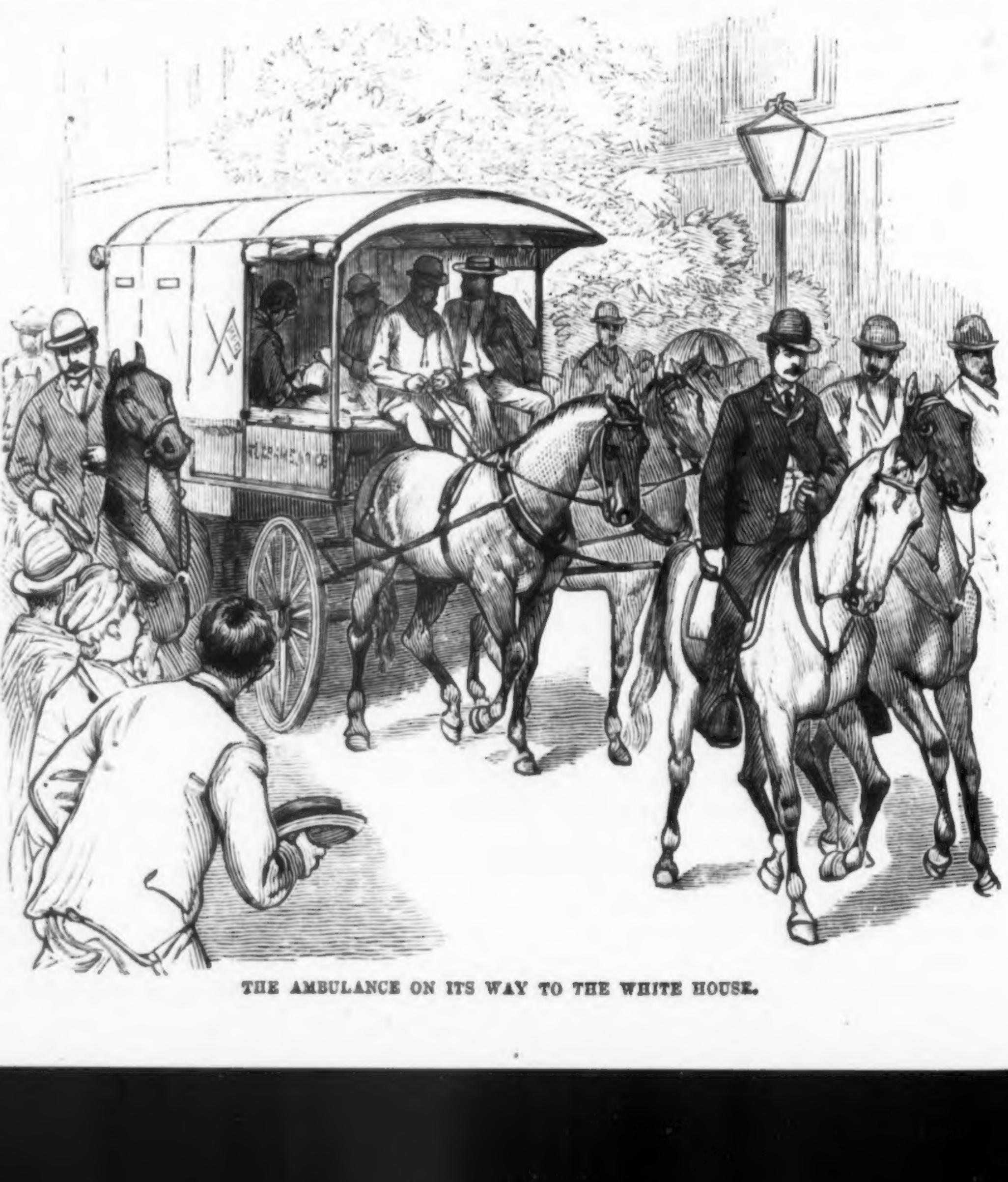


PRESIDENT GARFIELD REMOVED TO AN AMBULANCE.

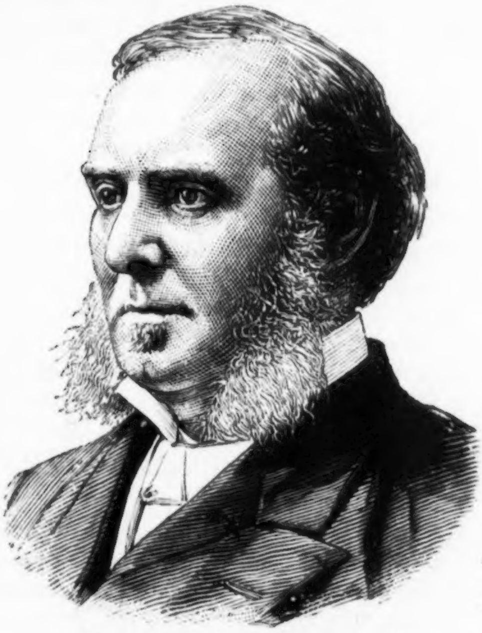
express train, which leaves Washington at half-past nine every morning for New York. Accompanying this train was to be a private car for the use of the President, which was to leave the main line at Monmouth Junction and run to Long Branch. Several members of the Cabinet were to accompany the President, it being usual for him to travel with some part of his Government, and, besides, the Cabinet desired to leave Washington during the excessively hot weather, and enjoy the Fourth of July and the intervening Sunday at the seaside.

The President had not quitted Washington after his inauguration on the 4th of March, until a week or ten days previous to the time we are referring to. His wife had become worn down with the excitement and responsibilities attending his inauguration, and the enormous rush of office-seekers and visitors to the Executive Mansion, and had been taken, by the order of her physicians, to the Elberon Hotel, at Long Branch, where the President had remained with her a few days, and had then returned to Washington and spent four days in the White House, announcing, however, that on the morning of the 2d of July he would again join his wife, and spend a part of a week with her. This news, by means of the telegraph, had been disseminated all over the country for nearly a week, and the whole office-seeking element well knew that on that day, and at that hour, the President would depart. Probably over the whole surface of the United States there did not breathe a single human being, with one exception, entertaining the least idea that the head of the Nation was in danger. It certainly never crossed his mind. He was in almost enthusiastic spirits at the idea, so dear to a Western man, of getting by that great ocean again, inhaling its breath, looking out at the passing vessels—which had no applications for office to make—and driving through beautiful Monmouth County, among the potato-fields, the ripening wheat and the blowing corn.

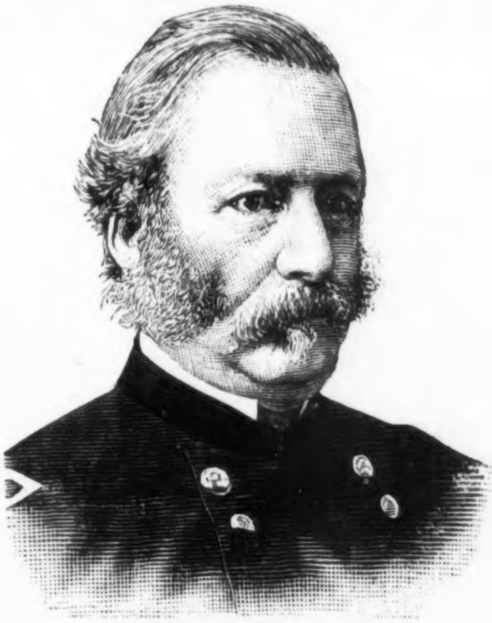
On the way to the depot the President, in that warm, boyish, loving way he has, told his Secretary of State that he believed they had passed the danger-point of his administration, that the people and the leaders of the party had begun to understand and agree with the purposes of



THE AMBULANCE ON ITS WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE.



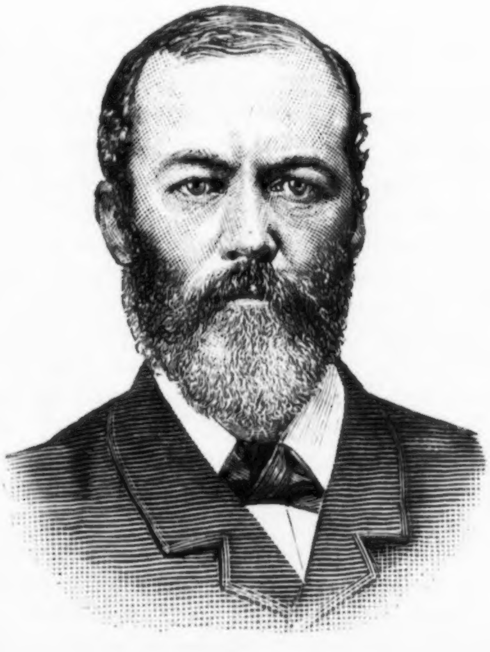
DR. BLISS, PRINCIPAL PHYSICIAN.



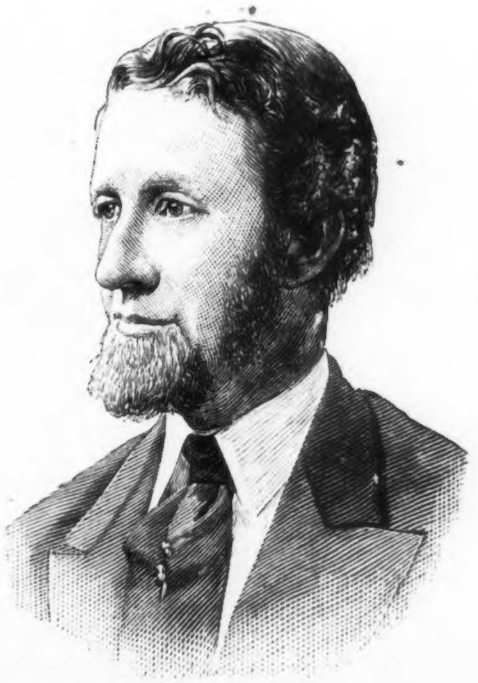
SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES.

his government, and that he considered his Cabinet to be strong and concordant, and ready to do the work of the Government in the most efficient way. Mr. Blaine, whose enemies say that he is a born diplomatist, and whose friends claim that he is one of the most delightful companions in the world, responded to these remarks in the same spirit. The two men are not far from the same age, Garfield being two or three years the younger. He had been subordinate to Mr. Blaine in Congress, the latter, as Speaker of the House for several years, having had it in his power to dispose of Mr. Garfield upon the committees which do the minor and preparatory work of Congress. It is through these committees that Congressmen are placed in relation with public business, and obtain recognition from the country. General Garfield had been for about sixteen years the hardest worker in Congress, without any exception. His capacity for hard work, his willingness to distinguish himself and his passion for information and usefulness, had made him the wheel-horse of the majority, and when his party lost power in the House of Representatives he became the leader of the floor, and made most of the important speeches outlining the policy of his side of the House. Consequently these two men, Blaine and Garfield, were as perfectly acquainted as two public men could well be.

Both were men of enthusiastic dispositions, with great alertness of mind, and both men of large stature, large-limbed and athletic. They possess the military figure, the erect stature, the broad chests and the prominent foreheads we commonly see in distinguished military circles. Mr. Blaine has been the leading candidate of his party for five years, and had nearly received the nomination in 1876, and was a leading candidate in the convention where General Garfield was nominated. On Blaine's account the President had received some powerful opposition, designed to detach Blaine from his Cabinet. Rumors had been going around the country for a month that Mr. Blaine's position was uncertain. General Garfield for the first time assured him on this memorable morning that no evil talkers had altered their relations, and he believed they were going to work out the destiny of the country in harmony for the whole of the four years. The carriage



DR. J. J. WOODWARD.



DR. ROBERT REYBURN.

XUM

waited at the B Street entrance to the depot to take Mr. Blaine back to his office. After tarrying a few moments on the sidewalk, the Secretary of State and the President entered the depot together.

The ticket-seller and one or two other persons, including a policeman, who is always there on duty at train time, had seen a man for fifteen or twenty minutes previous to the arrival of the President hanging around the depot in a nervous, dogged way, as if waiting for somebody. He was a small man, neither very badly nor very well dressed, with a pale face and a somewhat evil countenance. He had very light eyes, of a restless motion; a rather uncleanly beard, which had been cropped, adhered to his chin. He was somewhat self-important, and had a crouching walk. One or two persons who looked at him curiously thought he might be in pursuit of somebody to borrow money from to pay his fare out of the city, a necessity very common among Washington office-seekers in the early months of a new administration. When the President finally entered the depot, which was all commotion at that hour of the morning, many persons hastening from the city to spend Independence Day among their families or friends, and many others making the annual departure for the springs and sea beaches, he walked with his usual bold and manly stride across the ladies' room, a distance of not more than twenty feet, until he reached the broad doorway leading into the main public room. He would have had about forty or fifty feet more to go to pass the wicket leading out to the platforms and sheds where the train was standing, with steam up, every car in it a Pullman, and the conductor with his watch in his hand, who had already received the signal that his last moments were passing. Mr. Blaine turned from the President, as if to go toward the ticket-office.

At this moment the furtive-eyed man already referred to stepped after the President, in a parallel line with him, and when within three or four feet of him thrust his hand into his pocket, brought out a revolving pistol, and with his head bent down, taking cool aim, he discharged the instrument into the President's body. A loud report and a puff of smoke filled the depot; the President himself seemed scarcely conscious that he had been shot at, and was still walking, when the assassin, following him right up again, fired another shot, making a loud report and smoke as before, and at this the President half turned and fell with all his weight of about two hundred and forty pounds on the floor, lying on his face. The little man who had fired the pistol then ran back to the B Street door the President had entered, as if to make his way out. A gentleman coming in to take the train, and somewhat late, sufficiently grasped the situation to spread up his hands, whereupon the assassin, in the same crouching way, with his smoking pistol in his hand, ran toward the Sixth Street door. The eyes of the ticket-seller were upon him, and those of several other persons. He was grappled with, and Mr. Blaine himself took hold of him, and the police officer on duty rushed up and seized the man's arms, and threw him on the floor. He at once asked to be taken to the jail, and behaved as if he was afraid of the vengeance of the crowd. The officer, not clearly comprehending the extent of a plot to kill the President, thought it best to take the man at once to the nearest station-house. Few persons followed, as all had turned to look at the fallen President of the nation.

The officer asked the assassin, however, what he had shot the ruler of the country for, and the man said he had explained his reasons in a letter to General Sherman, and also in other communications, which the public would soon get. "I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts!" he exclaimed.

In a very few minutes the door of the cell at the station-house closed upon him, and the streets were filled with rushing people from the neighboring hotels and saloons, who had heard that the President had been shot. The train was already ringing the bell, and there was just time to seek the platform and inform the Cabinet that the President was prostrated. In three or four minutes the train which was to have carried General Garfield to the North went steaming out of the depot, the passengers, wild with excitement, thronging the platforms, shouting questions, women wringing their hands, and everything in dismay.

It was not until the train reached Wilmington that any clear comprehension of the assassin and the motive of his crime reached the passengers. The President did not move where he had fallen. His face immediately turned an ashen color. His eyes took the hue of death and became glassy; his broad chest convulsively heaved, and he vomited over his face and linen and suit of black cloth. The Secretary of State spoke to him and raised his head. The Postmaster-General came rushing back from the car platform, where he had just heard of the wound, and assisted to raise the President's head. Some thirty or forty people gathered around, but as soon as possible the doors were closed both to the street and to the main depot. A few persons climbed in the window from the outside. In a very little while an enormous crowd of people besieged the depot on every side.

It was believed that the President could not live but a few minutes. A mattress was obtained from the Pullman car-room, such as is used to make up beds for sleeping passengers, and it was thought best to carry the President up into one of the second-story rooms of the depot, employed by the accountants of the company. Without voice or motion the head of the Nation was thus lifted up-stairs on the strong arms of the railroad employés, and surgeons were immediately sent for. His clothing had been unfastened on the spot where he first lay, and his shirt was exposed, covered with matter from his stomach, giving him the appearance of having been wounded in the bowels.

The first surgeon to reach the spot was Dr. Bliss, formerly from one of the Northwestern States, but a native of Auburn, New York, who had been a very prominent surgeon in Washington during the war, and in charge of one of the largest hospitals in the country, where his cool, skillful surgery had won him many friends and admirers. One-legged and one-armed and maimed and penetrated soldiers and officers all over the country had reason to thank him for the remnant of their bodies and their lives. He was a tall, dark man, in recent years changing to gray. A prominent surgeon of the army also arrived soon afterward. They discovered that the President's wound was on the right side, near the base of the spine, and on probing with the finger for the ball, found that it had gone beyond their reach, and a slight hemorrhage followed the attempt to probe it. There was then every reason to fear that the shot, which was a very large one, had penetrated the peritoneum or sack inclosing the entrails, the liver, etc., and that the ball remained in the abdomen. Its path was directly through the liver, if it had gone straight forward. It therefore seemed that the President had but a few moments or hours to live. Nevertheless, with the rapidity of thought and decision which characterizes surgeons, they resolved to take him to the Executive Mansion while he was yet alive.

An ambulance was procured, of which there are happily many in Washington remaining over from the war times, while the great, broad, flat avenue was swarming with people running by the hundreds and thousands from every direction toward the depot. A carriage was driven ahead to open a path for the ambulance, and behind it, like any of the poor soldiers in the war, the inanimate carcass of the President was hastening toward that famous residence which has contained so much of pride, pomp, and misfortune.

From the depot to the White House is about one mile. As the ambulance turned from Sixth Street into Pennsylvania Avenue, houses and windows on every side looked out, as if full of almost forgotten memories. At the National Hotel, right across the way, Henry Clay had expired nearly thirty years before, and President Buchanan and many of his friends had been poisoned by vitiated air, though at the time some believed that a plot had existed to make away with the new President on the eve of his inauguration. Down that avenue the great armies of the Union had made their final parade, previous to disbandment. A few squares further on the great gable of the church and theatre where Mr. Lincoln had been murdered rose above the housetops. The great black iron gates standing between enormous granite columns at the White House grounds rolled to as the carriage and ambulance proceeded up the drive, and in a little while militia were dispersed among the walks and at the portal. Mystery overhung everything. The assassin was scarcely known to fifty people in Washington. The new Government had but just come into power, and had more than the usual hostility from a portion of its own party. Men's minds were seriously disturbed with the fear that ambition, revolution and revenge had caused this extraordinary deed.

The President soon revived, and recognized individuals. He said, in course of time, that his physical feelings when the ball struck him were as if some enormous trip-hammer or tilt-hammer had fallen upon him and pounded him to a mass. Immediate tidings of the crime were telegraphed to every portion of the world, and not even the recent murder of the Emperor of Russia excited such astonishment. In that case widespread motives existed to account for a crime successful only after repeated endeavors. In this case the President was one of the kindest men in the country, magnanimous and soft almost to the point of weakness. He had lived in Washington City for nearly twenty years, and had been an exemplary citizen in every private relation. He possessed property there. His walk and conversation were without offense to any person or class. Nobody could comprehend that in the brain of an American lurked the thought to assail this man. The Secretary of State, as soon as he obtained the name of the assassin, dispatched the general particulars to our Ministers in Europe. Messages began to pour in from every Court in Western Europe, and some even from Barbary and the Mohammedan States. The whole country that Saturday was in the wildest excitement, alternated with gloom. The news of Sunday was no better. The market for securities suffered an immediate decline. People began to wonder whether our institutions were tough enough to contend against acts of this nature. On the third day, however, the President, bearing a brave heart, being conscious most of the time and saying cheerful words, enormously inspired the people. He became, as at one bound, the most popular man in the nation.

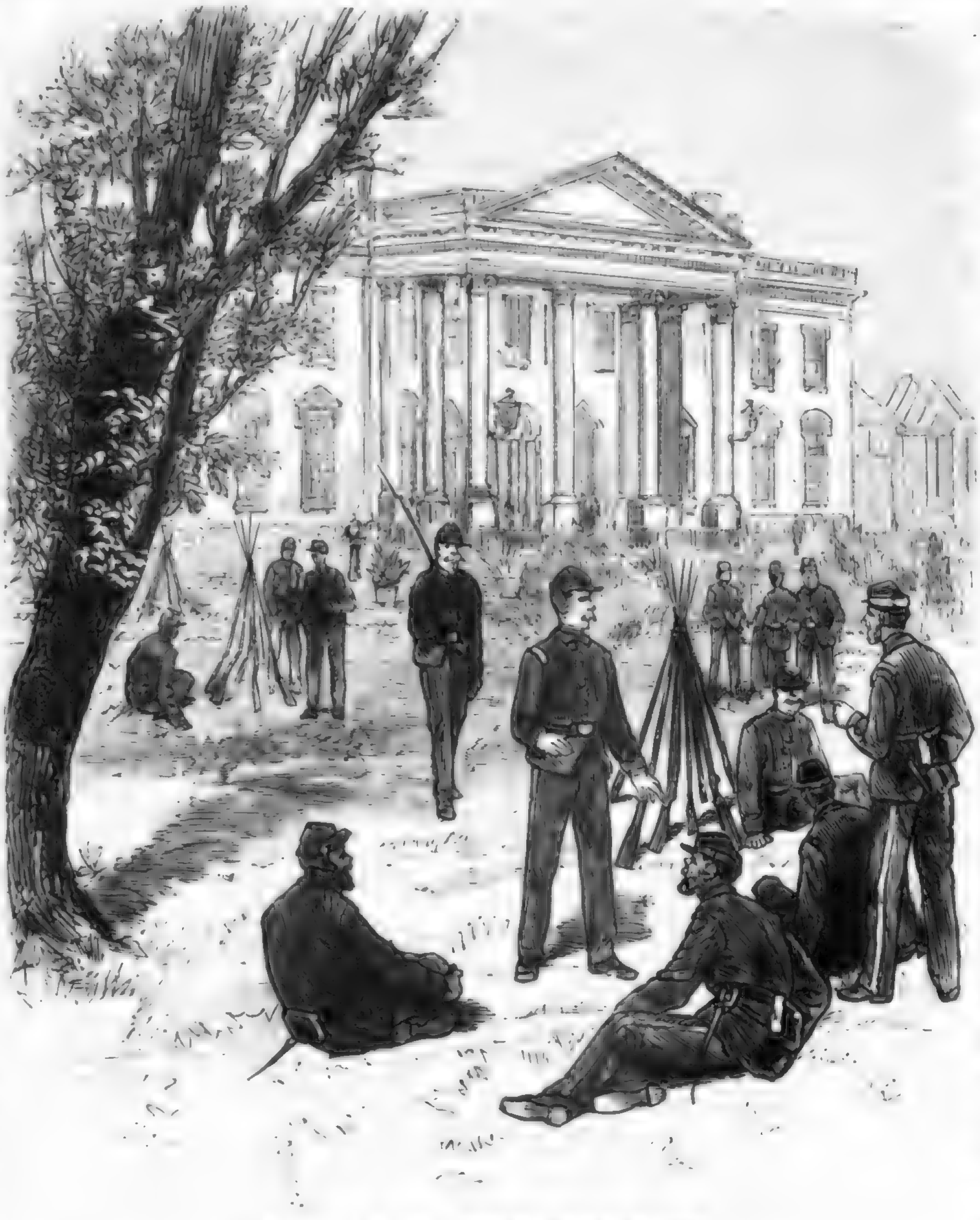
The assassin on this occasion turned out to be a boarding-house dead beat by the name of Guiteau. As soon as his name was fully known, descriptions of him poured in from all the large cities of the country—from Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, and numerous smaller towns, describing him as the perfection of a petty scoundrel, without friends, without credit, without money, and possessed of nothing but an inordinate self-esteem which had been seeking for years some occasion for glory, but by vicious courses had been unable to discover any other than a monstrous crime. On the constructive side of life he was a dead failure; but he could commit a murder as well as anybody.

The idea appears to have seized him all at once to kill the President, and carry it out very soon, lest some other ambitious villain might hit upon the same idea and precede him. Fortunately, there was not in the country the match for Guiteau in badness. According to the district attorney in Washington, the assassin went to that city the day but one after General Garfield was inaugurated President. He spent his time beating boarding-houses out of his bill, meantime presenting himself at the White House or sending letters there, demanding in the most impudent manner an important mission, or a first-class consulate. The Austrian Mission he put in for in the first place, but finally dropped to the consulate at Paris. In some way he also connected his name with the consulate at Marseilles, France, by which fact the first dispatches from the capital city intimated that the murderer killed the President because he had been discharged from the Marseilles consulate. Indeed, at no time had Guiteau the least opportunity to be consul anywhere, bad as our system of making these appointments is. But the badness of the system had led such a moral deformity as Guiteau to seriously conceive that he could be either a consul or a minister if he were only impudent enough, and put in a plea of some political services during the campaign. He had, therefore, been hanging around the political headquarters during all the Summer and previous Fall, and had written one speech, of not more ability than the average "freshman" at college might write, which was committed to print but never delivered in any important place. This speech had been his entire capital to bank upon for a foreign mission. He had used the names of some of the Illinois Republicans as friends of his political purposes, but almost invariably without authority. The names of General Logan, Senator from Illinois; of Emory Storrs, a Chicago lawyer; of Robert Ingersoll, and even of General Grant, leak out here and there in his pertinacious endeavors to be recognized at the White House. He even took boarding-rooms in a house where Senator Logan lived, with the idea of getting his indorsement, which was refused. He undertook to borrow money from Colonel Ingersoll while inducing him to sign a petition for his appointment, and yet had followed Colonel Ingersoll only a few months before around the country with an abusive lecture, taking the theological side of Ingersoll's argument.

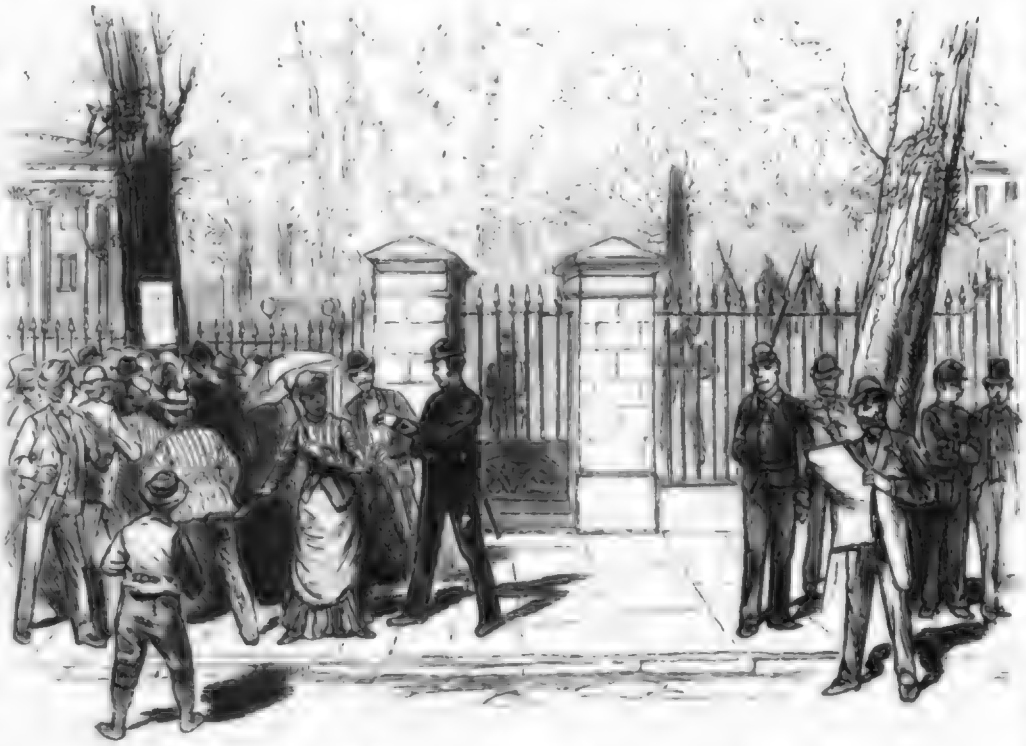
The passion for notoriety has scarcely ever been demonstrated so contemptibly as in this man Guiteau. Nothing else seems to have made the least impression upon him. He had been divorced from his wife, a respectable young woman, but it apparently did not give him the least concern; and one of the arguments he used why he should be appointed Minister to Austria, was his prospect of marrying a rich woman in New York City.

Guiteau is in his fortieth year, about ten years younger than President Garfield. His family originated in New York, and was of French extraction, and moving westward, reached the confines of the State, and Guiteau's father then settled in Freeport, Illinois, from the same general quarter which produced Grant, Washburne, Farnsworth, Burchard, Russell Jones and many other persons who figured prominently in Grant's administration. The father of Guiteau was the cashier of the County bank. The boy was sent to the common schools of Freeport, and then to the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where his father had once settled. Instead of entering the university, the headstrong, opinionated and sensual youth resolved to go into the Oneida Community, a socialistic concern in Central New York. His impudence and selfishness made him unpopular there, and after a quarrel with the Society he came out at the age of twenty-eight, having wasted the best years of his life, and began to study law in Chicago. As a lawyer, he was an unmitigated shyster, using his standing at the bar to diddle clients out of money and stir up litigation among friends. Somewhere in his nature was a passion for superficial theology. He met the young lady whom he married at a Christian Association's rooms, and forthwith employed her to borrow money for him on various humane or needful pretexts. He was soon wound up in Chicago, and then came to New York and pressed into the bar, and quickly got into jail for swindling.

The key to his character was to take hold of anything which he could talk about, and become regarded as the man of one idea, and an original idea at that. Both the Jewish and Christian theologies indicate that Christ will come to the earth again, as He once did, and Guiteau professed to have discovered from the Scriptures and history that this second coming of Christ had already happened, only seventy years after Christ's birth, when Jerusalem was destroyed. An impudent, talkative man, with one queer idea like this, can always attract some attention among the duller classes of society, and Guiteau took around his idea like an elephant coming into town at the head of a circus. He became ten times more inflated with the idea that he was one of the great theologians, like Jonathan Edwards or Mohammed. Consequently



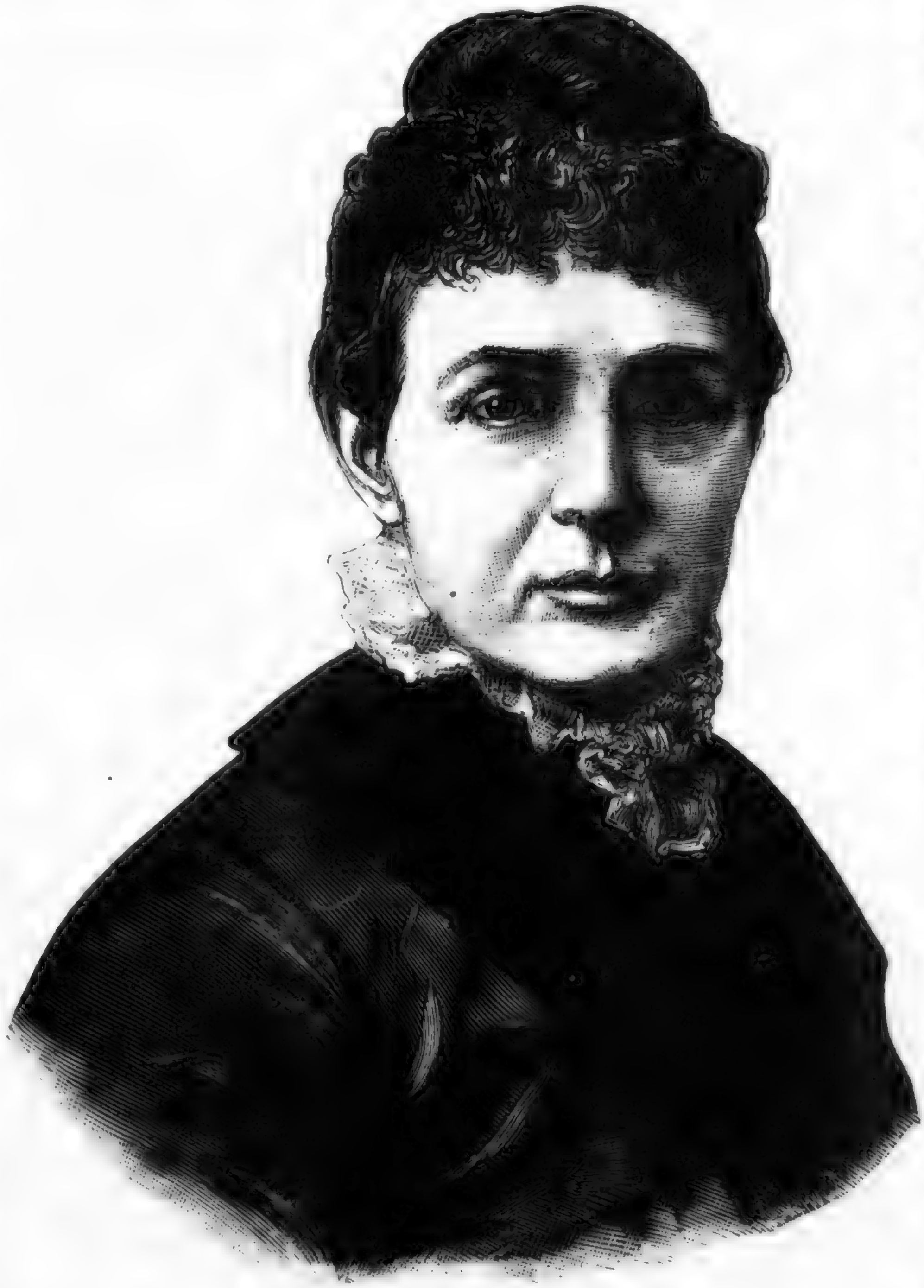
A MILITARY GUARD BEFORE THE WHITE HOUSE.



GATEWAY OF THE WHITE HOUSE—PEOPLE READING THE BULLETIN.

when he struck down the President he said he was a lawyer, theologian and politician, which caused one captious newspaper to remark that it was a mighty mean combination.

Guiteau was a smallish man, weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and not much over five and a half feet high. He had light eyes, rather wide apart, sunken cheeks, thin beard a little grizzled, and a squarish, Gallic forehead. His fugitive life, which he had followed more than ten years, of drifting around from boarding-house to boarding-house, swindling his way through the world, had made him almost impervious to assaults and rebukes, except in the way of snarling in response, like one of the mongrel dogs, too ugly to be taken in anywhere, that will fawn about the legs of people all along a block, and when kicked at will show its teeth, but feel no deeper sting. Such a man could only be roused to a really great crime by his passion to be notorious. He knew not the difference between notoriety and fame. Infamy, if broad enough, would be consonant to fame for him. It soon became evident that he was not going to get any office. Even his thick skin was penetrated by this conviction at last. The Secretary of State told him that he could not give him the Austrian mission, the French consulate, nor anything whatever.


THE AFFLICTED LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

About this time a serious division occurred in the Republican Party, arising out of the old contest in 1880 to renominate General Grant. Senator Conkling of New York, assisted by Senator Logan of Illinois and by some other Senators, had resolved to beat Mr. Blaine and Secretary Sherman for the Presidential nomination, by reviving the military popularity of General Grant in the Republican convention. They were not strong enough to carry their point, but they did sweep away all the other candidates, and brought on a deadlock, so called, out of which General Garfield emerged as a candidate, almost unthought of previously.

After Garfield took his seat as President he gave most of his patronage in the line indicated by the Senators; but with respect to the office of Collector of the Port of New York, which he considered more than a State office—indeed, as the great gateway of importations into the whole country—he selected an eminent member of the party in New York State, who had been in Congress, in the Legislature, and on the Bench. This man, Judge Robertson, was very distasteful, however, to Senator Conkling, who tried in every way to have the name withdrawn, and failing, endeavored to have Judge Robertson rejected in the Senate. Several weeks were spent in this intense dispute, and meantime the Senate was kept in session long beyond the wish or design of the President.

When Robertson was confirmed, Mr. Conkling resigned from the Senate, to obtain some kind of vote of approval from the Legislature of New York. His name was presented again for the Senate, and while the contest raged at Albany the President scarcely made any nominations. Washington was filled with office-seekers, unable to have their cases acted upon, and communicating their complaints to each other. Living in that hot atmosphere, getting no idea of public opinion but among those office-seekers, Guiteau seized on the notion, about the middle of May, that he would kill the President with a pistol, and thus elevate to his seat the Vice-President, General Arthur, who was in sympathy with Mr. Conkling, and what is called the Stalwart element of the Republican Party. More than three weeks before the murder he bought a pistol for $10, practiced with it a while at a mark, and kept dogging the President and the Secretary of State around the city, undertaking at one time to shoot General Garfield in church. Once he dogged him around the steps of the White House. He went on two different occasions to the depot in question to kill him, and finally, on Saturday, July 2d, did shoot him down.

Out of the miserable man who did this abominable deed there is no lesson to be drawn, except that of the wolf, which, according to tradition, was once the same species as the dog, but having vicious appetites, incapable of restraint, it took to the fields and the plains, became lean with famine, mendacious and cruel, and at last butchered domestic animals and even men. The conditions in our society, however, which lift this wolfish nature into the delusion that by assassinating the head of the country it can become respectable, and even influential, are worth considering beyond the scope of this article.

The murderer had the impudence to write his life in advance, to nominate a Cabinet to the President in succession, and to pass some remarks upon the smallness of death and the irrelevancy of the time when a man must die; views which a large portion of the community shared with respect to himself. He may have served by his miserable character to make assassination hereafter contemptible whereas his predecessor, Booth, had almost made it picturesque.

ON HEALTHY EXERCISE.

By a Family Doctor.

It is curious how many persons one meets, almost daily, who seem entirely ignorant that a great difference exists between adipose tissue—fat, in fact—and muscular flesh. This is simply one more proof of how much a really useful education is neglected at our schools. Were the persons I refer to only found in the lower circles of life, we should not marvel so much; but it is just as often all the other way. I was out fishing a few days ago, in company with a well-to-do merchant. It was with a feeling of pride that nearly made his eyes water that this gentleman, having had occasion to take off his coat and roll his sleeves up, slapped himself on the forearm, as he made the remark:

"Look there, doctor. You don't see the like of that every morning--eh? There's flesh for you. There is solidity."

It would have been a thankless task on my part to have striven to convince him of his error. I busied myself with a jack instead. But there was positively not more solidity in his arm, strong though it looked, than there is in a bladder of lard or a prime ham.

If this merchant wished to acquire real muscle, he would have to begin at the beginning, by taking "off his flesh and sitting in his bones." And still my friend is not an obese man; not more so, at all events, than tens of thousands of people we see going about their usual avocations, and flattering themselves with the idea that, so long as their bodies are in good condition, so long as they have something to show, they are in excellent health. Were men of this sort to attempt to carry a sack of potatoes up an ordinary flight of stairs, the truth, I think, would soon manifest itself to them. Again, when such men are confined to the house for a few weeks with illness, how very quickly they go down-hill! This, for the simple reason that their bodies possess no staying power; for not only is the solidity of which they were erst so "vaunty" nearly all fat, but the little flesh with which it is mixed, so to speak, is poor, worthless, flabby stuff, and can no more be compared to the hardy red muscle of your healthy spare man, than can a worsted thread to a telegraph wire.

Now, how is a man to know when his muscles are in proper condition? Probing one's arm is scarcely practicable. Well, I mean presently to try to explain what good muscle means, so that it will be as easy for you to tell it from the spurious article as you can a silver half-dollar from a pewter dime.

But I may as well mention here that it is always a suspicious sign when a man weighs either much over or much under the standard of weight with reference to height. In persons, too, whose muscles are flabby and overloaded with fat, you will usually find slight shortness of breath on exertion, clearly proving that the heart itself, which ought to be the strongest muscle in the body, partakes in some measure of the general deterioration.

I must now beg the reader kindly to follow me, while I give a very simple description of muscular tissue. Muscle is simply flesh, to begin with—flesh apart from fat, remember. With the involuntary muscles of the body I have at present nothing to do. I deal at present with those muscles we use in voluntary exercise. The biceps of the arm, which we all know, is a very good example of a simple voluntary muscle. In the middle there is the red fleshy part; at either end it is sheathed in strong fibrous tissue, which ends in tendons; these tendons are fastened, the lower in the forearm, the upper in the shoulder. Now, the lower ends of the tendons being fixtures, it is evident that if we shorten by nervous force the centre or fleshy portion of the biceps, one of two things must happen—either the forearm will be bent at the elbow, and the hand drawn toward the head, or, if the hand be clasping a beam over-head, the body will be drawn up toward this beam till the chin touches the hand. Now, if we examine the fleshy part of the biceps anatomically (or any other muscle, for that matter), we shall find it does not consist simply of a red, homogeneous mass, but of a whole collection of longitudinal fibres, joined together by a cobweb-like tissue, called the areolar or connective. In these you have only to bear in mind that the minute or ultimate fibres of the nerves, and the extreme ramifications of the blood-vessels, are spread out, the arteries conveying to them blood for their nourishment, and for that of the nerves which supply them with stimulus to action. The action of a muscle is to contract; in a state of contraction each individual fibre of the muscle is shortened, and being shortened is thickened, and the ends of the muscle are consequently drawn more closely together. Now, to produce a healthy contraction of any muscle, three things are required: first, the fibres of the muscle must have an average degree of bulk or substance in them—that is, they must not be attenuated; secondly, the muscle must not be clogged with fat, but possess merely enough of that substance around it to retain the animal heat; and thirdly, there must be sufficient nervous force. Now, while on the one hand we know that good health is conjugate only with a well-conditioned muscular system, it is pleasant on the other hand to remember that this can be attained by most of us by a course of carefully regulated bodily exercise; and also that the custom of taking judicious daily exercise has been proved, beyond a doubt, to tend to longevity.

Let me endeavor, then, in a few words to explain to the reader what the conditions of healthful, beneficial exercise really are. In order to obtain good results from exercise, there are several things we must always bear in mind.

Exercise must be taken in moderation, and extend over some considerable time. "Spurts," and that amount of exercise which borders on fatigue, should be avoided.

Whenever the body becomes tired, exertion, instead of being any longer of value as a tonic to the muscles, becomes a positive depressant, and results in evil not only to the muscular, but to the nervous system as well.

A course of exercise, no matter what the kind of it is, ought to be begun and carried on by easy stages. Take the exercise of walking as an example. Here the strength should never be taxed, but the distance is to be increased day by day, till the person finds himself capable of performing a moderate journey in a reasonable time, and that distance ought to become his daily standard.

Do not forget that exercise is a tonic, and, like all tonics, benefit is not to be expected from a single dose. Its effects are gradual; hence exercise should be taken *with regularity.* If you are a pedestrian, the same hour every day ought to find you enjoying your round of "pedal progression"; and you must never, if possible, omit it the one day and take it the next. Look upon your daily walk as a duty, and let neither rain nor sunshine, snow nor hail, keep you from performing it. Of course I am supposing myself addressing those in ordinary health; and even they ought to protect themselves from inclement weather. Only pray don't patronize india-rubber emporiums; also leave respirators to quiet repose in the druggist's shop-window.

Never hurry your exercise. With the exception of getting out of the way of a mad bull, and one or two other odds and ends, everything in this world, I think, is better done leisurely.

The time at which exercise should be taken is of considerable importance. It ought to be, as nearly as possible, the same time every day. One should never take hard exercise either immediately before or soon after a heavy meal. I should be inclined to give Dr. Abernethy's advice, and say: "Rest for three hours after dinner."

Always take your exercise *in the open air.*

Exercise ought to be taken in clothes which are neither too cumbersome nor too heavy; and, if heated in the intervals of rest, be very careful you do not catch cold.

Work is not exercise. This may seem strange, but it is true. I tell my patients, "I do not care how much you run about all day at your business, you *must* take the exercise I prescribe quite independently of your work." There are, perhaps, no more hard-working men in the world than the Scottish plowmen—wearily plodding all day long behind their horses, in wet weather or dry; no sooner, however, has the sun "gane west the loch," and the day's work is done, than, after supper and a good wash, these hardy lads assemble in the glen, and not only for one, but often three good hours, keep up the health-giving games for which their nation is so justly celebrated.

It is of paramount importance that you should bear in mind what I am now going to say. Very kindly do so, reader, or I shall have written this paper in vain.

I have endeavored to show you that work is not exercise; do your utmost, therefore, to prevent your exercise becoming work. If all that were expected of exercise were merely the increasing the bulk and firmness of the muscles, then a course of dumb-bells, and the performance of a few gymnastic feats daily, would be all that would be required. But proper exercise is meant not only to strengthen the muscles, but the nerves as well, and the brain and mind itself. Consequently your mind must go along with the exercise of the body. A long walk with a book will not do you one-half the good that half the distance walked with a genial friend would. My advice then is, choose what or which form of exercise you please; I do not care whether it be lawn-tennis, quoits, walking, or riding, but it must be something which interests you.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WHIRLED on high or rustling low,
Hurried past or circling slow,
Full of meaning as they go,
Drive the Autumn leaves.

Like the burden of a strain
Often heard and lost again,
Comes the fitful, wild refrain
Of the Autumn leaves!

Once as full of sap as we,
Sere and withered though they be;
And a future time shall see
Us like Autumn leaves:

Scarlet leaves that cannot fade,
Mixed with those of sadder shade;
Some in evergreen arrayed,
Even Autumn leaves.

As we sweep adown the stream,
Shall we bright and cheerful beam,
Or morose and thankless seem?
Ask the Autumn leaves!

Let the Life adorn the lot:
Joyless is the fairest spot
If a smile illume it not,
Teach the Autumn leaves.

Summer may be on the wing,
And aside the livery fling;
Still there were no joyous Spring
But for Autumn leaves.

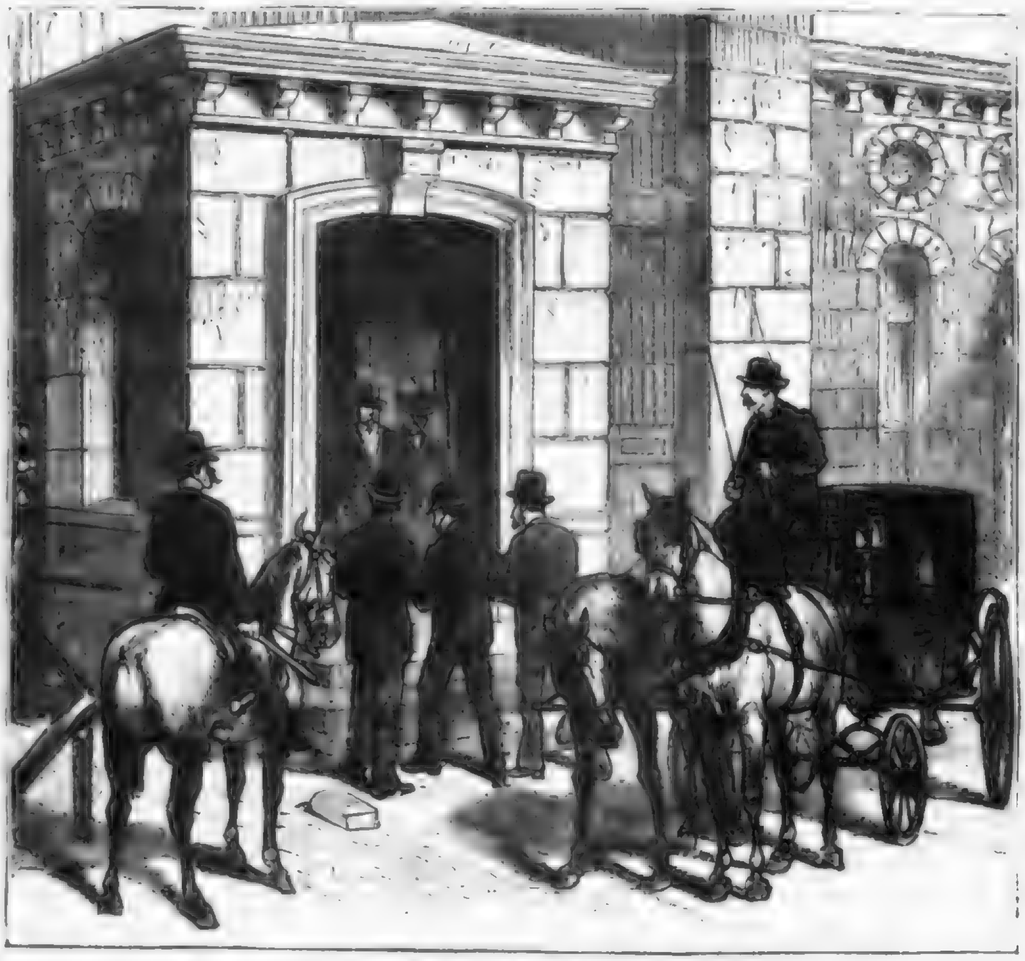
AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

I HAVE obtained (writes a correspondent) from M. Debagorio Mokrievitch, the Russian socialist, a personal narrative of his escape from Siberia. M. Mokrievitch is about thirty-three years old. He is the son of a country gentleman, and highly educated. In 1873 he joined a secret political society, and for six years was actively engaged in what he calls the revolutionary propaganda of Southern Russia. Although constantly tracked by the emissaries of the third section, it was not until 1879 that he fell into their hands.

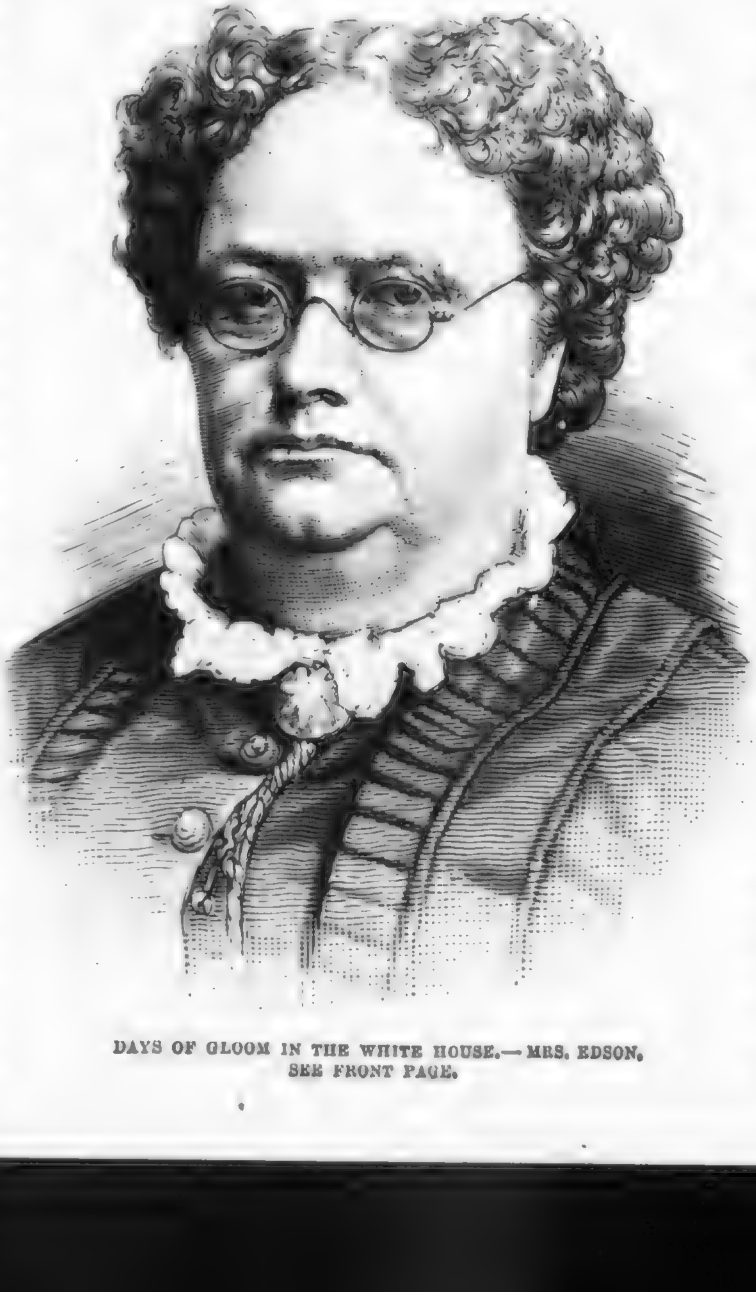
In January of that year he was at Kieff, conducting a secret printing office, which, one day during his absence, was entered by the police. Three of Mokrievitch's companions, Brandtner, Ossinsky, and a third, who died without disclosing his name, drew their revolvers and made a vigorous resistance, but were finally captured, and Mokrievitch was taken the next day. All four were tried by court-martial. Brandtner, Ossinsky and the unknown were hanged, and Mokrievitch was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in Siberia. In June following, he and some other State convicts were sent to the central jail of Mtzensk, whence early in July they set out on their long journey for Oust Kara, where they had to undergo their sentences. They traveled part of the way *via* Nijni Novgorod by railway, boat, and on horseback. The remainder of the journey, 1,450 miles, had to be done on foot and in chains. They marched at the rate of about fifteen miles a day, the nights being passed in so-called *etapes*, small houses swarming with vermin and unspeakably filthy, where all classes of prisoners, of both sexes, were compelled to sleep huddled together on bare boards. Between Krasnoyarsk and Irkoutsk, M. Mokrievitch and two of his companions, Izbitzkoy and Orloff, changed names and dresses with three ordinary convicts, who were under sentence of perpetual exile. This, M. Mokrievitch assures me, is a very common expedient, and can be effected at a cost of a few rubles.

His destination was now that of the peasant whose name he had taken, a settlement in the province of Irkoutsk. Izbitzkey and Orloff got away before reaching Irkoutsk, probably by the connivance of the guard. Orloff was soon recaptured. Izbitzkey has never been heard of since, and is supposed to have perished of hunger or been devoured by wolves in the trackless forests of Eastern Siberia. On November 13th, 1879, a few days after leaving Irkoutsk for Balaganask—his final destination—M. Mokrievitch also gave his escort the slip. As soon as his flight was discovered a number of Bouryats, half savage Mongol horsemen, as keen as sleuth-hounds and as cunning as red Indians, were sent after him, but he succeeded in evading their pursuit and reaching Irkoutsk. To avoid recapture, which had he gone west would have been almost certain, he made off toward the Chinese frontier, and after a walk of seven hundred miles in the depth of a Siberian Winter, he doubled back in the direction of European Russia, which he reached after a journey of four thousand miles, performed mostly on foot. He underwent terrible hardships, and met with many adventures. Without the frequent aid and generous hospitality of the country people, who are noted for their kindness to fugitive convicts, he could not possibly have made good his escape, and lest, to the vengeance of the Russian Government, he should expose those who helped him, he does not desire to make public the exact direction which he took.

M. Mokrievitch's journey across Russia, though not unattended with difficulty and risk, was very easy compared with his walk through Siberia. Furnished by his friends with false papers, he succeeded in getting safely out of the country, and a few days ago reached Switzerland, where he feels free to breathe and call himself by his right name. Except Wiotrowsky in the last century, M. Debagorio Mokrievitch is the only state prisoner condemned to hard labor that ever escaped from Siberia. Lapatin, who escaped from Irkoutsk, was an unconvicted exile; and Bakounnie, an involuntary settler on the Amoor, was taken away by an American merchant ship.



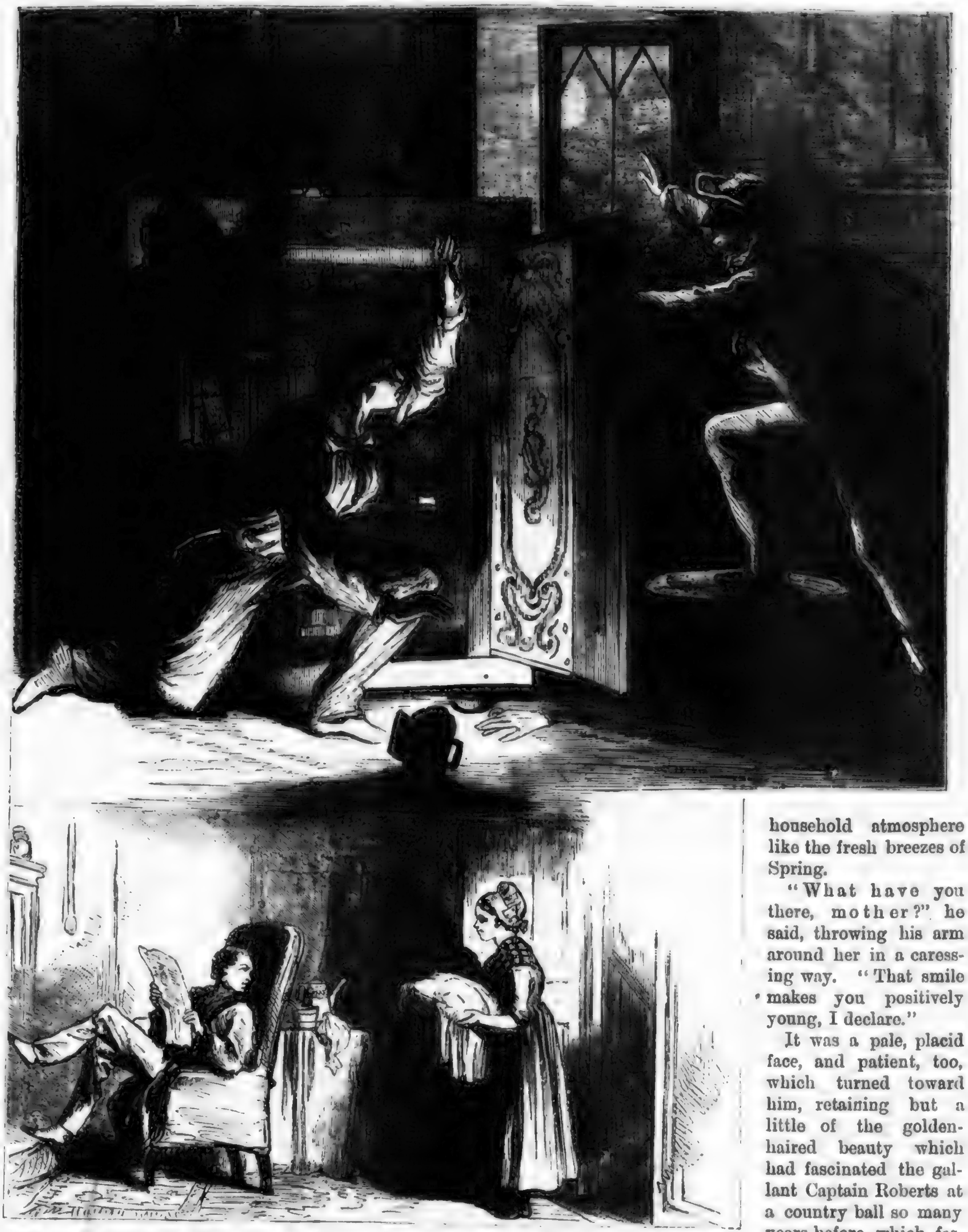
THE ASSASSIN TAKEN TO JAIL.



DAYS OF GLOOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—MRS. EDSON. SEE FRONT PAGE.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is wrong.

Other men's pains are easily borne.



THE STRANGE PERFUME.—"TRIPPING ON AN UNSEEN FOOTSTOOL, HE FELL HEADLONG INTO THE ROOM, WHILE THE ROBBER VAULTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW." . . . "AS GEORGE SAT PONDERING OVER A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER, HE WAS ROUSED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A LITTLE MAIDEN."

THE STRANGE PERFUME.

A TALL, fair-haired young man lounged carelessly in an arm-chair, his eyes fixed on a lady beside him with an open letter in her hand. He was large-limbed, heavily built, if not positively clumsy, and yet there was an open candor in his clear gray eye, an honesty of purpose and cheerfulness of manner about him, which came over the household atmosphere like the fresh breezes of Spring.

"What have you there, mother?" he said, throwing his arm around her in a caressing way. "That smile makes you positively young, I declare."

It was a pale, placid face, and patient, too, which turned toward him, retaining but a little of the golden-haired beauty which had fascinated the gallant Captain Roberts at a country ball so many years before, which fascination had been consummated by the folly of an elopement and marriage shortly after, leaving her at his death disinherited and penniless.

Strong only in the domestic affections, one need but glance at her to see that not from her came that persistent will, that innate powerful genius determined to make itself felt in the world, combined with all the refinements of a gentleman, which life had developed in her son.

Losing his father in India when a child, a small legacy from his grandmother had, with the most severe economy, given George Roberts a liberal education, while his mother had her small pension alone to depend upon.

Long years had passed; her father was dead, and her only brother, who inherited the estate, had ever refused any overtures toward a reconciliation. Not even in her wildest day-dream had Mrs. Roberts hoped to behold her childhood's home again.

No wonder then that her cheek flushed and her eye brightened over the letter in her hand, for it contained an invitation for herself and son to spend the Christmas week at Locksley Grange. Though expressed in cold and formal terms, it was courteous, and the buried years of the past were not alluded to.

The young man took the letter, which she gave him without comment, and glancing through it to the signature—"Paul Edward Hallowes"—looked up at his mother.

"Your uncle, my son," she said.

A flush of indignant feeling passed over the pleasant face. Was this cold and haughty uncle, who had so long ignored their existence, to summon them to his presence by a wave of the hand? By hard study and perseverance George had won a place at the bar, and he was content to labor, trusting to time. But it was with an inward struggle, as he looked at the eager expectation on his mother's face, and thought of her lonely life, that he controlled his resentment.

"You would like to go, dear mother?" he said, pleasantly.

"Yes, my boy; it seems as though I could die happier if I saw the old place once more."

"Then we will go," he said. "I will make my arrangements for a holiday, and we will leave town on Wednesday;" and with a kiss he left her.

The master of Locksley Grange, a tall, erect old man, of most imposing presence, with snowy hair and whiskers, and brilliant, piercing, deep-set black eyes, shaded by shaggy eyebrows—like fierce fires overhung with jagged snow-crags—greeted his sister and her son with stately courtesy, although no light of love beamed from his eye to the gentle woman who had been his childhood's playfellow.

One sharp glance he shot at his nephew as he made some comment on the journey, and then bade a servant usher them to their apartments.

When the dinner-bell sounded, George conducted his mother—looking so fair and gentle in her soft gray silk, still with the delicate flush on her cheek—into the state drawing-room, where they were duly presented to the rector of Locksley and his curate. Still they waited, and in a few moments a young girl entered the room, of such unusual beauty that George Roberts stopped short in the middle of a sentence, addressed to the curate, and never completed it.

She might have been about seventeen, with a slight form, graceful as a deer, hair of a paly gold, which deepened into shadows of tawny sheen under the mellow wax-lights, and soft brown eyes, shaded by curling golden lashes. A dark silk dress, without ornament, displayed and heightened the delicately tinted skin and perfect figure. She approached the group timidly, and George, glancing at his uncle, saw, to his astonishment, a scowl sweep over his face as his eyes rested on the fair vision.

"Miss Kedar," he said, carelessly, presenting the young girl to his sister, with a wave of his jeweled hand; "a penniless orphan whom I keep out of charity, as her mother was an old friend of mine. She made a *love* match," he added, with a sneer. "You can take her in to dinner," he said to his nephew, with another wave of the white hand, as he turned to his sister with formal politeness.

George felt his indignation stir, as he saw the deep flush rise on the young girl's face, and then fade to a marble paleness. But she did not raise her eyes to see the sympathy expressed in his.

The dinner passed pleasantly. The rector was a fluent and graceful conversationalist, and the host excited young Roberts to bring forward his knowledge of men and things, in his manly, earnest way, by the display of his own versatile powers to draw him out.

The young man had almost forgotten the silent beauty by his side, until a glance from her soft brown eyes, lighted with appreciative feeling, met his, and revived the sympathy and wonder he had felt at his uncle's cruel nonchalance in alluding to her dependent position.

When the ladies retired, and the political questions of the day came up, the young lawyer so startled the older men with his brilliant eloquence, with his fresh and racy opinions so powerfully put, that they felt themselves in the presence of a master-spirit, which would soar far upward when its wings were fledged.

Long did George Roberts sit by his flickering fire before he retired to rest, wondering what might be the tie between his uncle and that lovely girl—what the cause of the singular hatred evinced toward her in so many trifling things.

He awoke early the next morning, with a sudden wonder at his gorgeous surroundings as they met his eyes. Had the genii of Aladdin's Lamp transported him thither? Then the truth came to him, as his mind cleared from the mists of slumber, and he prepared to meet the day with the keen zest of youth.

His uncle's greeting was cordial and kindly, seeming to have lost that disagreeable air of patronage which had so grated on his manhood the day before.

After breakfast he accompanied him on a ride over the estate, to view its improvements, and as they went, the old man skillfully drew out the particulars of his nephew's life, his views and feelings, his plans and hopes.

In the afternoon George accompanied his uncle into a little office adjoining the library, and saw the tenants come in with their yearly rents, where the bags of silver and gold were deposited in an iron chest. In this were secured the most valuable papers and the family jewels. The little room was strongly protected with bars and bolts, as it contained other articles of value.

The next day a grand dinner and ball were to be given, to which all the gentry of the country were bidden, and the lower hall was also to be enlivened with a dance for the tenants and servants.

Years had passed during which Locksley Grange had been closed to the outer world.

Considerable was the excitement, therefore, on this sudden opening of its doors, and many a young belle prepared to enter its gray, time-honored walls, with a curiosity awakened by the tales of a mother or aunt.

Virginia Kedar, simply dressed in a delicate robe of white muslin, with a wreath of scarlet berries on her silken hair, was the beauty of the whole assemblage, and many were the whispers as to her birth and parentage.

George Roberts had become more and more fascinated with her, and this evening completed his enthrallment. For the first time in his life he was in love. Yet, he could not but notice how his uncle scowled at him when he danced with her, and his mind was filled with a thousand perplexities concerning her.

He lay wide awake till he heard the great hall clock strike three, his heart too full of the blissful dreams which come *but once* in a lifetime, to wish for slumber. Happy visions flitted before his eyes, in which he and Miss Kedar played a prominent part.

Suddenly he heard a faint grating noise in the silence of the night, although he could not tell from which direction it came, and listening attentively as it continued, he softly opened his door. It sounded louder, and he perceived that it came from the library. The chest and its valuable contents flashed before his mind, and without pausing an instant, he stole down the stairs. The noise had ceased by the time he reached the foot of the staircase, but he hastened into the library as silently as possible. The door into the office was ajar, and a faint light perceptible. As George looked through the crack he saw a dark figure bending over the chest, examining papers. A slight exclamation escaped the robber as he took up a packet of letters tied with a broad blue ribbon and thrust it into his breast. Then he rose from his kneeling posture, put a bag of gold in each pocket, and as the light from the dark lantern in his hand flashed for a moment in his face, George saw a deep red scar on the cheek, where the black mask had slipped one side. The young man sprang toward the robber, calculating on the suddenness of the attack to be able to knock him down, but tripping on an unseen footstool, he fell headlong into the room, while the robber vaulted through the open window as lightly as a cat.

When George picked himself up there was no sign of the thief, and while he hesitated a moment whether to give chase or not, his uncle, roused with the noise of his fall, entered the room. He shivered when George described the robber, and still more when the young man picked up a glove on the floor, a small, gray glove, delicately yet singularly perfumed. Grasping it in his hand, the old man groaned bitterly, and paced the floor irresolutely for a time, while his nephew watched him in amazement. Presently he turned to the window and refastened it, shaking his head as he examined the bolts, and saw them all unbroken. The thief had evidently had assistance from the *inside* of the mansion.

"Don't say anything about it, George," he said, in anxious tones, "I know the man; no common thief," and another groan escaped his lips. "Now go to bed. I'll tell you more to-morrow."

With his mind full of this new mystery, the young man fell asleep. When he had breakfasted, a message came from his uncle in the library, and George hastened to obey. Motioning his nephew to a seat, he plunged into the subject on his mind without further reflection.

"Those papers taken last night, George, from the iron chest, were of incalculable value to me," the old man said, vehemently. "Restore them to me, and you can command anything I own. Renounce your profession for a time, devote your life to the search, if need be, and Locksley Grange shall be your reward. I will make my will this very day;" and he rose from his chair, regarding the young man with eager gaze.

George hesitated, overwhelmed with the idea. Ambition was strong within him, but life was before him, and the reward great.

"But Miss Kedar?" he murmured.

"You love that girl?" said the old man, with a sneer. "Oh, fate! fate!"

"Yes, Uncle Paul, I *do* love her," said George, boldly. "Add her hand to your offer, and I will give myself up to do your will."

A great struggle seemed raging within the old man's breast, and he paced the floor rapidly.

"Young man, you are honorable," he said, with a piercing glance at his nephew; "promise me on your *honor*, that you will not seek to marry Virginia Kedar until you find those papers, and restore them to me if I am alive, or if not, burn them unread."

"I promise," the young man answered, solemnly.

"Listen, then," his uncle said, with an air of relief; "the robber was a *woman*. All your legal skill and sharpness will be needed to trace her, but the perfume of that glove is the strongest clew. I will give you a written description to aid you, and you must start at once."

When George Roberts left Locksley it was as his uncle's acknowledged heir, and what was of infinitely more moment to him, the accepted lover of Virginia Kedar. With the little gray glove treasured carefully, he proceeded to London, secured an accomplished detective, and pursued his search. His mother was to remain at the Grange.

First they endeavored to find a name for the singular scent, but no perfumer in London or Paris could explain it. Both cities were searched, and every possible or impossible clew taken up, as the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months.

When Summer emptied the cities they sought the watering-places—Baden-Baden, Homberg, and so on, but all seemed in vain.

One evening, as George sat in his bedroom, in one of the strange little German towns, pondering over a letter from his mother, which described his uncle's failing health and growing irritability, and almost cursing his own folly in thus giving up everything to gratify an old man's insane whim, he was roused from his despondent gloom by the entrance of a fresh little maiden with his clean linen. As she sorted out her snowy burden on the bed, a subtle, strange odor saluted his senses.

Good heavens! the perfume—the glove! Striving to conceal his excitement, he approached the girl, as if to examine her work, and perceived a small parcel lying one side, from which the odor came. He did not speak German; how to obtain any clew from it? With a sudden movement he managed to overturn a small table covered with books and papers, and while the girl, with great good nature, assisted in replacing them, he dexterously rolled the parcel under the draperies of the bed.

She went away without missing it, and George instantly summoned his ally to consult over this unlooked-for good fortune. When she came back in a few hours, in search of it, the detective soon ascertained that the laces belonged to a sick lady, named Madame Bernastine.

The clew was rapidly followed up. Pratt formed an acquaintance with the invalid's maid, who was English, it seemed; found from her sufficient proof of her mistress's identity with the woman they sought, and in a few weeks' time, during which Madame Bernastine failed rapidly, gained access to her private desk, and secured the package of letters, still tied with the blue ribbon. Next day the maid found herself heiress to all her mistress's effects, for the adventuress lay dead, and there was no one to claim her goods.

George flew back to Locksley Grange, to find his uncle dying. The old man roused from his apathy when he saw the letters, bade his nephew burn them before his eyes, and with his last remaining strength drew a sealed paper from under his pillow, placed it in his nephew's hand, and fell asleep, never to awaken.

George opened the papers. "That woman was my *wife*—an artful fiend. Virginia Kedar Hallowes is my lawful daughter. I hated her mother, and I hate her."

Accompanying this were a marriage and birth certificate. That was all.

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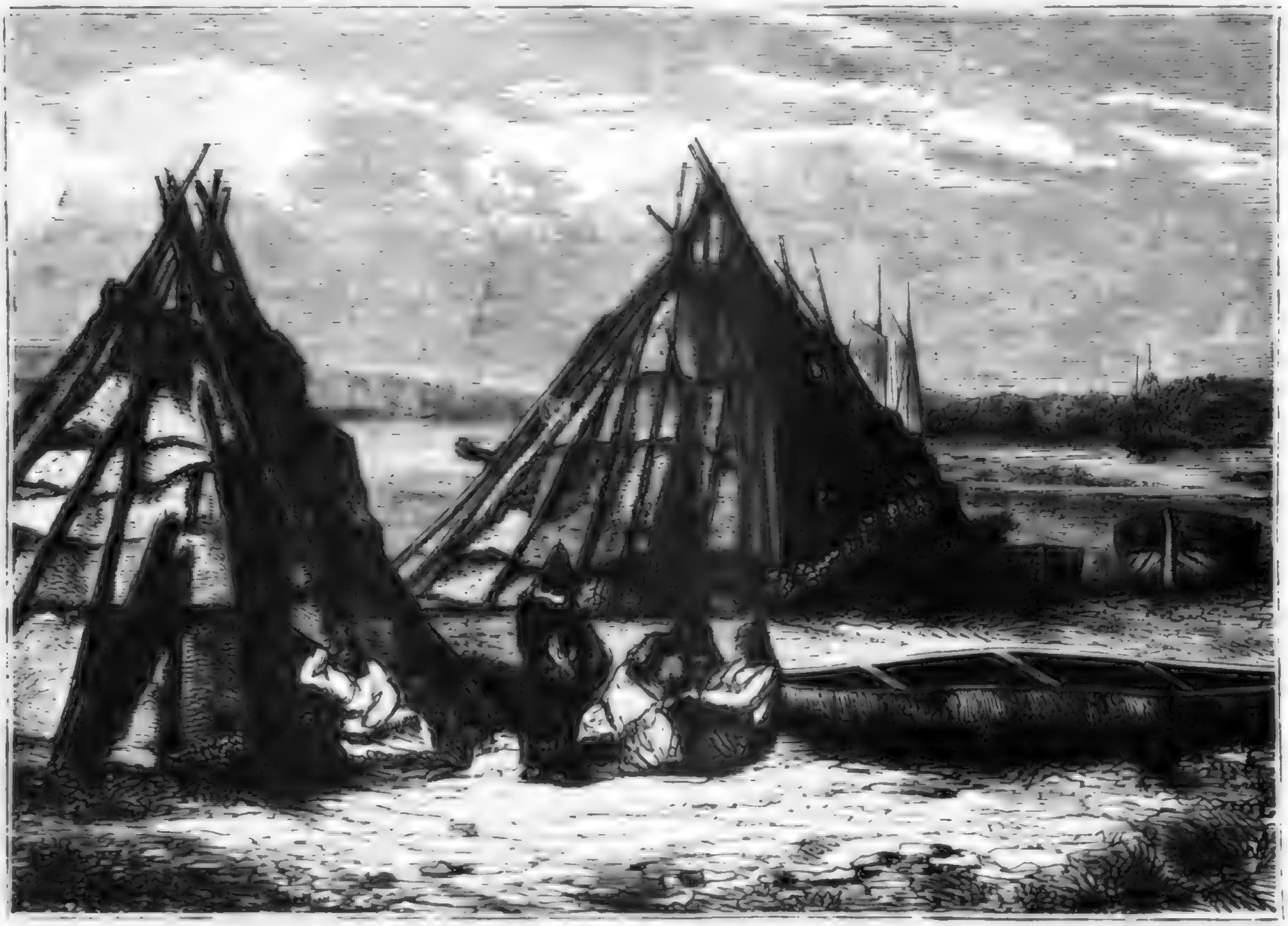
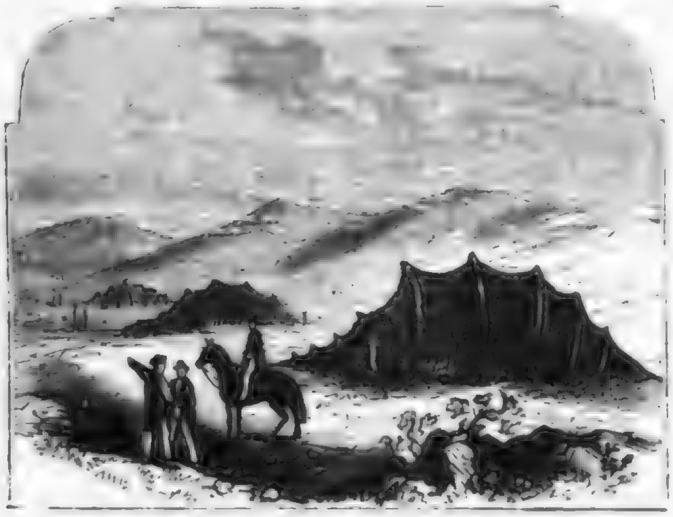


MOVABLE HOMES, AND TENT LIFE.—THE LODGE OF THE MICMAC INDIAN.

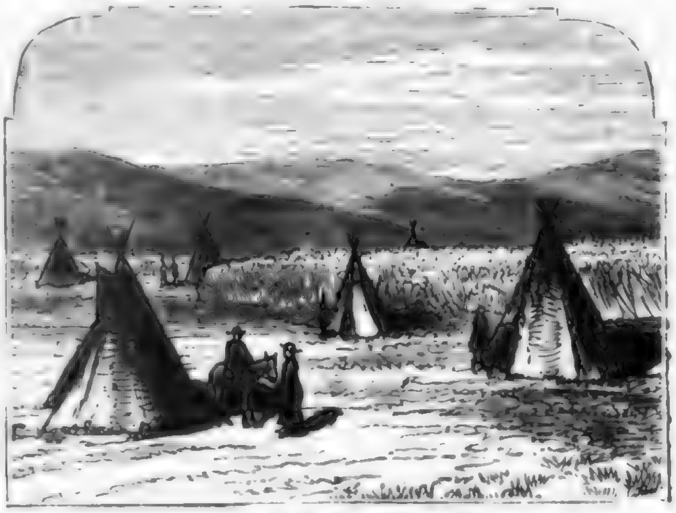
MOVABLE HOMES, AND TENT LIFE.

MOVABLE homes and tent life are as old as the creation of man. The very earliest traditions and historical records describe man, in his normal condition, as a nomad. A divinity inspired him to seek shelter, and the most convenient at his disposal was the boughs of trees first, and then the rude trunks. These and similar devices served his purpose in the wandering condition in which he found himself in tending his flocks and herds. Even at this day such temporary habitations, constructed of rude logs or the trunks of trees set up on end, and leaning against a horizontal beam, are used by the Navajo Indians of New Mexico. These shelters are set up in the Spring of the year, near their place of planting; and in the Fall, after their crops are gathered, the logs are cached, and the Indians seek grass for their flocks and herds in the recesses of the distant mountains, and thither accompany them.

But it is upon the deserts of the distant Orient, and upon the plains of this, our Western Continent, that the true nomad finds his home. Their pastoral lives—the one attending his domestic flocks, the other the herds of buffalo—it is that has created this natural propensity to roam from district to district in search of food and raiment. In the Orient, the goats and camels supply the material from which they manufacture their tents; and to Abraham, perhaps, they are indebted for this most useful and ancient



BLACK TENTS OF RUCKSCHIN.

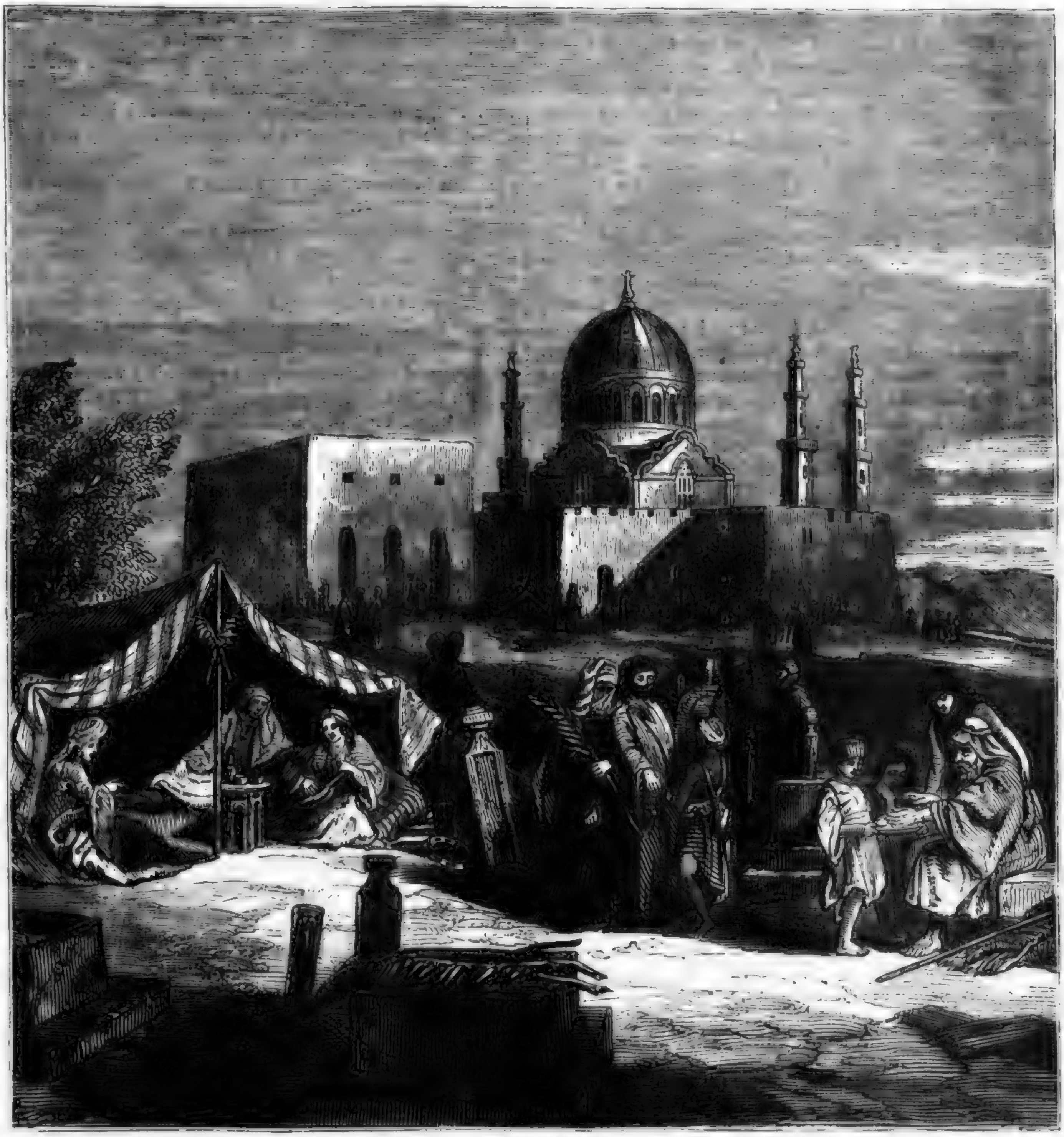


SIOUX TEPEES.

movable home. The camel's and the goat's hair was spun into yarn and woven into cloth, and from this sheltering habitations were manufactured, more or less elaborate.

The Arabs, who inhabit the "desolate places" in Mesopotamia, near the sites of ancient Babylon and Nineveh, and the Bedweens, who inhabit the deserts of Egypt and Palestine, use a shelter-tent made of goat's-hair cloth. It consists of a single cloth, having a piece of leather or wood fastened in the middle, on which a central pole, about five feet long, rests, the sides being fastened to stakes driven in the ground. This serves simply as a shelter from the sun, rain never occurring in their country. And I presume, as the Arabs have never been known to change their manners and customs, that it is the same tent used by Abraham and their fathers in their pastoral and nomadic existence.

The Bible teaches us that the Jews, in their wanderings from Egypt through the deserts and mountains of Sinai, lived for forty years in tents; and I have no doubt they learned the art of making them from the ancient dwellers in the desert. This people wandered gradually to the promised land, dwelling occasionally for months, we may suppose, in one locality, fed by the hand of God on quails and manna. And it is matter for serious reflection how readily they abandoned their nomadic existence for habitations in cities. The last type of their vagabond life—the Tabernacle—was pitched at Shiloh; thus ending the drama of a generation in tents, without a struggle or without a sigh, save that they instituted a feast of the Tabernacle to commemorate the event.



A TENT IN A TURKISH CEMETERY.

Let us turn now to the nomads of our own continent. They are found occupying the great plains of the West, tending the immense herds of buffalo God has intrusted to their care. From these they derive their food and the material for constructing their movable homes, lodges, or *tépées.* Amongst the Comanches these are called lodges; amongst the Sioux and Cheyennes, *tépées.* But both are alike, and constructed in like manner.

Some ten, fifteen, and even twenty, buffalo hides are taken by the women, denuded of the hair, and firmly stretched and pinned to the ground, the fleshy side uppermost, and allowed to dry in the hot sun. Then, with an instrument resembling a rude adz, they carefully chip the thick parts until the entire hide has been brought to an even thickness, about three-eighths of an inch. The hide is then dressed with brains, and rubbed until it becomes soft. The different hides are then deftly fashioned to form a cone, sewed together with deer-sinews, leaving one entire side open, so that the fabric may be laid around fifteen or twenty eighteen-foot poles, set up in a circle, and leaning and resting against three others, secured together at the apex. The open side is then secured with a leather thong, as low down as the door, and this is secured with a flap of stiff hide hanging from above. The lodge-poles are procured from a nursery—provided by an All-seeing Providence—situated at the head of Lodge-Pole Creek, at the eastern entrance of Cheyenne Pass, where acres upon acres of small, slender pines, thirty feet high, grow on the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, as thick, almost, as a Southern cane-brake. To this lodge-pole mountain the Indians of the plains resorted of yore to procure lodge-poles for their *tépées*; and here tribes hostile to each other would meet, and fight for supremacy. The Crows, Pawnees, Cheyennes, Sioux and Comanches have left many traces of their battles and sieges, in the shape of rude log inclosures.

The lodge or *tépée* is the most comfortable and salubrious of all barbaric tents. The hole at the top for the issuance of smoke from the fire within, gives it thorough ventilation, enables the occupants to cook under shelter, and affords quite sufficient warmth in cold weather.

A camp is moved by stripping the covering from the poles; these are then tied together at their small ends, and slung across a saddle, the butt-ends resting on the ground. Then the *tépée*, in a bundle, is made fast on to the lower ends, together with such other *impedimenta* as pertain to the family, such as cooking utensils, children, etc. The whole train then moves in single file across the prairie, leaving behind it a broad, well-defined trail, following the buffalo, north or south, in their migrations. The hunting camps of these nomads are still more primitive. In these the shelter is constructed of bushes, forming mere arbors. Frequently I have seen these made of willows bent over, intertwined and covered with flitches of buffalo meat, which the fire used for cooking cures and dries ready for their Winter supply, and at the same time affording the requisite shelter. All such are called *wiggiups.*

The Indians of the wooded country dwell in more permanent villages. They construct their conical wigwams by bending poles, stuck into the ground, until they meet a hoop at the apex, to which the ends of the poles are attached. These are then thatched or covered with bark or grass, whichever material is most convenient; a small doorway, covered with a flap of hide, having been left at the side. They are without order, but simple aggregations of huts. The fire is built in the centre, the smoke ascending through the opening at the top. Canvas is sometimes used by these Indians, but only on their hunting excursions.

The nomads of the earth—the Gypsies—for they inhabit every quarter of the globe, and have had various origins assigned to them by philologists and antiquarians, are simply the world's Bedweens. They have lived a nomadic life and dwelt in tents from the beginning of the world's history. Like the Bedweens, their tents are mere shreds of cloth overspreading upright poles, the centre one, or the two centre ones, the highest; their fires for cooking and for warmth being at the edge of the shelter. These people lead a wandering, vagabond life, migrating from north to south with the changes of the season, and locating with their caravans in localities where their petty thefts can be most readily accomplished without detection.

Thousands of other people in the world live in tents, but their habitations are very much more permanent than those of the nomads above described. Among these may be noticed the Tartar felt-tents. These are simply abodes erected for protection against wind and weather. They are constructed in a very similar manner to our North American Indian wigwam, except that they are covered in with felt, a cheap material manufactured by themselves, of the hair of goats and of wild animals. They are said to be very warm in Winter and cool in Summer. The fires are built in the centre, the smoke escaping from a hole at the top.

The tribe of Micmac Indians, who inhabit the coasts of the northern lakes and Canada, and who navigate the numerous lakes and streams in their birch-bark canoes, construct their temporary homes of poles, the one leaning against the other, and covered with skins or brush. These are not movable homes, however, and are only constructed as they may require them, in any locality where they may happen to find fish or game.

The black tent of the Ruckschin, a Tartar tribe, is a shelter tent made of goats' hair and stretched upon bended poles stuck into the ground in a half-circle, the back toward the prevailing winds. These are movable tents, and they are shifted from point to point, as fancy or necessity requires.

The temporary habitation of the Inuit Esquimaux, so graphically described by Lieutenant Schwatka, U. S. Army, of the Arctic Franklin Search Expedition, is constructed of such material as they may find at hand—a simple conical erection of wooden stakes covered with any material at hand, with an opening at the top, and no other for ingress and egress, or as an escape for smoke. Sometimes the hide of the walrus is used for covering tents. The covering chiefly relied upon is snow.

There are thousands of migratory homes in different parts of the world, varying according to climate and the pursuits of the different tribes occupying them.

Besides those already enumerated, millions of people in our own land occupy movable homes of different patterns, or tents, more or less, during the year.

Religious camp-meetings have been in vogue for a great many years. Ground for the camp is selected in some luxuriously shaded grove, near a cool spring or gravelly rivulet. A pulpit or platform is erected, and seats for three or four thousand people provided. Around these, in every eligible site, tents are pitched, for public and for domestic purposes, more or less elaborate, according to the liberality, religious fervor, fancy, or means of the proprietors. They are of various sizes and patterns, according to the purposes to which they are to be applied; some are oblong, 40x20 feet, with walls 5½ feet; a "ridge-pole" running the entire length, sustained by three or more poles. The tent is sustained with cords, attached to stout stakes driven into the ground. The walls may be raised by means of a series of loops at the bottom edge, which serve either to secure them to pins driven at corresponding distances into the ground, or, detaching the loops from the pins, to loop the walls up by attaching them to the sustaining cords. Chambers or separate apartments are made with canvas attached to the roof, with doors in the centre. These tents are sometimes made even larger, for preaching and prayer-meetings, and are floored and provided with all the requisite furniture of a church.

Movable homes of a very much more elaborate character have been recently introduced in New England. Adjacent to the seaside watering-places, slightly made cottages, complete in every respect for housekeeping, are erected for temporary abode. They are arranged in streets and public squares, having their churches even built in like manner. The entire "shebang" may be removed by detaching the parts. This purely New England institution originated in the happy combination of pleasure, economy and religious enthusiasm. And this is surely drawing it fine! Religion made easy, comfortable and nice! No asceticism here. Did the ancients of Rome, of Athens, of Ephesus, luxuriate more perfectly in the fleshly enjoyments of their religion? Yes; but after a very different fashion.

The most erratic combinations to be noticed are the monster circus-tents perambulating the country at certain seasons of the year; accommodating, besides the audience, ponderous and highly decorated vans filled with every known animal, bird and fish known to man. These are made of the heaviest canvas, and require long and strong masts with numerous guys and outriggers to sustain them. It requires an army of well-drilled attendants to pitch one of these tents, and to strike it and stow away the essential *impedimenta* pertaining thereto after the performance. It is astonishing to witness the method which attends all their proceedings. Arriving at a town at daylight, perhaps, they quietly disembark from a long train of cars, vans, elephants, horses, etc.; and moving quietly through the slumbering village to the show-ground, the huge pavilions, stables, messrooms, etc., arise like magic. The horses are fed; the cooks prepare breakfast; the men feed the show beasts; breakfast themselves; then don their gorgeous costumes for the procession through the streets at 9 o'clock—the show to begin at 10:30. It's wonderful!—wonderful what a prodigious amount of work may be accomplished by system! And yet the manager rides in his buggy, apparently an indifferent spectator.

How many thousands of the citizens of our Southern cities, afflicted with epidemics, flee for their lives, and are sheltered in tents provided for them by a beneficent Government, and remain comfortably domiciled in them until the epidemic ceases!

Tourists in the Oriental countries are provided by their Dragomen with "Turkish" and also with the "Sibley" tents, which, with the aid of Persian mats and iron bedsteads, stools and tables, not only afford them shelter, but luxuriousness besides—so that ladies, and children even, find a charm in the novelty of tent life which they may seek for in vain elsewhere.

The Turkish tent is semi-conical, with a wall five or six feet high, and ten feet in diameter, with a single door. It rests, when pitched, on a single pole, and is sustained with cords attached to stakes driven into the ground on the outer circumference. This tent is a very comfortable one, but it has no ventilation whatever when the door is closed—so that it cannot be a very healthy tent for a prolonged occupation, nor when crowded. "Sink" tents, with jugs of water for ablutions, invariably accompany each "shebang," or outfit—a great convenience. Oblong, or square tents, with walls, and made of fancy materials, are frequently used by the natives in Turkey. These are luxuriously carpeted and cushioned to suit the habits of the people.

A two-story tent may be made by excavating a well about six feet deep and nearly the diameter of the tent, and pitching a conical tent over the cavity. There is no very great advantage in this, however, except to use the cavity as a storeroom, which, after all, would prove but a damp, dark harbor for vermin and reptiles, and I doubt whether such an arrangement would be healthy.

The tourist has his tent built to suit his particular fancy, and it is a constant employment with him to indulge in speculations and ponderings as to this, that, or the other improvement, or addition to his comfort or convenience. Economy of transportation never enters, perhaps, into the calculations. Hunters, fishermen, artists, and photographers have their canvas homes suited to their respective means and conveniences, and they are to be seen in every quarter of the habitable globe.

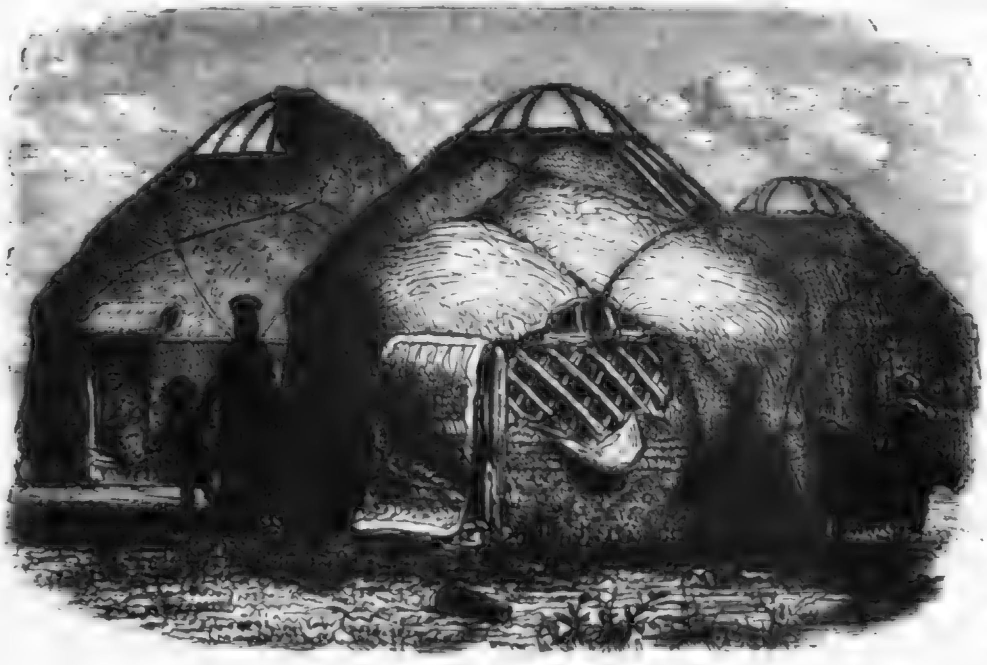
I might thus go on and enumerate and describe the movable homes and tents of every country and of every climate; but, *cui bono?* Suffice it that canvas forms an important element in the domestic as well as material economy of every people. Every country-seat all over the world has its tents and pavilions, more or less elaborate and luxurious, to pitch on the lawn—here for ornament, there for convenience, and again for extensive entertainments. But the tent *de rigueur* is the "army" tent. These vary in construction in every nationality, all aiming at convenience of carriage, economy, comfort, and health of the occupants. The question of sheltering armies has been one which has occupied the minds of men of the very highest military instincts. Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Wellington studied with assiduous care the art of castrametation, and relieving the army transports from the *impedimenta* of camp equipage. This was constantly a thorn in the side of Cæsar; and, but for the greater overburdening themselves in this respect than he did, he would not have been so successful in his campaigns against his enemies. He over-weighted his soldiers in order to relieve his transport trains. The ancient and Middle Age chivalry were very much more extravagant in their outfits than we of the present day. Their pavilions and camp equipages were made of the finest stuffs, and enormous in size, requiring trains of thirty and forty thousand camels to every moving army.

Modifications in respect to the cost and weight of the army tent have been introduced in proportion to the advancement of science in other respects, until now we may say the army tent is complete.

The English and the French have devoted much time and thought to this subject, and have not been wedded, as other peoples have been, to the customs and traditions of their fathers. Hence we find that their armies are better sheltered in the field than are those of other nations.

The English field-tent is conical in shape, about fifteen feet in diameter, and pitched with one pole. It has one door, and two or more triangular windows near the apex, for ventilation. But it does not admit of a fire in the interior. In this respect it is defective.

Another tent, of different construction, the invention of an officer of the British Army, has lately been introduced. A number of wooden ribs are bent to the shape of a Hottentot lodge—one end sharpened, so as to be easily driven into the ground; the other ends are provided with iron hooks, which fasten into a hoop at the top: thus forming a frame over which the canvas tent is stretched. The lower edge of the tent is circled with a rope, to serve as an additional stay for pins driven into the ground. Besides the stays already described, tent-cords proceed from each rib to stakes driven in the ground about four feet from the outer circle of the tent. The tent is eighteen feet in diameter, and eight feet high, and is provided with an oval doorway, which is closed by means of a large flap,



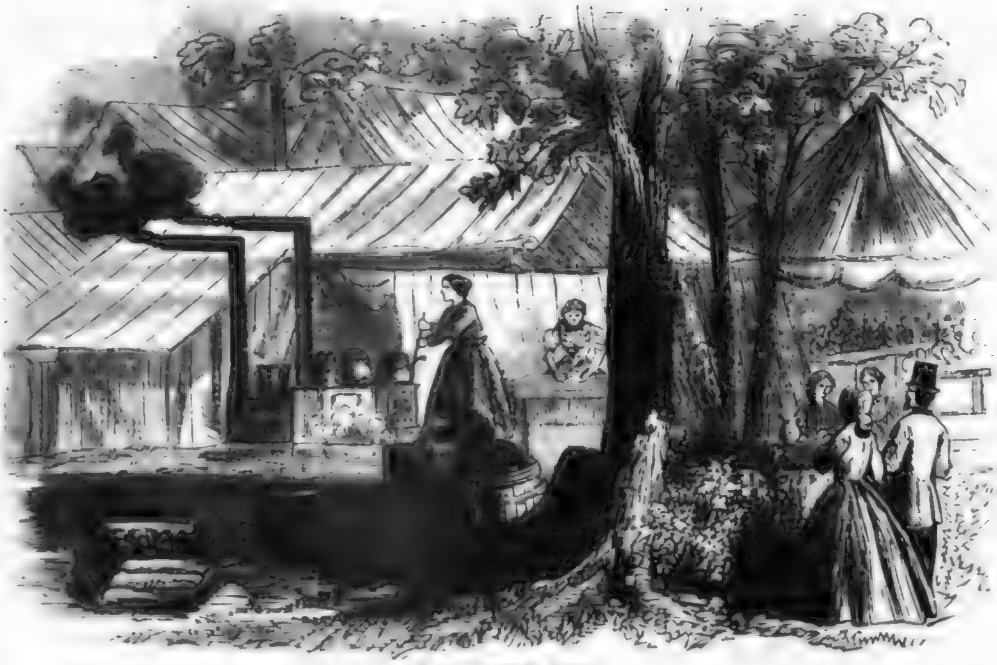
A TARTAR'S FELT TENT.

which is stretched on two poles over the doorway, when not otherwise used, and serves as a shelter. A stove may be introduced into this tent in very cold weather.

A similar contrivance was introduced and submitted to the War Department for use in our army, in 1857; but it was rejected: first, on account of the awkwardness of transportation of the bent ribs; and secondly, because where the canvas touched the ribs, the tent would break. But this last objection was not, I think, tenable, as we have a notable example of the reverse in umbrellas.

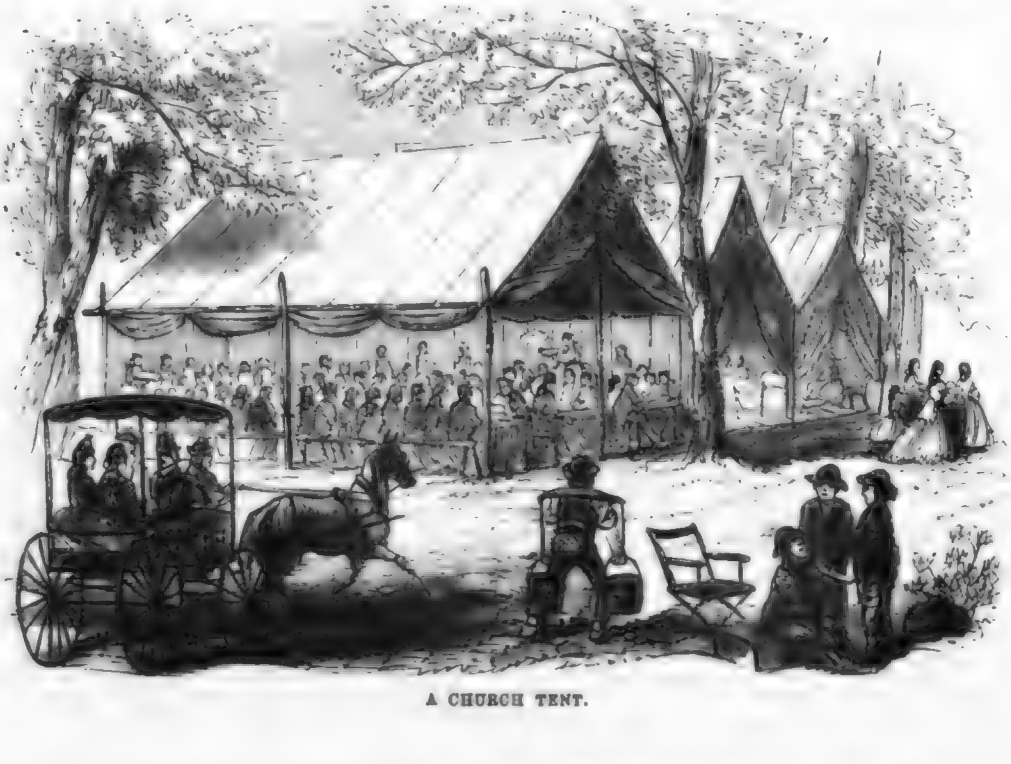
A hospital tent of oval shape, with an elliptical base, provided with a sort of dormer windows for ventilation, is constructed in the same fashion as the ordinary field-tent. All this, I think, is a retrograde. The Sioux tépée is, after all, by far the most comfortable movable house, as far as it goes, in existence.

The French cling to their "bell tent" for field purposes. They are constructed of different patterns, and are pitched with one pole, with two short arms at the end, folding down along the main pole. Frequently an awning is attached, to shelter the doorway, which proves to be very convenient and very commodious in hot weather.

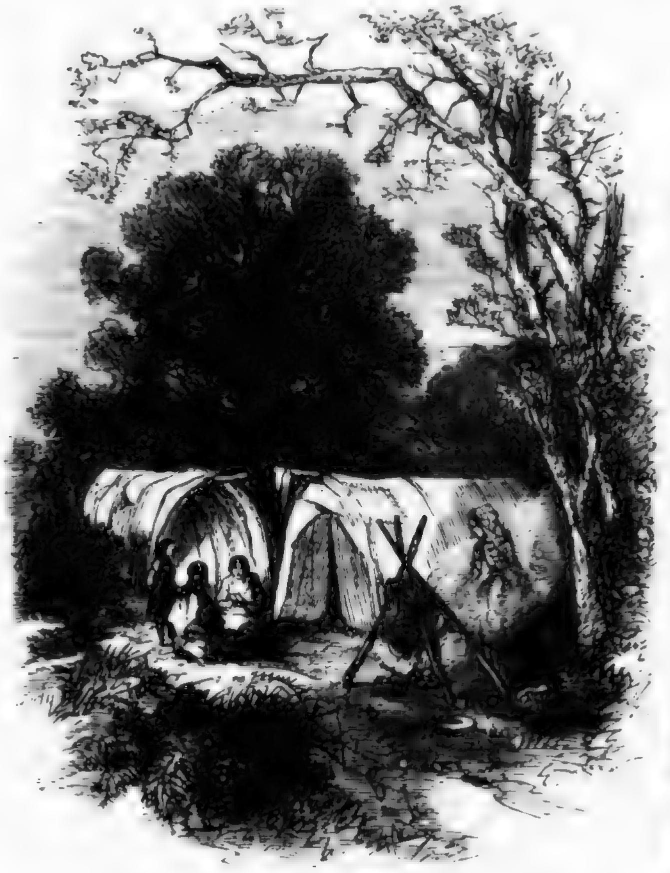


A RELIGIOUS TENT.

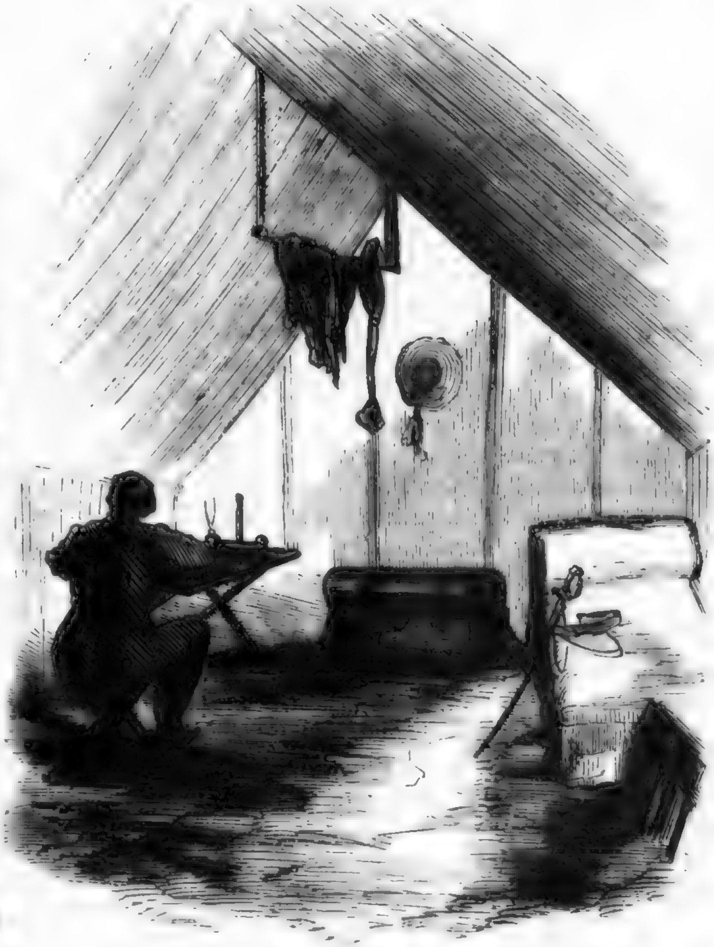
The various Continental Powers have tents for their armies, of a dozen different patterns, all aiming at the same end—economy of construction and transport, and sufficiency of shelter for the troops. In this respect the French have excelled all other nationalities, in producing the *tente d'abri*. This consists of two broad widths of canvas, provided with buttons and buttonholes, and cords at the four corners. The pairs are carried by the four *camarades de bataille*. When reaching camp the two pieces are buttoned together, stretched over an improvised pole set upon two forked stakes, and the four corners fastened to stakes driven into the ground. This affords a nice "bivouac," and is sufficient



A CHURCH TENT.



A GYPSY TENT.



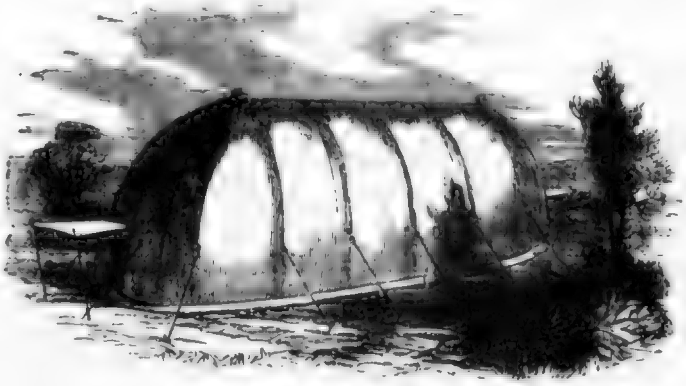
AN OFFICER'S TENT.

protection against sun and rain; but against cold 'tis naught.

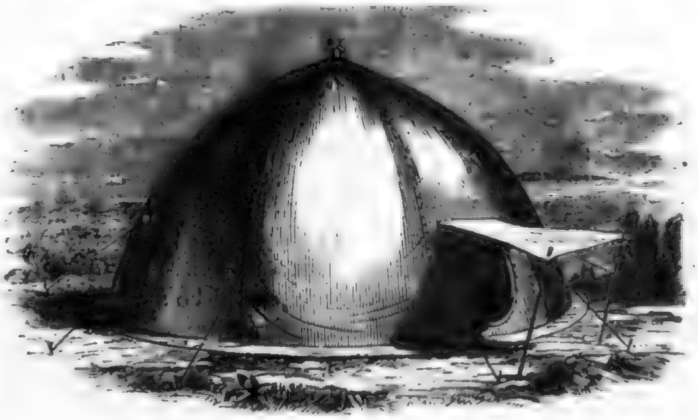
It has been for the United States to lead the world in arms as well as in tents. The Quartermaster-General, Jesup, clung for a great many years, with the tenacity of ancient usage and tradition, to the tents of his fathers. He would listen to no innovation, and when approached on the subject he would invariably recur to the tent used by the soldiers of the War of 1812. Nothing better than the A tent could be desired, said he, and for sixty years no other tent was known in the army than the A tent for privates, sheltering four men; the wall tent for officers, sheltering one captain and two lieutenants; and the marquee, an exaggerated wall tent for colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors. All were pitched with three or more poles, and the latter were cumbered with "tent-flies," provided to break the penetrating influence of a downpour of rain or sun.

Hospital and store tents were simply "wall tents" enlarged. When the walls were down there was no ventilation. In extremely cold weather, such as the army experienced at Corpus Christi in 1846, chimneys were improvised both for privates' and officers' tents. These were built of sticks and mud and empty barrels, and, strange to relate, but few accidents from fire occurred.

In 1857 a new tent, devised by Major H. H. Sibley, 2d Dragoons, was thoroughly tried in the Utah expedition. This tent had been devised in Texas, in 1856, and patented the same year. It consists of a tripod of iron, four and a half feet high, with a socket at the joining of the three legs, into which fits and rests a pole nine feet long, furnished at the upper end with an iron pin. The tent is conical, eighteen feet diameter at the base, terminating at the top with an iron ring eighteen inches in diameter, over which the canvas is sewed. From this ring spring three chains, meeting in a disk of iron about two inches in diameter. The tent has two doors. When the ground is selected for pitching, the tripod is spread, the pole is then laid down, one end being at the socket, the other end will mark the spot for a pin, which is driven. The measurement is then made in the opposite direction, and a pin driven in. Then the measurement is continued at right angles, and pins driven in. The tent is now spread, the



PROPOSED ENGLISH HOSPITAL TENT.



PROPOSED ENGLISH FIELD TENT.

two doors attached to their respective pins, as well as the corresponding loops to the opposite pins; a man with the pole now enters under the canvas by one of the doors, inserts the pin into the eyelet of the iron disk, hoists up the fabric, the wind-fly or vane having been, meanwhile, attached to the pin; the tripod is lifted up by a second man, the end of the pole set in the socket, and the whole lifted to the uttermost tension of the canvas. The outer border is then pinned down, and the tent is complete.

This tent will shelter eighteen or twenty men on a pinch; ordinarily fourteen men may be accommodated, with a fire burning in the centre, or if a stove can be afforded, then a conical stove, eighteen inches diameter at the base, three feet high, and an opening at the top six inches in diameter, with a door at the base, and a single joint of stovepipe twelve inches long, set in the middle of the tent, will afford all the necessary heat, all that is necessary being that the smoke be consumed. The blaze will frequently issue from the pipe two feet high, but it does no harm, and serves to warm and enliven the tent. There being no bottom to the stove, it serves excellently well for an outdoor fire, especially in a dry, grassy country, protecting the camp from those frightful accidents which sometimes destroy whole trains. This stove may also, on occasion, serve as a store-chest of cooking equipage for ten or twelve persons. First, the water-bucket is put into the inverted stove; this is then filled with plates, cups, knives and forks, spoons, etc., then a pan for soup, in this a gridiron, the whole topped off with four vessels shaped to fit the space, and to be used for boiling, etc., in spaces cut in the four sides of the stove. These vessels should be made of zinc, and one of them arranged with a door opening outward, and with shelves for baking purposes; or, removing the shelves, for roasting a fowl or game.

The central pole and tripod may be dispensed with by using three eighteen-foot poles on the *outside*, tied together at their point of junction, and the apex of the tent made fast to it. By this contrivance the interior space is entirely free, and the tent is more firmly secured from the effect of violent storms. With this arrangement, an excavation three feet deep may be dug, the "Sibley stove" placed in the centre, and quite as much comfort as in a house, and better ventilation, gained. For hospitals this tent, thus arranged, is invaluable, as was attested by all the surgeons on the Utah expedition. With this arrangement, or even with the guy-ropes provided for each tent, the loops may be unloosened, and the canvas stretched to shade four times the ground it occupies. The *outside* tripod may be made in joints of nine feet each, and transported with the tent, the entire weight not exceeding seventy-five pounds.

In Utah I had my Sibley tent pitched in this way, with a wall tent in front as a vestibule, the whole carpeted with beef hides pinned to the ground, with the "Sibley stove" in the centre. I was quite as comfortable during the entire Winter, the thermometer ranging at eighteen and twenty degrees below zero, as I had been in quarters.

Another mode of shelter, both for troops and for emigrants, travelers, etc., is by enlarging the wagon-cover on both sides four or five breadths of canvas. This, at noon, would afford an excellent shelter against the pitiless sun of the plains, and at night a protection against rain and the heavy dews. Furnished with cords at the sides and the two corners, one side, or both, could be spread for the occasion, and rolled and tied neatly in the morning, cumbering the wagon to a very trifling extent. Fifteen or twenty men might thus be healthfully sheltered. The ambulances for surgeons might be thus provided with sheltering canvas, to be rolled or folded, when not in use, on top of the vehicle. This arrangement, together with the ambulance, would afford an excellent field hospital. Nothing better could be devised for families journeying in ambulances and wagons.

I have thus given a cursory view of movable houses, tents and tent life, trusting that it may interest some of your readers, and induce them to try the charms of camping out for a change.

SEA FOAM.

I AM free, I am free,
On the silvery sea,
On the breast of the billows upborne,
For my mother the air,
In her arms fresh and fair,
Held me up for the sun's kiss at morn;
And my earth-form of white,
From my storm-father night,
Was melted in colors away;
So now I can roam,
As the soul of sea foam,
On the breast of the billows to-day.

I am free! I am free!
It is nothing to me
That the wavelets are tossed by the wind,
For I float o'er the wings
Of all fluttering things,
With the air between me and my kind;
But yet I am cold,
And the rough days of old,
That I spent in the heart of the sea,
By my brothers kept warm
In the wrath of the storm,
Was happier living for me.

I am free! I am free!
On the silvery sea,
On the breast of the billows upborne.
I am cold! I am cold!
But the kiss I can hold
That he gave me, the bright sun at morn;
And it may be at night,
Or at dawning of light,
Or far in the ages at rest,
He will send down a beam,
Like a beautiful dream,
To carry me up to his breast.

YOUTHFUL PRODIGIES.

A CURIOUS question has more than once been asked: Have the most remarkable works, in the various kinds of literary labor, been produced in the flush of youth or in the calmness of age? Are men better fitted for vigorous exercise of the mind in the first half or the second half of their existence? The spring and elasticity of temperament, the warmth of feeling, the hopeful aspirations, the activity of vital energy, the longing to throw the thoughts into some kind of words or of music—all tempt one, at a first glance, to say that early authorship is more probable than later.

Certainly the examples of young authorship are neither few nor unimportant. Of course we may take Tristram Shandy's authority with as many grains of allowance as we please; but the marvels told in his colloquy are unique. Yorick declared that Vincent Quirinus, before he was eight years old, pasted up in the public schools of Rome more than 4,500 theses on abstruse questions, and defended them against all opponents. Mr. Shandy capped this by citing one erudite man who learned all the sciences and liberal arts without being taught any of them.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," notices many curious examples; and the subject was taken up by a pleasant writer in the *Globe* newspaper a few years ago. Pope wrote some of his "Pastorals" at sixteen; and a large number of his works, including the translation of Homer, were thrown off before he reached thirty. Edgar Poe wrote his "Helen" (remarkable for its beauty of style) when scarcely more than eleven years old. Cowley at fifteen published his "Poetic Blossoms"; while his "Pyramus and Thisbe," though not published till his sixteenth year, is said to have been written when he was only ten. Lord Bacon planned his great work, the "Novum Organum Scientiarum," when only sixteen, although the writing was the work of maturer years. The late Bishop Thirlwall wrote his "Primitiæ" when a boy of only eleven years of age; he was one of the few who wrote both early and late—a wonderful example of long-continued mental activity. Dr. Watts almost *thought* in verse when a boy. Crabbe wrote both early and late, but not much in middle life; he published his first poem at twenty, and his "Village" before thirty; then a silence of twenty years was followed by a renewal of literary labor. Charlotte Brontë wrote in very early life, "because she could not help it." Chatterton, the scapegrace who applied so much of his marvelous powers to dishonest or lying purposes, wrote minor pieces of poetry at fifteen, and soon afterward a pretended pedigree of a Bristol family. At sixteen he published the alleged plays and poems of Rowley, described by him as a priest or monk of the fifteenth century; at about seventeen he brought forward some pretended old parchments, made to appear soiled and time-worn, containing a fictitious description of an old bridge at Bristol; and then wrote biographies of Bristol artists who never lived. Going to London, he wrote many satirical and political papers for the press; and ended his extraordinary life before he had completed his eighteenth year.

As a child (never so old as what we should call a "lad") Christian Heineker was one of the most singular of whom we find record. He was born at Lübeck about a century and a half ago. When only ten months old, he could (if we are to believe the accounts of him) repeat every word said to him; at twelve months he knew much of Plutarch by heart; at two years he knew the greater part of the Bible; at three could answer most questions in universal history and geography (as then taught), and began to learn French and Latin; before four he began theology and church history, and expressed argumentative opinions thereon. This precocious little pedant died before he had completed his fifth year.

The late John Stuart Mill "had no recollection of the time when he began to learn Greek"; but was told it was when he was only three years old. Adanson began at thirteen to write notes on the "Natural Histories" of Aristotle and Pliny. The calculating boys—Vito Mangiamele, Jedediah Buxton, Zerah Colburn, and George Parker Bidder—illustrate a remarkable phase of early mental activity.

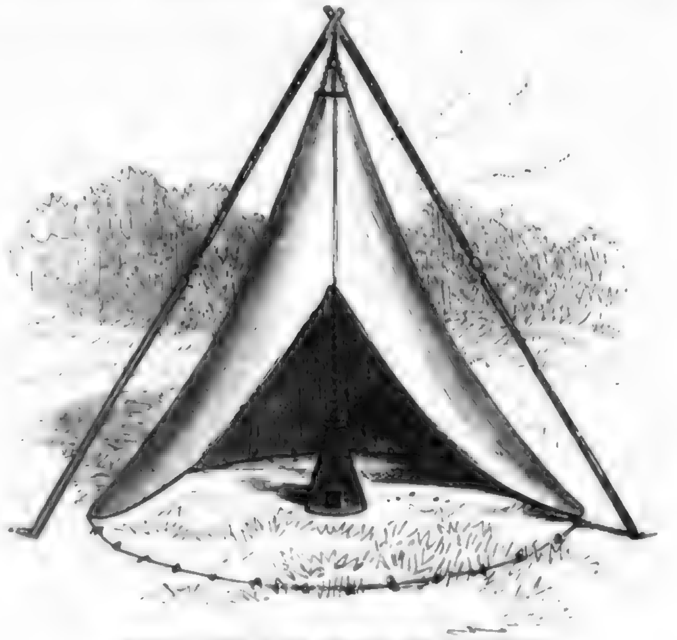
On the other hand, many authors have produced their best works late in life, and have begun new studies at an age when the majority long for mental leisure. Izaak Walton wrote some of his most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and edited a poetical work at ninety. Hobbes published his version of the Odyssey at eighty-seven, and of the Iliad at eighty-eight. Sir Francis Palgrave, under an assumed name, published at eighty years old a French translation of a Latin poem.

Isaac D'Israeli notes that Socrates learned to play a musical instrument in his old age; that Cato learned Greek at eighty; that Plutarch entered upon the study of Latin almost as late in life; that Theophrastus began his "Characteristics" at ninety; that Sir Henry Spelman, a gentleman-farmer until fifty, at that age began to study law, and became an eminent jurist and antiquary; that Colbert, the distinguished statesman, resumed the study of Latin and of law at sixty; that the Marquis de Saint Audaire began to write poetry at seventy—"verses full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness"; that Chaucer did not finish his "Canterbury Tales" until he had reached sixty-one; that Dryden felt his powers sufficiently in their strength at sixty-eight to plan a complete translation of Homer's "Iliad" into English verse, although circumstances prevented him from giving effect to his intentions; and (but this we must leave to the investigators, who advise us to disbelieve most of the stories we hear or read concerning persons exceeding a century old) that Ludovico Monaldeschi wrote his "Memoirs" of his own times at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen!

Dipping into the literary annals of different ages and different countries, there are not wanting abundant additional examples of men continuing their literary work to an advanced period of life, or else beginning *de novo* at an age when most men would prefer to lay down their pen and let the mind and the brain rest. Montfauçon, the learned authority on artistic antiquities, continued his custom of writing for eight hours a day nearly till his death, at the age of eighty-seven. His labors, too, had been of a very formidable kind; for he was seventy-nine when he put the finishing touch to his "Monumens de la Monarchie Française," in five volumes, and eighty-five when he published the "Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum," in two tomes of similar magnitude. John Britton and John Nichols, artistic and antiquarian writers, both continued to drive the quill till past eighty. Sir Isaac Newton worked on till death, in his eighty-fourth year, but did not make scientific discoveries in the later part of his career. Euler worked on at his abstruse mathematical writings till past eighty. William Cowper, although he wrote a few hymns and letters in early life, did not till after fifty begin those works on which his fame chiefly rests—beginning with "Truth," and going on to "Table Talk," "Expostulation," "Error," "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," "Retirement," "The Task," "John Gilpin," and the translation of Homer. Gray wrote late and little, devoting seven years to polishing and perfecting his famous "Elegy." Alfieri, who was taught more French than Italian when a boy, studied his native language sedulously late in life, in order to be able to read the great Italian poets; and wrote his own principal works afterward. Goethe gave advice, which is certainly not followed by the majority of novelists—namely, not to write novels till past forty, because until then we have scarcely an adequate knowledge of the world and of the human heart. Necker said in his old age: "The era of threescore and ten is an agreeable age for writing; your mind has not lost its vigor, and envy leaves you in peace." This corresponds in substance to a reply given by the hale and hearty old Premier, Lord Palmerston, to a question—"When is a man in his prime?" "At seventy."

Musical genius, or at any rate musical aptitude, has often developed itself in very early life. Sometimes this aptitude is hereditary in a notable degree. Veit Bach, a miller and baker at Hamburg about the middle of the sixteenth century, turned his attention to music, becoming a guitar-player and teacher; his son cultivated music generally, and lived by it as a profession; the grandson devoted himself to church music; the representative of the next generation was music director to the court and

SIBLEY TENT WITH TRIPOD.



SIBLEY TENT WITH TRIPOD POLES OUTSIDE.

town of Eisenach. The fifth generation was marked by the renowned John Sebastian Bach, grandson's grandson of old Veit; he had to earn his living as a choir-boy, and lived to become one of the greatest of composers and organists. There were no fewer than fifty-eight of these Bachs between 1520 and 1750, every one of them musical. As an example of musical precocity, however, Mozart was far more remarkable than any of the Bachs. At three years old he experienced great pleasure in finding out chords on the pianoforte; at four he learned short pieces of music; and at six composed a pianoforte concerto, methodically arranged. He was then taken as a musical prodigy by his father (who was also a musician) to Munich, Venice, Paris, Milan, Bologna, Naples, Hamburg, London, and other cities, where the performances of the boy excited universal astonishment. In London, when only eight years old, Mozart composed six pianoforte sonatas, which he dedicated to Queen Charlotte. His first opera, "Mithridate," was composed when he was fourteen; and about the same time he was appointed director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts. He was quite an old musician by the time he became a young man—twenty-four years old when he composed "Idomeneo"; at thirty, "Le Nozze di Figaro"; at thirty-one, "Don Giovanni"; at thirty-five, "Il Flauto Magico"; and at thirty-six (shortly before his death) the "Requiem"—the magnificent series of masses, motetts, symphonies, concertos, etc., coming in between at intervals. Mendelssohn was another great composer whose life-work was wholly finished by the age of thirty-eight. He gave a public concert at Berlin at the age of nine; and while yet a youth composed numerous instrumental pieces—the remarkable "Isles of Fingal," and the still more striking music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." How he poured forth, as a young man, his oratorios, cantatas, "Lieder ohne Worte," overtures, symphonies, concertos, sonatas, quartettes, "Athalie," "Antigone," "Œdipus," "Walpurgisnacht," etc., musical biography has told at full length.

One musical phenomenon is noticeable, not for his skill as a musical performer or composer, but for the way in which music seems to have formed part of his very being. This was Carl Anton Eckert, son of a sergeant of the Guards in the Prussian service, and born in 1820. While in his cradle, he was affected to tears by any music of the minor key. At the age of one year and a half, hearing his father play "Schöne Minka" with one hand on an old pianoforte, he immediately played it with both hands, employing his knuckles to aid his tiny fingers. He retained in his ear every tune he heard; and in his fourth year could name the pitch of any note on hearing it played. Somewhat similar to Eckert in musical sensibility was Charles Wesley, nephew of the famous founder of the Wesleyan Methodists. As a child, he could always be pacified by his mother playing the harpsichord. Tied on a chair, he could be left alone for hours amusing himself by *making* music on the instrument. Before he was three years old he could play

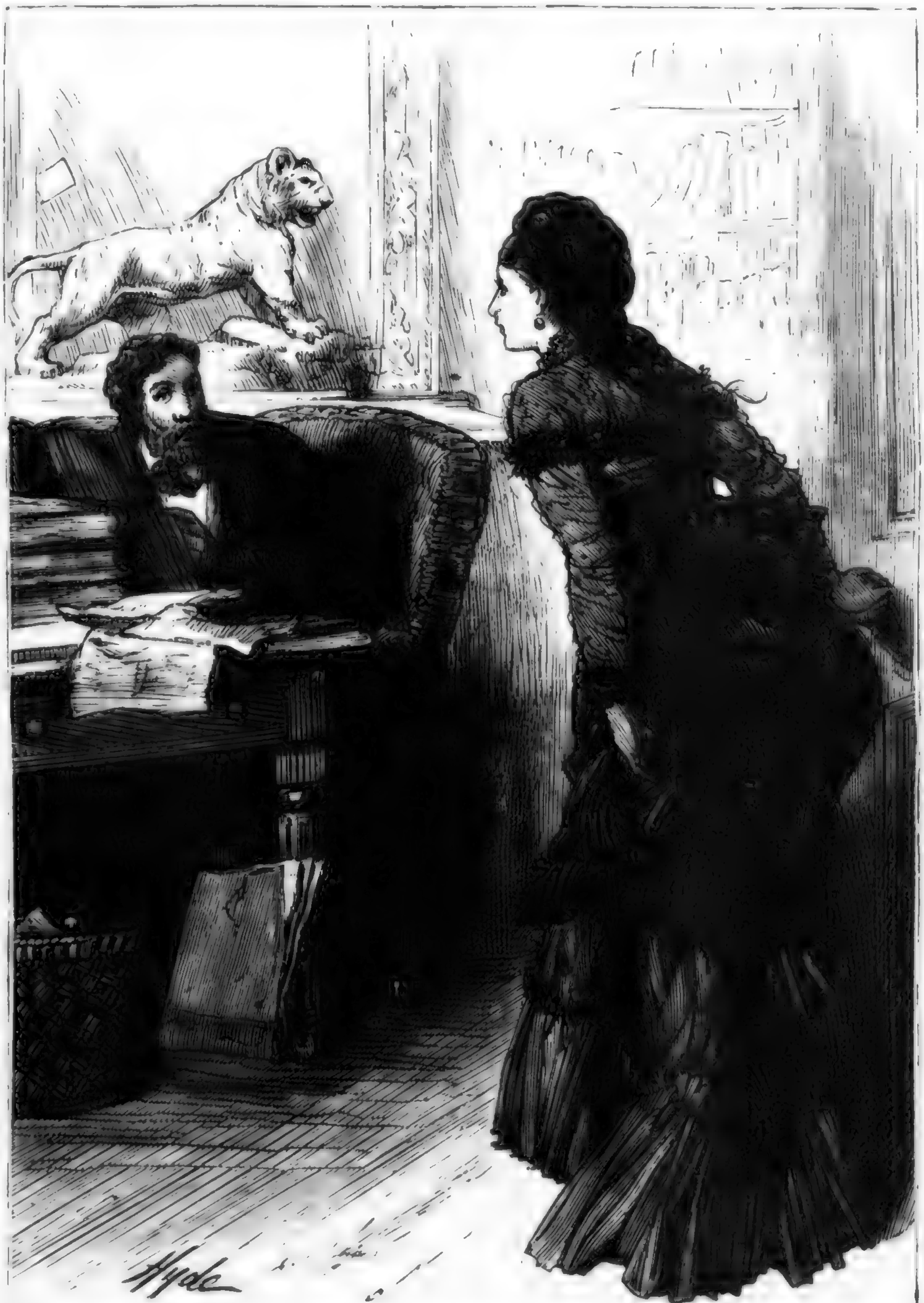
MOVABLE HOMES, AND TENT LIFE.—WAGON WITH THE AWNING SUGGESTED.—SEE PAGE 276.

tunes in correct time, treble and bass; and soon afterward was able to put a tolerably good bass to any tune he heard, without study or premeditation. Much flattered as a prodigy, he nevertheless failed to rise at any period of his life above a mediocre standard as a player or composer. Samuel Wesley, Charles's brother, was like him imbued with music from the cradle. Before he was three years old he could play a tune on the harpsichord; he made a correct bass before knowing musical notation; and learned to read from the words of songs in the music-books. He composed music before he could write, and was only eight years old when he composed an oratorio on the subject of Ruth. Some of our famous composers, on the other hand, have not commenced their best works until middle life, and have produced their very best at a somewhat advanced age.

On careful collation of known facts, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that a medium position is better than either extreme; that a judicious diffusion of mental labor throughout a series of years is the best course for mind and body. Precocity is considered by some physicians as partaking of the nature of disease; very few "infant prodigies" live to become distinguished men and women. Dr. Richardson, in his "Diseases of Modern Life," maintains the thesis that an average activity of mind throughout the whole of life is better than forcing it abnormally at the beginning. Another writer has observed that, by crowding the main business of life into the first forty years, with the design of taking things cozily by an early retirement and a long rest, the vital springs are dried up, the brain becomes prematurely withered by the excessive demands made upon it. The brain requires exercise like any other organ, but also, like any other organ, should not be worked to excess in early life. Many of our best writers have wrought well alike in early, middle, and advanced age, simply because they utilized their mental and vital resources judiciously. Sir Walter Scott is cited as a good instance in point. He wrote his poems in early life; produced in his maturity the wonderful series of novels and romances that will never die; and would probably have written his later works in masterly style if he had allowed himself time for the purpose. But adverse fortune decided otherwise; he exhausted himself by working intensely and earning enormously to pay off a debt; it virtually killed him.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY, COUSIN JOHN?"

EVERYBODY said what a shame it was that Professor Barker didn't marry, and what everybody says must be true. He had a good position, a nice house, an assured



"WHAT DID YOU SAY, COUSIN JOHN?"—"'I HAVE BROUGHT BACK THE BOOK I BORROWED. AS I AM GOING TO-MORROW, I WILL NOT TAKE ANOTHER.'"

income—everything, in fact, to make life pleasant and home happy, except what is poetically considered "Heaven's last, best gift to man," and of which he seemed to be in no haste to make an individual appropriation.

If he was in ignorance, blissful or otherwise, of this want in his heart and life, it certainly was not the fault of his friends and acquaintances, many of whom had sisters and daughters, of whom they would very gladly have made such an advantageous and satisfactory disposition.

Some of the most familiar of these would say to him, as they looked upon his pleasant surroundings:

"You ought to marry, professor; all you need to make you happy is a wife."

A few, bolder than the rest, would point out this one and that one, "who would make him such a pleasant and desirable companion."

The professor took all these hints and suggestions very good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes, certainly. I shall marry some time, of course; but there is no hurry about it."

And he did not seem at all inclined to hurry; on the contrary, with his mother for housekeeper, he was well satisfied with things as they were.

Still there were not wanting those bold enough to lay a direct siege to the citadel of his heart. But, like General Taylor, he "never surrendered," and for the same reason, that he could never be made to comprehend that any such thing was expected of him.

So he jogged quietly along, immersed in his books and the care of superintending and improving his estate, if not so happy as he might be, quite unconscious that anything was wanting to make him more so.

At last he began to be considered and spoken of as a confirmed old bachelor.

"He's as regular an old bachelor as I ever see yet!" said Mrs. Brown to her niece Mary, who was spending the day with her. "He just sticks himself up-stairs among his books and papers, and don't seem to think nor care for anythin' else. Such a thousand pities, too, when he has such a beautiful place, and everything so pleasant and comfortable."

"I've half a mind to spend my next vacation there," responded Mary. "Mrs. Barker has invited me to visit her scores of times."

Mrs. Brown glanced keenly at her niece from over her spectacles.

"'Twon't be of a particle of use, as I said before—he'll never marry."

Mary had her own ideas as to that; but she only tossed her head, glancing at the mirror opposite, which reflected what would have been a very pretty face had it not been so pale, for Mary had been a teacher for the past two years, the close confinement of the schoolroom not being very favorable to the growth of the roses that used to bloom so redly in her cheeks.

Mary had a very pleasant remembrance of "Cousin John," as she called the professor, the cousinship being very remote, though it was ten years since she had seen him, when she was a girl of twelve and he a young man of twenty-four. She and her mother—since dead—had visited his, and as she recalled his merry, handsome face and pleasant ways, she inwardly resolved that he should not be a forlorn, disagreeable old bachelor—not if she could help it.

With this highly commendable and praiseworthy object in view, she made her appearance, bag and baggage, at his door, one sultry morning in August, walking, unannounced, into the room where the professer was sitting.

"I am your cousin, Mary Arnold," she said, in reply to the blank wonderment in the eyes that were lifted to hers. "I didn't write to say I was coming, because I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise."

Mary succeeded admirably, so far as the surprise was concerned; its pleasant nature was not so clearly apparent.

But he was too kind-hearted and too much of a gentleman to treat his unexpected guest with any discourtesy.

"Oh, yes, certainly," he stammered. "Pray make yourself entirely at home. We—that is to say, my mother, will be delighted."

Leaving his mother to entertain her, the professor retreated to his study, and Mary saw nothing more of him until dinner.

In this way the days passed. So far as his guest was concerned, he was invisible except at meal-times. And even then he seldom spoke, scarcely looking at her; when he did, very much as one would look at a blank wall.

But Mary was not easily baffled. She determined to "beard the lion in his den," going into his study ostensibly for the sake of getting some reading.

However annoyed the professor might be at this invasion of his privacy, he showed no token of it. He assured her that any and all his books were at her disposal, and then retired behind the huge folio he was reading when she came in.

After an infinite deal of trouble, Mary selected her book and turned to the door.

"What did you say, Cousin John?"

The professor raised his wondering eyes to the smiling face of the speaker.

"I didn't say anything."

This was not Mary's last visit to the professor's study; she came nearly every day, on the same errand, asking the same question and receiving the same reply.

But, though not a little vexed at the professor's indifference to her presence and society, Mary contrived to have a very pleasant time. She took long walks, worked in the garden, and assisted Mrs. Barker about the house, who became much attached to her, she was so merry and companionable, bringing so much music and sunshine into her dull and quiet life, that she looked forward with dread to her departure.

The good lady was so accustomed to her son's recluse habits that it never entered into her mind that her young guest would consider his persistent avoidance of her in the light of a personal affront.

"John is such a scholar," she would say, "he takes no interest in anything but his books."

Thus, one by one, the days slipped by, bringing Mary nearer and nearer to the time when she must resume her irksome school-duties, and no nearer to the object of her visit, except in the additional vitality that gave such a bright bloom and sparkle to cheek and eye.

One morning she went into the professor's study.

"I have brought back the book I borrowed. As I am going to-morrow, I will not take another."

Mary stood with her hand on the door as she said this. The professor glanced up at her. He made no reply. Perhaps he thought it did not call for any.

"What did you say, Cousin John?"

"I didn't say anything."

Mary's temper was aroused at last.

"Well, I should think it was time you did!"

And out of the room she went, closing the door with no very gentle hand, leaving our professor more astonished than he ever was before in his life.

"Should think it was time I did?" he repeated. "Why, what does the girl mean?"

He resumed his book, but somehow it had lost all interest to him, and he was really glad when the dinner-bell sounded.

The face that sat opposite him was the same that had sat there for the last three weeks, but he now looked at it with a feeling of curiosity and interest such as he had never experienced before.

"Of course we shall miss her!" he responded, in reply to some observation from his mother, and speaking with a warmth that quite astonished the good lady.

"*We!*" laughed Mary, turning her roguish eyes upon the speaker with a look which affected him as no look ever did before. "I don't believe you've been conscious that I was in the house at all!"

The professor reddened, looking so thoroughly uncomfortable that Mary half repented her words.

However, the next morning he harnessed up, with the intention of taking Mary himself to the depot, a piece of civility which astonished his mother, who had never known him to put himself to so much trouble for any one before.

"I wish you wasn't going," he said, ruefully, as they rolled smoothly along on the highway.

Mary cast her eyes down demurely upon the flowers that lay in her lap.

"Oh, I must. School commences Monday, you know."

"Are you so very fond of teaching?"

"I hate it," was the frankly-spoken reply.

"Then why do you? I thought you seemed to be very happy here."

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

The professor turned a beaming, triumphant look upon the speaker, as though he had found a solution to the problem that had so puzzled him.

"Then why should you go at all? Why not stay here always? My mother needs a daughter, and I——"

No, reader, I positively won't say another word! For, shame, sir!—or madame, as the case may be—how would you like to have what *you* said, or what was said to you, on a certain interesting occasion, trumpeted forth in such a widely circulated journal?

But Mary didn't teach school any more. She resumed her seat opposite the professor, and keeps it still.

If ever he makes his appearance at the table with his old abstracted look, Mary brings him suddenly down from the clouds by the simple, but, to him, very suggestive inquiry, especially with the look and smile that accompany it: "What did you say, John?"

MEMORABLE EARTHQUAKES.

THE most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1693), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above forty days—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning and thunder. Readers of the "Relations des Jesuites" will remember the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in the Mississippi Valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon—and saved the Pomba ministry, through the fact that the minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured, and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member.

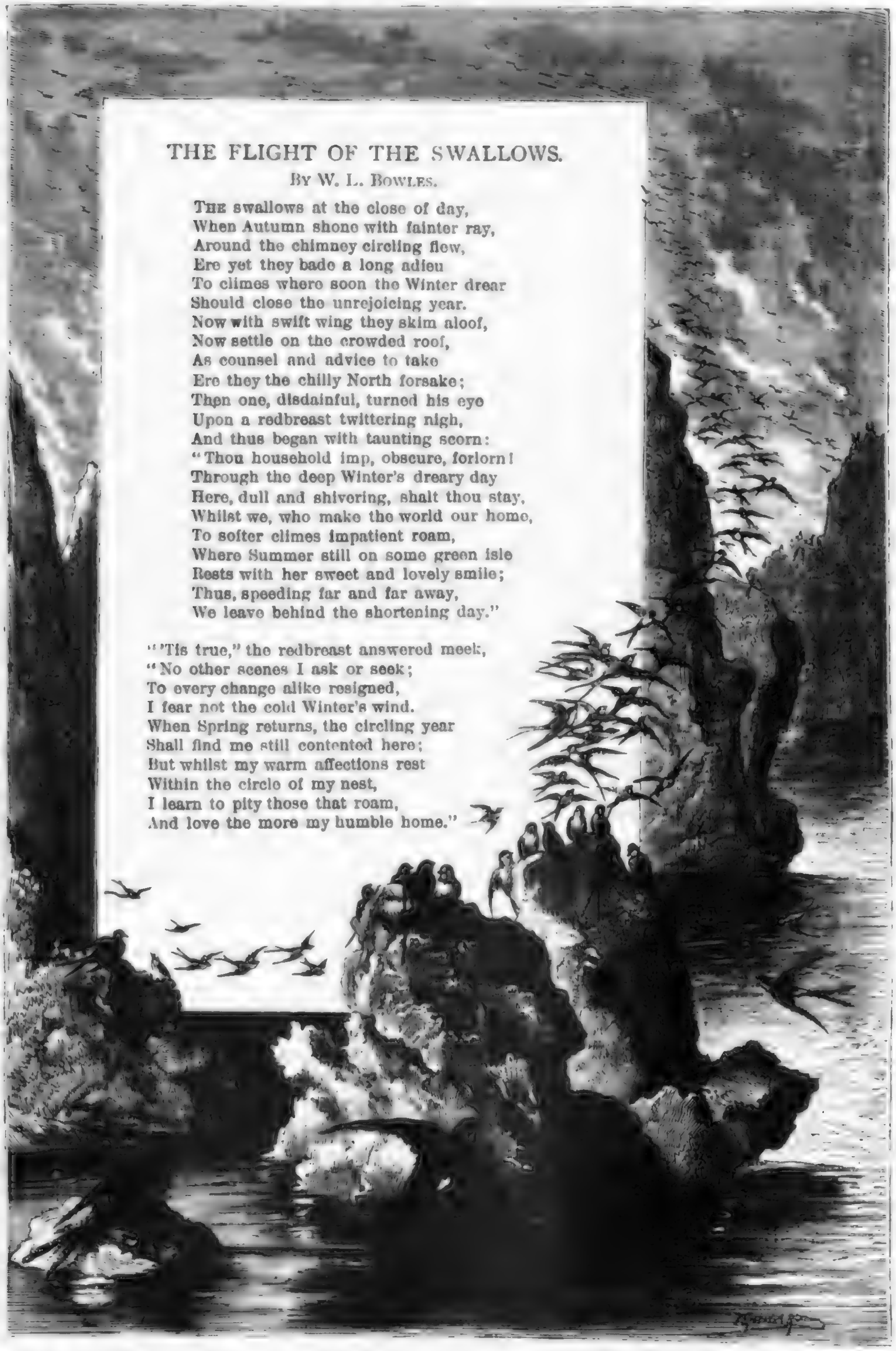
Hein, in his interesting opuscule on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, 98 persons killed, and 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years; instance that of Viego, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul 33 severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month. Hein, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and considers that of their coincidence with atmospheric phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and wide-spread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent; by sudden falls of the barometer, and equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in the daytime, in Autumn and Winter than in Spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.

SOMETHING ABOUT BRICKS.

"ON the antiquity of the brick as a building material," says the *Builder*, "it is needless, nor is it our intention, to insist. The great national collections of Europe, the British Museum foremost in number, show us bricks sun-dried and baked from the ruins of Nineveh, and from the days of that city to the present moment bricks have never ceased to be an important instrument in the hands of the builder. Throughout Asia Minor they were largely employed, and M. Bayet, in his work on 'Miletus,' has shown that the far-famed palace of Crœsus was built of no more costly materials than honest brick. What those bricks were and their quality are even to this day appreciated by the natives, who for many centuries have plundered the ruins to build or to patch up their own even more ruinous houses. The use of bricks among the Romans, who largely employed them as building materials, as we see in the familiar instance of the Temple of Concord, has been more than once the subject of the inquiry of industrious antiquaries, for the Romans were not content with producing the flat tile-like brick, which is so often to be met with in the lower portion of antique structures scattered over the empire, and that are known in England, but their bricks are indelibly stamped with the mark of their maker, the names of the reigning consuls, and sometimes the year. From this one source, then, more than one patient archæologist has gathered a rich store of information. But few inquiries have ventured far on the apparently arid and difficult road, which has hence remained little explored.

CATCHING FISH BY STUPEFYING THEM.

TWO EMINENT Baptist clergymen were spending a short time on the Island of Sardinia. One of these gentlemen writes of an unusual experience he had with a fish dinner.



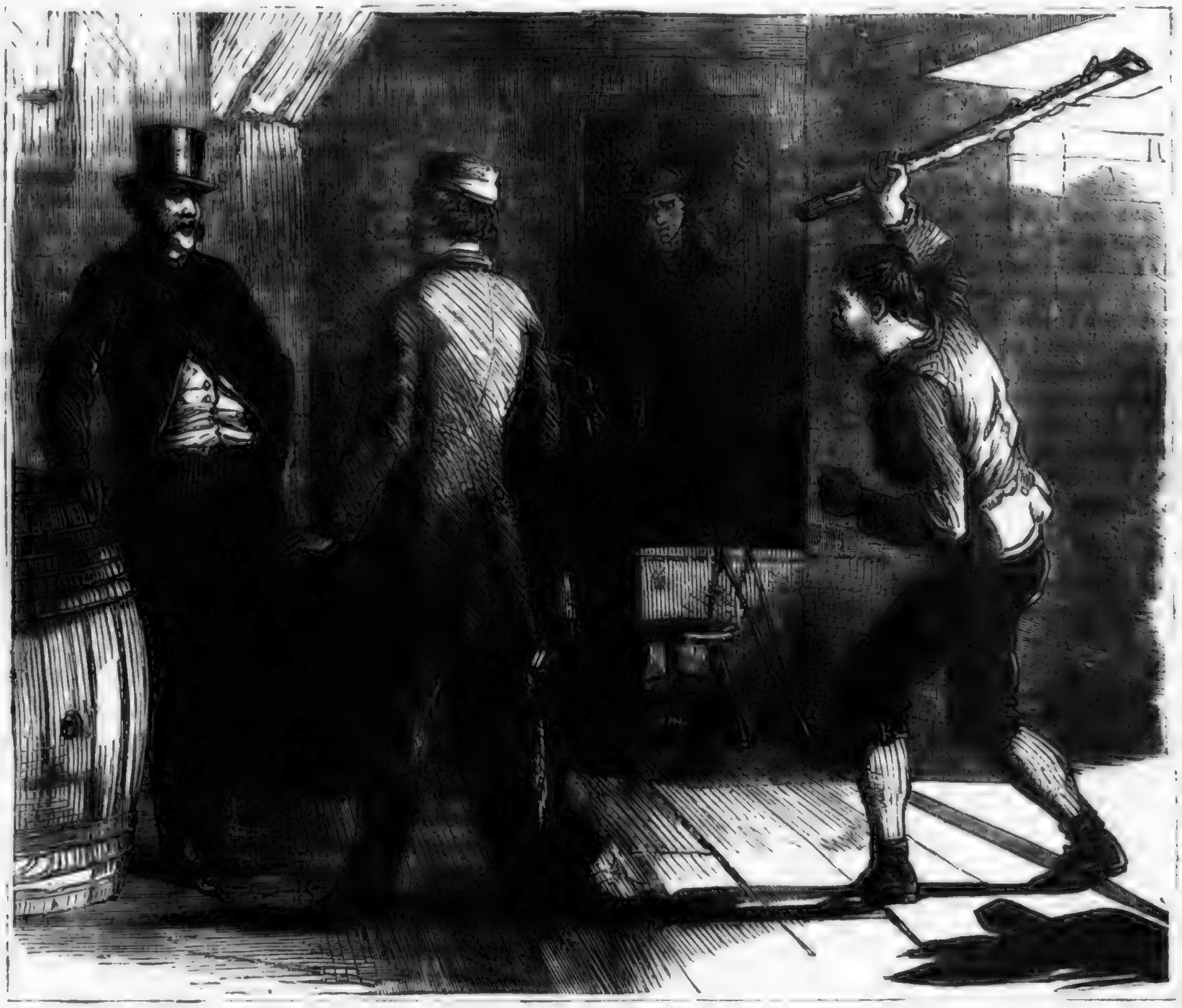
THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

By W. L. Bowles.

The swallows at the close of day,
When Autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes where soon the Winter drear
Should close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As counsel and advice to take
Ere they the chilly North forsake;
Then one, disdainful, turned his eye
Upon a redbreast twittering nigh,
And thus began with taunting scorn:
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn!
Through the deep Winter's dreary day
Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou stay,
Whilst we, who make the world our home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where Summer still on some green isle
Rests with her sweet and lovely smile;
Thus, speeding far and far away,
We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true," the redbreast answered meek,
"No other scenes I ask or seek;
To every change alike resigned,
I fear not the cold Winter's wind.
When Spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me still contented here;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home."

This repast is alluded to as "a lenten dinner," just the meal which Jesus gave to Peter and the rest after His resurrection—bread and fish only. Immediately after partaking of this apparently harmless diet, both of the clergymen began to feel uncomfortable. For three days they thought they were poisoned. It turned out that the fishermen in the neighborhood have a fashion of catching fish by putting into the water a drug which stupefies the poor creatures, so as to make their capture more easy. Sometimes a fish gets too much of the drug, and dies like a man with an overdose of quack medicine. This was what was the matter with the fish the clergymen had eaten. The letter says: "I had gotten hold of one of these, or, rather, he had gotten hold of me." This unwholesome little fish came very near taking these two eloquent clergymen out of this world.



A BOLD GAME.—"SUDDENLY, WITH A KNOTTY STICK, HE FELLED TAPPAN TO THE FLOOR."

A BOLD GAME.

At a time when my profession was not quite so flourishing as it is at present, I was weak enough to relinquish my situation at the Old Drury, where I was only "utility man," and accept an engagement with a "traveling manager."

I was deemed quite an acquisition, and had the satisfaction of seeing my "first appearance" announced in very large capitals; but that was all my satisfaction. The season soon came to a disastrous close; the manager suddenly disappeared, leaving us minus our salaries. My trunk was seized for arrears of board, and I was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of footing it back to London. During this homeward tramp I came to a long bridge that crossed a wide pond or river, I forget which now. Here I found a number of boys fishing. This sport has ever been my weakness, and when one of the youngsters, who got plenty of bites, but couldn't catch anything, asked me if I wouldn't like to try my luck, I could not resist the temptation. The sport was lively and the fish plentiful, and I soon had the boy's basket in a promising condition.

Time passes very quickly when we are pleasantly employed. Twilight came on, and there was I, idling away my time, and only a tithe of the journey performed. I relinquished the fishing-rod, and started on my way again.

I had been silly, indeed. A low, rumbling sound proclaimed the approach of a thunderstorm, so I began to look about for shelter.

Quite a distance back from the road, and embowered among the trees, was a little brown cottage, the only one in sight. There was a carriage-way leading from the road, and the gate to it was off the hinges. Accepting this as an invitation, I approached the house, which was, I discovered, very much out of repair. The garden in front was overrun with weeds, and the entire place had such an air that I began to fear it was uninhabited.

"What do you want here?" exclaimed a gruff voice, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I perceived a man standing in the open doorway, as if he had been on the watch for something or somebody, and resented my appearance as an intrusion.

He was short in stature, heavily and clumsily built, with scowling brows and a shock of dark hair—a kind of human bull-dog, strong and savage. I was but a stripling at the time, and prompt to resent insolence, for I felt his question was such, poor as I was.

"I am seeking shelter from the storm."

"You can't have any shelter here."

"I tell you there is a storm coming—can't I stop here until the shower is over?"

"No," very gruffly.

XUM

"But I shall get wet through," I expostulated; "and there isn't another house in sight."

"Can't help it—don't take strangers in here. There is a house a little further on, round the bend of the road. You'd better go there."

And the door was unceremoniously closed in my face.

I yelled out my opinion of the civility, and made my way back to the road again with considerable speed, as I was not sure but that my remarks might be answered by a charge of buckshot.

As I turned into the road again, a chaise came on at full speed, going the same way I was. I drew up to the side of the road to avoid being run over, when, to my astonishment, instead of coming on, it turned into the carriage-way and drove up to the solitary cottage.

Why the impression that something wrong was going on should have so suddenly flashed through my mind, I have never been able to explain. I certainly did receive such a presentiment of mischief, and, at the same time, an uncontrollable desire to trace it out and learn what it was. A trivial circumstance strengthened this belief in my mind.

The man who had so rudely driven me away from the house was not a farmer, but more like a city rough.

Then, again, he had been so evidently on the lookout for somebody. The chaise was expected.

I found it impossible to depart without solving my doubts, so I cautiously approached the house from the rear. A covered porch jutted out from an extension, in which I quickly ensconced myself to escape from the rain, which was now falling in good earnest, accompanied by the most vivid lightning and most terrific peals of thunder. Cautiously, then, I crept into the room opening on the porch. It was illuminated by a strong light, coming through an open window from another, also open, in the main chamber of the house, diagonally opposite. This light was caused by a blazing fire of wood, which had been kindled on the hearth, evidently to drive away the dampness of the old house, which I was now satisfied had long been unoccupied.

From my window, all in the gloom, I could overlook the lighted apartment completely. It contained a barrel, turned bottom upward, on which was a common stable-lantern, lighted, but eclipsed by the brighter beams of the wood fire. Two men stood beside this barrel, in earnest conversation. A third crouched on the hearth, beside the fire, partly reclining on a bundle of fagots.

These two men were very dissimilar in appearance; both were elegantly dressed, and had the appearance of wealth about them. One was about my size—that is to say, rather small, with curly brown hair, mustache, and bright, clear eyes, which looked black in that light, and very white, even teeth, which a genial smile disclosed often; but his face was as brown as a berry, and gave him a foreign air and appearance. I should have taken him to be twenty-five, or thereabouts. His companion was his elder by a dozen years—a head taller, and thin almost to emaciation. He had a sallow, cadaverous countenance, restless eyes of an uncertain color, thin, nervous lips, a hooked nose, and sandy hair and beard.

Both windows being open, I could hear, in the intervals of the thunder, every word. The foreign-looking gentleman was speaking when I took up my post of observation.

"I regret we stopped, even to escape the storm, Mr. Rockbridge," he was saying; "I would much rather have gone on, even at the risk of a drenching. It smells horribly unwholesome here."

"Patience," answered Rockbridge. "The storm will soon pass over, and then, perhaps, it would be advisable to stop at the first hotel we come to, and put up for the night."

"By no means," rejoined Tappan, quickly—"let us push on; we shall reach there before midnight. I am sorry we stopped at all. It was very kind of you to come for me, in your own conveyance, for I am most anxious to see Elinor and give her the last words of her deceased father. The *Crest of the Wave* was the first homeward-bound vessel, after I had settled up the affairs of the firm, and so I took passage in her."

"Poor Mr. Woodberry!" said Rockbridge; "he took the voyage for the benefit of his health, and only arrived in Calcutta to die."

"Yes. I was settling up the accounts of my branch of the firm when he arrived. We were to have returned together."

"I know. You have had a long exile from your native land. Ten years, is it not?"

"Precisely. I left England when I was sixteen to begin my career in the great East India house of Woodberry & Co., a poor clerk, and I return a junior partner."

"We shall have to take the style of Rockbridge & Tappan, eh?"

"No. It was the old man's last wish that the business should be continued under his name, his daughter, as silent partner, giving us the right to retain the old firm name of 'Woodberry & Co.' I have the proper authority to arrange everything, and his will, and other necessary papers, in my breast-pocket."

The firelight may have deceived me, but it appeared to me that Rockbridge gave a quick sign to the man by the fire. At all events, he roused himself up at that moment, and commenced fumbling amongst the sticks of wood, as if intent on replenishing the fire.

"So the beautiful Elinor is to become a partner, and the head of the firm, too. A partner in a double sense, eh? I believe you have some aspirations in that quarter?"

"Elinor is my affianced wife," answered Tappan.

"You must have plighted your troth early, then. Only sixteen when you went away—why, she can scarcely remember how you looked, much less recognize you now."

"It was the wish of her father; and we have constantly corresponded to that end. Our marriage will take place at the expiration of her year of mourning."

"Is that all settled?"

The question came abruptly—fiercely.

"It is."

"Then you must die!"

At the words, the hang-dog ruffian, as if it had been a signal agreed upon, rose suddenly with a knotty stick in his hand, and struck Tappan a savage blow on the head that felled him to the floor like a stroke of lightning.

I sank down upon my knees, helplessly holding on by the window-sill. I was stunned—bewildered to the extent that I had neither power to move nor breath to utter a cry. It is a dreadful thing to see a murder done coolly, deliberately, in cold blood. Yet this supineness saved my life, as I undoubtedly should have been sacrificed also if I had made my presence known.

"The job's over," said the man who had done the deed at the instigation of the more refined assassin—"and an ugly one it is, too."

"There was no help for it. No one shall ever go over the accounts of that firm. An examination would be my ruin; and I love Elinor Woodberry—madly, passionately love her—would sell my soul to gain her!"

I ventured to look again, and saw the murderers by the door staring at their victim.

XUM

"Are you sure he's dead?" whispered Rockbridge.

"That blow would have killed an ox," answered the ruffian, doggedly.

"What shall we do with the body—bury it?" asked Rockbridge, anxiously.

"That will take too much time. Why not set fire to the old house, and burn all up at once? It is as dry as tinder, and will burn like a flash," responded his companion.

"Good!" cried Rockbridge, with relief. "Papers and all will be destroyed together. I'll get the chaise ready, while you fire the house; but see you do it so thoroughly as to destroy every trace of this night's work."

With these words, he hurried from the room. The other commenced scattering the fire-brands about, and fearful that he might see me, I crept cautiously out and through the porch and hid myself among the trees.

When I heard the chaise drive away, I hurried to the window of the main apartment, which was all in a blaze, jumped in amidst the flames, grasped the form of the murdered man and dragged it out from the burning dwelling, toiling at it with desperate strength and resolution until I had got it among the trees far from the house.

You will wonder why I should have risked my life thus to preserve a mass of senseless clay. My motive is soon told. I wished to possess myself of the clothes and papers of the murdered man for the purpose of passing myself off for him. It was a bold game, but I was resolved to play it—to defeat a villain's schemes and save an innocent girl and her fortune from his clutches. Nor was it so difficult as might appear at the first view. The man Tappan had been ten years abroad—had gone a boy and returned a man. We were nearly of the same height, and as for a mustache and the bronze visage, the resources of my profession were adequate to supply all deficiencies. Besides, ten years passed beneath an Indian sun, would be likely to make many and strange changes in a man's appearance. You smile at the idea of such a project—it appears to you like the wild fancy of a lunatic, does it not? I can assure you there was "method" in my madness.

The afternoon of the following day, when "made up" as nearly as I could to a resemblance of Mr. Tappan, I sauntered quietly along, and entered the counting-house of Woodberry & Co., where I found Mr. Rockbridge—all alone, as luck would have it—very busy at his books.

He looked up at my entrance, and the way his under-jaw dropped, his cheeks paled, and his eyes glared, convinced me that my "make-up" was good, and that I was not a bad imitation of Charles Tappan.

The feeling was but momentary, however; it passed over his face like a spasm, and was gone. He was too sure that his crime had been effectual. He turned to me urbanely, saying:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

I put on a look of pretended astonishment—I was a pretty good actor, even in those days.

"What!" I cried, "is it possible you do not recognize me, Mr. Rockbridge?"

He winced, and the uneasy expression came again into his light gray eyes.

"Really, sir," he said, in a hesitating way, "you have the advantage of me. Have we ever met before?"

"To be sure we have," I answered, readily. "Well, well, time does make sad changes; not that I think I am altered much for the worse. Have ten years obliterated all traces of your boyish friend? James Rockbridge, have you really forgotten me—Charley Tappan?"

He gasped and sank back in his chair, staring at me with distended eyeballs.

"Who are you?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Didn't I tell you?—Charles Tappan," I answered, pleasantly.

I never saw such a bewildered look as overcast his countenance. It was absolutely ludicrous in its expression.

"You Charles Tappan?" he repeated.

"I am Charles Tappan," I returned, decidedly.

"But that is impossible. Charles Tappan is——"

"Is what?" I asked, quickly.

"Abroad," he stammered. "In Calcutta—conducting the branch house."

He was recovering self-possession, but I could see that I puzzled him sorely.

"Did you not receive my letter informing you that I had arrived in the *Crest of the Wave?*" I asked, with all coolness imaginable.

He grew livid again. He was positive that I was not Charles Tappan, but who I was and where I obtained information which he thought known only to himself, bewildered him.

"I never received any such letter," he said, at length, boldly; "and to be plain with you, I do not believe you are Charles Tappan, who, I think, is still in India."

"Well, upon my word," I exclaimed, with well-feigned indignation, "this is a nice reception for a man who has been absent ten years from his native land. As to my having arrived by the *Crest of the Wave*—if you have any doubt on the subject—I have only to refer you to the captain, by whom I am well-known; and for other proofs of my identity, I think these papers will be all-sufficient." I drew out a large pocket-book at these words. "Here are the balances of the branch house, whose accounts are now closed. Here is the last will and testament of Mr. Woodberry, a letter to his daughter, and power of attorney, giving me authority to settle up his affairs."

"Let me see those papers," he hissed.

I held the papers spread open like a hand of cards.

"Now, mark me, James Rockbridge—and it will be for your interest to believe I am in earnest—look at these papers, examine Mr. Woodberry's well-known signature. Are you satisfied?" I asked, when he had cast a rapid glance at the different papers.

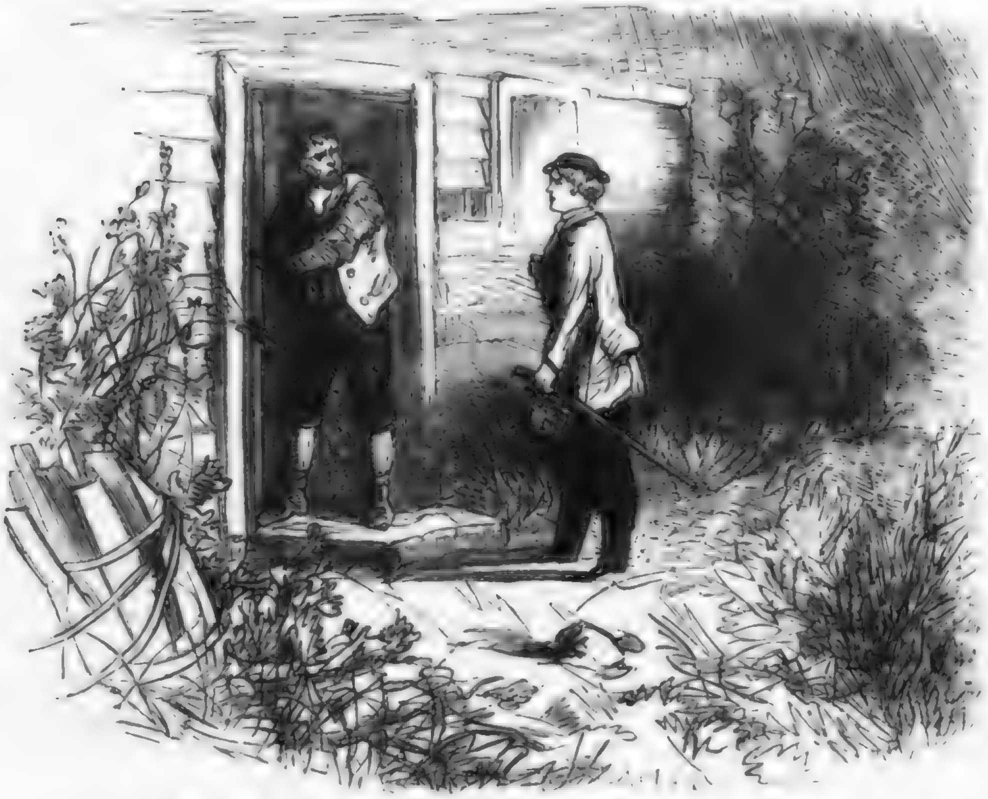
"Yes," he answered, moodily; "satisfied that those are the papers that Charles Tappan brought from India, but not that you are Charles Tappan."

"Oh, then you know that Charles Tappan did come from India, although you denied it a moment ago," I cried, quickly. "Where did you obtain your information?"

His lips worked convulsively, but no words came; he could not answer my question. He saw that he had made a fatal admission, and his white, glistening-teeth gnawed at his nether lip in rage.

"If you still doubt that I am Charles Tappan," I went on, determined to play my ace of trumps and win the game without further discussion, "let me recount to you my journey. Perhaps if we were to stop by the way and examine the ruins of an old cottage by the roadside, which was burned the night before last, we might find some interesting souvenirs of that journey.. Men sometimes recover from violent blows on the head. I have heard of such cases, have not you?"

This last thrust was too much for him; he slid out of his chair, and groveled on the floor in a dead faint. He made no cry, and the door of the private office being closed, the clerks outside were unconscious of the quiet but intense drama that was being enacted within. A pitcher of water was standing on the table. I filled a glass, and dashed the contents in his face. He sighed



A BOLD GAME.—"'WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?' SAID A GRUFF VOICE."

heavily, and consciousness began to return. I lifted him up and placed him in his chair again. His eyes opened, he saw me, comprehended all, shuddered, and closed them again.

"Do you still doubt that I am Charles Tappan?" I asked.

"No! no!" he cried, hastily; "I doubt nothing, I admit everything; I am in your power if you are he; but no, his skull must have been crushed, and I see no evidence of a wound. In the fiend's name, *who are you?*"

With these incoherent words the wretched man started to his feet, glaring upon me with an insane fury in his eyes. But I had no fear of an assault—your cold murderer is ever a coward—he knew I was prepared for him, and he could only snarl and whine like a whipped cur.

"I tell you, for the last time, I am Charles Tappan," I answered, with determination; "and it will be for your personal welfare to accept me as such without further parley. For the present I must leave you. To-morrow we will look over the books together and settle the affairs of the firm."

"Where are you going now?"

"To call on Elinor," I replied.

"Allow me to escort you. Do you know where she lives?"

"Oh, yes; her letters have informed me that she resides with her aunt on Vernon Street."

At last we reached the residence of Miss Woodberry—a handsome brick house, with "Morrill" on the door-plate, which was the name of Elinor's aunt's deceased husband.

We ascended the steps together, and he rang the bell. We were ushered into the parlor to await the appearance of Elinor Woodberry.

Perhaps you fancy that my nerves began to quiver and my confidence fail me; quite the contrary, I assure you. I was cool—"cool as a cucumber"—and prepared to deceive both Elinor's eyes and the eyes of the guilty James Rockbridge.

After all, the risk was not so great as you may imagine. Elinor Woodberry was but eight years of age when she parted from Charles Tappan, and her childish memory could not be very strong. Light footsteps descended the stairs, and a woman's dress rustled in the hall—the critical moment had come. Elinor Woodberry entered the apartment.

She was a charming young lady—I thought so at the first glance, and further acquaintance confirmed me in that impression—with soft brown hair, sad gray eyes, a pale complexion, and regular features.

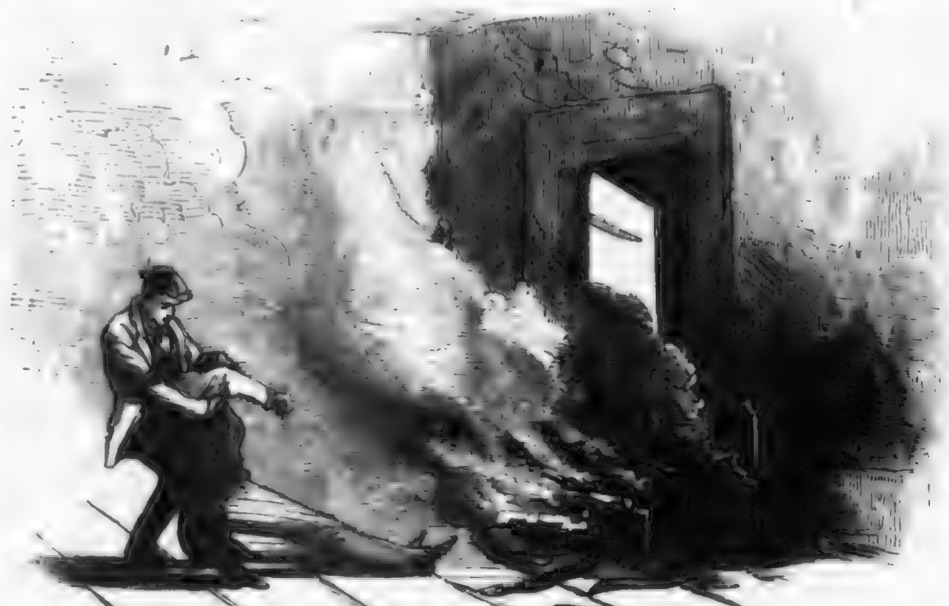
She did not appear to observe me at first, I keeping pretty well in the background, but advanced very cordially to Rockbridge.

"Have I kept you waiting?" she exclaimed, in pleasant, bell-like tones. "You must excuse me if I have, but we have an invalid up-stairs—a distant relative of aunt's, or will be at some time, I believe—he met with an accident on his way hither, and I have been nursing him."

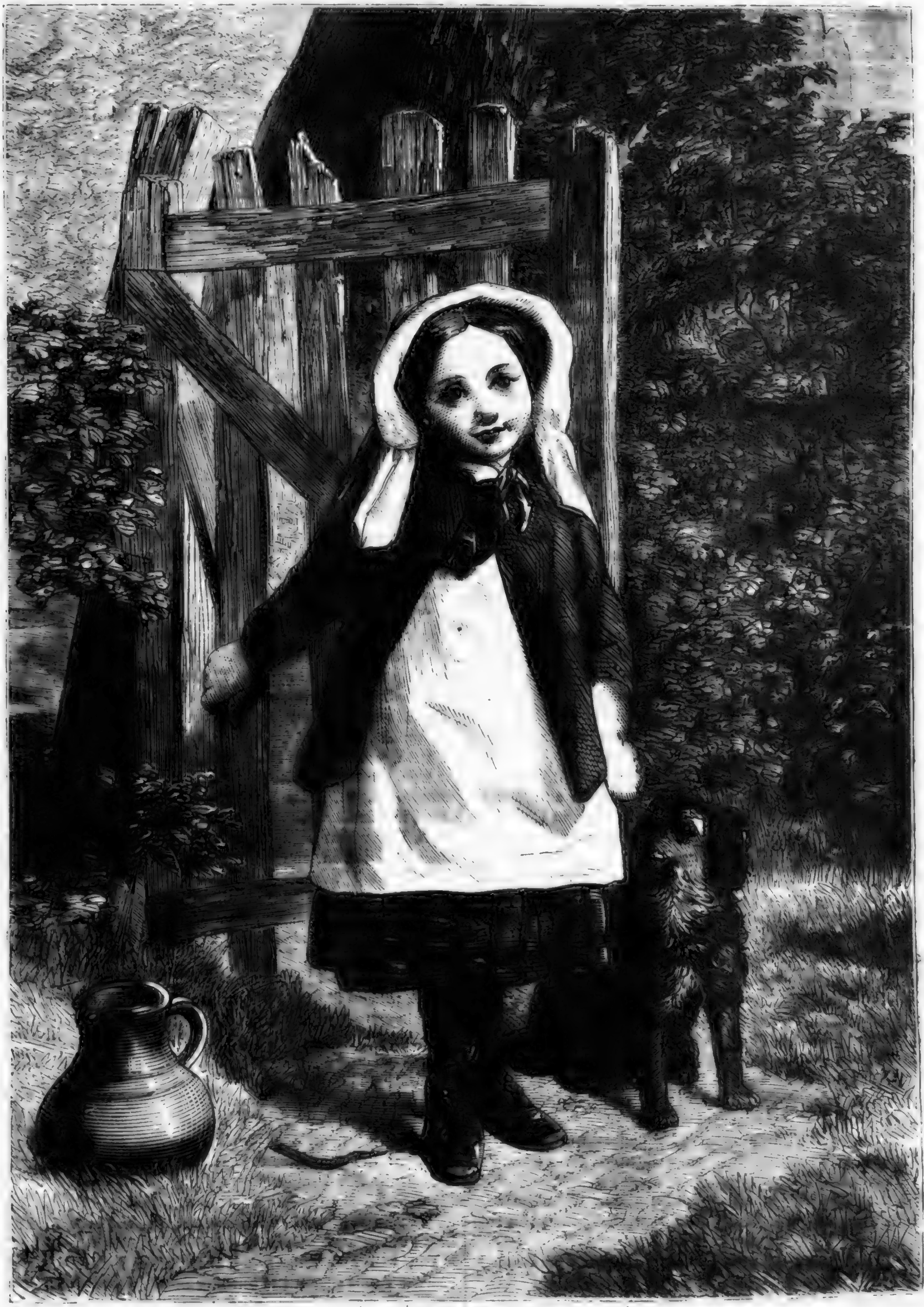
"Indeed," answered Rockbridge, carelessly, as if not much interested in the invalid; "I was not aware your aunt had any relatives beside yourself living. I have called to present to you a gentleman who expects to become a relative of yours in the course of time. Do you recognize this gentleman?"

I made two steps forward and bowed. She gave me a long look, rather blankly at first, but it soon brightened into intelligence.

"Charles, my dear Charles!" she cried, with joyous accents. "It must be, it must be; I cannot be mistaken!



A BOLD GAME.—"I GRASPED THE FORM OF THE MURDERED MAN, AND DRAGGED IT OUT FROM THE BURNING DWELLING."



THE PET OF THE VILLAGE.

Oh, Charles, have you come back to me?" And she cast herself impulsively into my arms.

I could not do less than reciprocate her embrace. Her fair head nestled upon my shoulder, and I looked over it triumphantly, I admit, at the livid features of the astonished Rockbridge. It thrilled me, I can tell you, and I only wished I had been Charles Tappan in reality.

The scene was too much for Rockbridge; he muttered something about not wishing to interfere with the joyful meeting between long-severed friends, grasped his hat, and literally fled.

Elinor and myself were soon on the best of terms; I was introduced to Mrs. Morrill, a nice, middle-aged lady, and installed in the house as Charles Tappan. I was also presented to the invalid—he was badly hurt, but the doctor had hopes of getting him on his legs in a week's time—and had a long chat with him. We parted mutually pleased.

Now the game went on regularly—my point was to bring the affairs into proper shape, and force James Rockbridge to make restitution of the money abstracted; his, to lead me into some admission or act to prove the imposition I was practicing. It was sharp work between us, I can tell you. I think he would have murdered me if I had given him a good opportunity, but, of course, I was not going to do that.

At last a circumstance happened which I had long been expecting: the "Bull-dog"—I call him that for want of better name—the man who had struck the fatal blow, called one day to see Rockbridge. They were long closeted together, and now I felt certain Rockbridge was determined to remove me from his path.

How, I could not determine. Certainly not by violence. I was too wary for that—always went well armed, and never remained out late at night. I thought he had a tough job before him, but as two people are seldom of the same opinion, he may have thought differently. However, the "tug of war" was sure to come in a day or two, and I prepared myself accordingly.

It took him about a week to arrange his plot, and then he "opened" on me in this way: Elinor and I were amusing ourselves one hot afternoon in July, in the shady parlor, by singing quaint old ballads, and trying to pick the airs out on the piano; while the invalid cousin had got down-stairs for the first time since his accident, and lay upon the sofa, when the door-bell rang, and in came Rockbridge with the "Bull-dog."

"To what are we indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" said Elinor, graciously.

"I am afraid it will not prove a pleasure," answered Rockbridge, gravely, and looking askance at me. "Circumstances have made me suffer you to become the dupe of an impostor; but I can no longer submit to this deception, as it is now in my power to unmask him."

"Impostor? Deception?" asked Elinor, in a bewildered kind of way. "What in the world do you mean, Rockbridge?"

"I mean that this man, who claims to be Charles Tappan, is an impostor!" said Rockbridge, resolutely. "He is not Charles Tappan."

Elinor recoiled just a little bit from me. He noticed it, and smiled. He felt pretty sure of winning the point this time.

"If I am not Charles Tappan, *who* am I?" I asked, boldly.

He confessed his inability to answer.

"And why am I not Charles Tappan?" I demanded, persistently.

"Because he is——"

The words faltered on his tongue, and he hesitated.

"Is what?"

"*Dead!*"

Elinor shrieked.

"Dead?"

"Ay, sir, *dead!*" he continued, savagely, turning full upon me, as if goaded on by some unseen and powerful medium. "Dead! *murdered!* on the road, on the night of the fifth of June. Murdered in a solitary cottage by the roadside, whither he had been lured under the pretext of taking shelter from a thunderstorm; barbarously murdered, and the house set on fire to conceal all evidence of the crime!"

"Who did this fearful deed?" asked Elinor, breathlessly.

"He — this man — who now calls himself Charles Tappan!" cried Rockbridge, vindictively.

"A likely story," I exclaimed, with an indignation that was not altogether feigned. "Who can prove it?"

"I can," answered "Bull-dog," stepping boldly forward; "I saw you do it."

The effrontery of this assertion made me laugh.

"Do you not understand all now, Elinor?" cried Rockbridge, hurriedly. "This villain here, doubtless inspired by your beauty and a thirst for gain, waylaid and slew your lover, possessed himself of his papers, and trusting to a slight resemblance and a long absence, comes here to palm himself off on you as your affianced husband. It was a bold game, sir," he continued, turning to me with an assumption of virtuous indignation; "but you have lost it, and must be prepared to pay the forfeit."

"He evidently thought I was overwhelmed. But Elinor was not going to condemn me unheard.

"This is a strange story. What have you to say concerning these grave charges?" she asked.

"Unfounded; yet, strangely enough, there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Rockbridge has uttered. In the first place, I am not Charles Tappan."

"Ah, you admit it!" cried Rockbridge, triumphantly.

"In the second place," I went on, not heeding the interruption, "Charles Tappan was assaulted and left for dead in a lonely cottage, on his way to town; and, moreover, I saw that man strike the blow, and James Rockbridge looked on, an accessory before and after the deed."

"You lie!" exclaimed "Bull-dog," brutally.

But Rockbridge looked uneasy. He began to understand how I had obtained possession of the papers.

"You will find it difficult to prove this, young man," he said, sneeringly.

"Oh, not at all; I have a witness."

"A witness!" the murderers exclaimed in chorus, casting uneasy glances at each other.

"Produce your witness," cried Rockbridge, boldly, after a moment's reflection.

"Here he is—behold him!"

The invalid, whom nobody had taken any notice of during this trying scene, removed the covering from his face and sat upon the sofa, discovering to the appalled wretches the pale face of Charles Tappan, with an ugly scar on the left temple.

Rockbridge and his guilty associate broke from the house like frightened deer, and nothing was ever seen or heard of them afterward.

You will now understand that, after I had dragged Charles Tappan from the burning house, I discovered that he still lived. I laid him under the trees, and hastened to the nearest house for assistance.

The farmer helped me to put him to bed, and in the morning I obtained a conveyance to take us to London.

He recovered sufficiently to give me the address of Miss Woodberry, and I took him directly thither. All the rest was a nice little comedy, arranged by myself, to amuse Mr. Rockbridge, and keep him from running away with the funds of the firm until Tappan got well enough to attend to matters. It was a hard blow he got, but a good constitution brought him safely through it.

THE "JUMPERS" OF MAINE.

Jumping seems to be an epidemic, confined mainly to the north woods of Maine, and to persons of French descent, and is psycho-contagious—that is, can be caught by personal contact, like chorea and hysteria.

Jumping is probably an evolution of *tickling*. Some, if not all, of the jumpers are ticklish—exceedingly so—and are easily irritated by touching them in sensitive parts of the body. It would appear that in the evenings, in the woods, after the day's toil, in lieu of most other sources of amusement, the lumbermen have teased each other, by tickling and playing, and startling timid ones, until there has developed this jumping, which, by mental contagion, by practice, and by inheritance, has ripened into the full stage of the malady as it appears at the present hour.

This theory is in harmony with the general facts of physiology, and explains, better than any suggestion that has occurred to me, the history of what would otherwise appear to be without explanation, and almost outside of science. In a certain sense, we are all jumpers; under sudden excitement, as of a blow, or a violent, unexpected sound, any person, even not very nervous, may jump and cry, somewhat as these jumpers do, though not with all the manifestations of the jumpers. Hysterical women, jumping and shrieking on slight excitement, we have all seen.

Everything about this subject is incredible. I do not expect that my readers will believe all, if they believe any, of what is here reported; rather they will find it easier to believe that I have been deceived; that the six sources of error that are involved in all experiments with human beings were not fully eliminated; that the jumpers, in short, experimented with me, and not I with the jumpers; and that through all of this half-century the guides and physicians, the proprietors of hotels, and their neighbors and relatives and friends, have been the victims of intentional or unintentional fraud. But to my own mind the most incredible fact of all is, not the existence of the phenomena, but that the phenomena have not been sooner observed by science, and that they have so long escaped the notice even of scientific men who live near or in those regions, and who frequently visit them.

Two of the best known citizens of Greenville—a town at the foot of Moosehead Lake—who have lived there very many years, if not all their lives, who have had these jumpers in their employ, denied or doubted the existence of any of these phenomena, declaring that these so-called jumpers were merely drunk or playing. My guide in the woods of Northern New Hampshire, who had spent his whole life in those wilds, who was old enough to be a great-grandfather, denied without reservation the whole claim; but, after investigating the subject with me, was compelled to admit its genuineness. One of my fishing companions in the woods, a clear-brained and vigorous man of business, and a man of the world, who for seventeen years had passed his Summers in these regions, knew nothing of the subject until this season, when I called his intention to it.

All around these districts there are physicians, not in them but near them—for in the Summer season the jumpers scatter, to a certain degree, over the farms in the vicinity—and every year physicians and men of science, experts in various realms, visit for recreation the districts where these jumpers most abound; but if they see them they do not notice them, or if they notice them they do not understand them, or if they understand them they say nothing about them, and do not attempt to bring, or at least do not succeed in bringing, the phenomena into science.

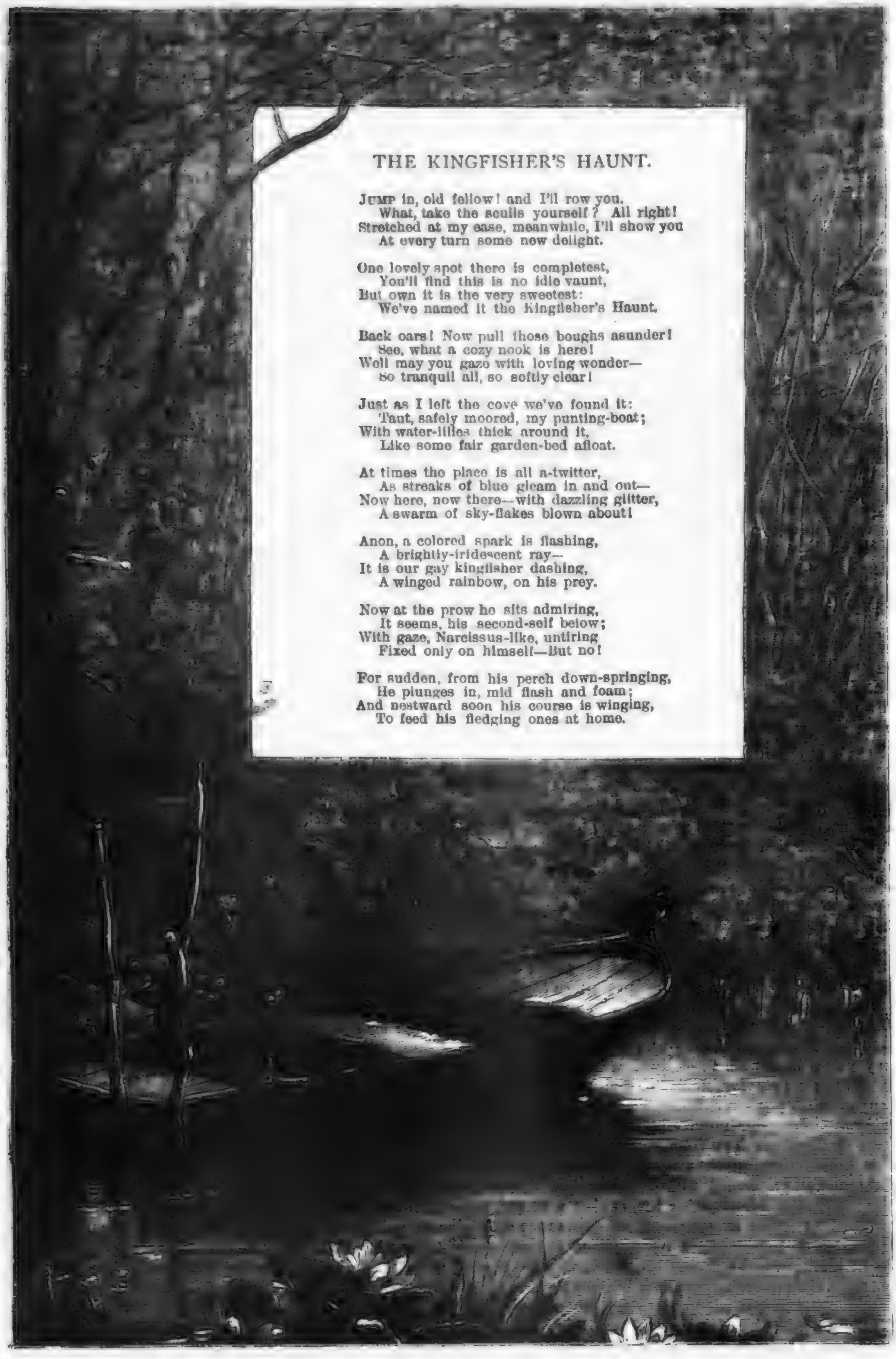
"In the family of one of those with whom I experimented," says Dr. Beard, "there were five jumpers—the father, two sons, and two grandchildren of the respective ages of four and seven years. In the family of another with whom I experimented there were four, all brothers. In the family of another, of whom I obtained information but did not study, there were three cases—an uncle, a mother and a brother. In another family there were two boys, both jumpers. Here, then, were fourteen cases in four families. By the study of these cases it was possible to trace the malady back at least half a century.

THE GROANING TREE.

The history of the groaning tree is this: About seventy years ago a cottager who lived near the centre of the village of Badesley, Hants, England, heard frequently a strange noise behind his house, like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after it caught the attention of his wife, who was then confined to her bed. She was a timorous woman, and, being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavored to persuade her that the noise she heard was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbors on all sides heard it, and the thing began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered that the groaning noise proceeded from an elm which grew at the end of the garden. It was a young, vigorous tree, and to all appearance perfectly sound. In a few weeks the fame of the groaning tree was spread far and wide, and people from all parts flocked to hear it. Among others, it attracted the curiosity of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, who resided at that time, for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell, the seat of Sir James Worsley, which stood within a quarter of a mile of the groaning tree.

Though the country people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalists could assign no physical one that was in any degree satisfactory. Some thought it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots. Others thought it proceeded from water which had collected in the body of the tree, or, perhaps, from pent air. But no cause that was alleged appeared equal to the effect. In the meantime the tree did not always groan, sometimes disappointing its visitants; yet no cause could be assigned for its temporary cessations, either from seasons or weather.

Thus the groaning tree continued an object of astonishment during the space of eighteen or twenty months to all the country around; and, for the information of distant parts, a pamphlet was drawn up containing a particular account of all the circumstances relating to it. At length the owner of it, a gentleman named Forbes, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause, bored a hole in its trunk. After this it never groaned. It was then rooted up, with a further view to make a discovery; but still nothing appeared which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally, however, believed that there was no trick in the affair, but that some natural cause really existed, though never understood.



THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT.

JUMP in, old fellow! and I'll row you.
What, take the sculls yourself? All right!
Stretched at my ease, meanwhile, I'll show you
At every turn some new delight.

One lovely spot there is completest,
You'll find this is no idle vaunt,
But own it is the very sweetest:
We've named it the Kingfisher's Haunt.

Back oars! Now pull those boughs asunder!
See, what a cozy nook is here!
Well may you gaze with loving wonder—
So tranquil all, so softly clear!

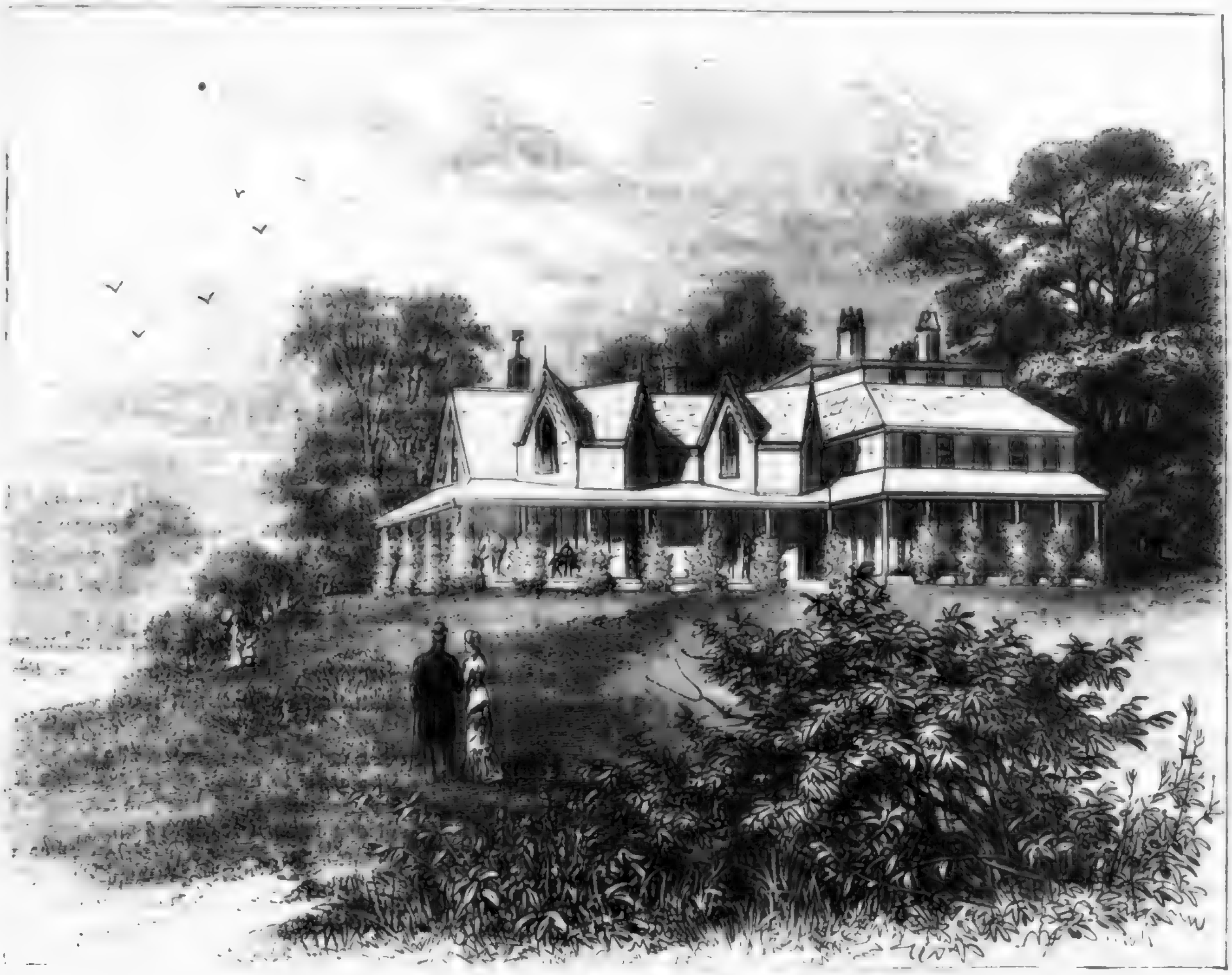
Just as I left the cove we've found it:
Taut, safely moored, my punting-boat;
With water-lilies thick around it,
Like some fair garden-bed afloat.

At times the place is all a-twitter,
As streaks of blue gleam in and out—
Now here, now there—with dazzling glitter,
A swarm of sky-flakes blown about!

Anon, a colored spark is flashing,
A brightly-iridescent ray—
It is our gay kingfisher dashing,
A winged rainbow, on his prey.

Now at the prow he sits admiring,
It seems, his second-self below;
With gaze, Narcissus-like, untiring
Fixed only on himself—But no!

For sudden, from his perch down-springing,
He plunges in, mid flash and foam;
And nestward soon his course is winging,
To feed his fledging ones at home.



MARSHFIELD, MASS., THE RESIDENCE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

AN EARLY VISIT TO MARSHFIELD.

Daniel Webster's "own house at Marshfield," as he was fond of calling it, burned down on the 14th of February, 1878, and with it went one of our few historical houses.

Perhaps a unique recollection of a child's visit may not be uninteresting.

In the wave of a great political excitement I happened to be borne along, and allowed to see the great man in the familiarity of home. Although it was not a case of Bettina's infatuation for Goethe, it was a strong case of hero-worship; for all New England at that time reverenced the name of Mr. Webster. He was loved, feared, honored, courted; and the loss or temporary lull of that popularity cost him his life.

As Guizot says of Charlemagne, great men make the times, and the times make or unmake them. The great success of the anti-slavery movement, with which he was not in sympathy, unmade Mr. Webster, and the present generation can scarcely realize what a demigod he was.

I remember that we first saw him at a political meeting at Duxbury, where he made a speech to 5,000. It would be a great pleasure to the modern student of politics, could he have heard the men talk who addressed that meeting. But after his speech was over and he came to our party, the orator who had been so fearful and so impressive before the five thousand was simply cheerful and fascinating. He put us in his own carriage, and prepared to drive us himself to Marshfield. Never shall I forget the combination of the salt sea air, the Summer evening, a beautiful sunset, and his grand smile!

It was probably the finest smile in the world. Mr. Webster's teeth were of extraordinary beauty—white as pearl, as even as it is possible for graduated pearls to be, and with the freshness of perfection, set in a noble arch, in a large and well-formed mouth. His eyes were, of course, fine. The great, black Webster-orbs are well-known to his countrymen, but they were sometimes as terrible as thunder; Mr. Webster could shoot out of those black eyes all the fabled thunderbolts of Jupiter. But his smile corrected the gloom of his powerful face; it was wondrous sweet, and when he spoke to women and children it was most beautiful; indeed, when he wished to win men—when he was in good humor—he had but to smile to conquer anything.

Marshfield itself made him good-humored. His residence was, as everybody knows, a square white house, standing low, with an enormous elm in front of it. I remember being struck with its extent as we were taken into the left-hand wing, when we entered, and given a bedroom on the ground floor. I had never seen or heard the sea before. I was delighted with the "boom"—that sad, majestic music, the lullaby and greeting which nature gave to her great son. In the morning I rose early, unable to sleep (under circumstances to me so distinguished and unusual), and walking out, met Mr. Webster, in a broad hat and old linen coat, just coming in from fishing. He was delighted with my pleasure, gave me all the Latin and Greek words describing this roar of the sea, and took me to an upper window, where I could get a view of his wide domain.

XUM

Breakfast in the great dining-room was much later, and he appeared carefully dressed, for the house was full of guests. At this meal he rose often from table, cutting ham at the sideboard, pouring tea for his daughter, Mrs. Appleton, whom he seemed to adore, and laughing at Mrs. Webster for her domestic anxiety lest the cream should give out. Mrs. Appleton, then a young married woman, looked very like her father. Judge Warren, one of the guests, told me that she had been apostrophized at Cambridge, in one of the Commencement odes, as—

> "O star eyed daughter of our Northern son!"

which had pleased Mr. Webster very much. She was an interesting creature, and died young, to Mr. Webster's great heart-break.

After breakfast Mr. Webster took me to his library and showed me his books. Taking from the shelf a copy of Drummond's Botany, and finding that I had just begun that study, he gave it to me. I have the volume before me, with his own name twice repeated:

> "DANIEL WEBSTER, for his own library at Marshfield, 1834."

And lower down he was kind enough to write:

> "Taken therefrom and presented to Miss —— —— on this 28th of July, with my respects and cordial good wishes.
>
> "DANIEL WEBSTER."

It is an autograph of the highest value, for it records the kindness of heart, the delicacy of feeling, with which he strove to make his young and unimportant guest happy, and he succeeded.

Dinner brought more people, and I remember (for I was honored by a seat at his left hand), that he carved a goose himself. This goose was a natural product of Marshfield, and seemed to commend itself to the feelings of the company, for every one accepted a piece of it. Of course the goose began to give out.

"I have a very sharp knife; I shall cut thinner and thinner slices," he whispered.

Finally, before every one was helped, the goose was a wreck; a mere structure of bones.

"Here," said he to the butler; "put the skeleton in the closet."

He was exceedingly amused by the wit of Judge Warren, who had a pun ready for every occasion, and I remember a perfect shower of good things followed the goose to the closet, and in the brilliancy of the conversation I sank naturally into the obscurity which belonged to my youth and sex; and although perfectly happy, perhaps looked neglected, for Mr. Webster began talking to me of Scott's poetry, and I remember now his brilliant and perfect repetition of the lines, "Hail to the Chief," particularly dwelling on the verse—

> "Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
> Blooming at Beltane in Winter to fade."

The next day he took three ladies to drive along the shore of the far-resounding sea. He was in his happiest vein, repeating poetry and telling stories, and referring to Mrs. Webster, who sat in the back of the carriage, with playful adherence to his own memory if they differed. It seemed to me that he knew every fish, every mollusk, every shell—that Nature had told him all her secrets. I think he liked to talk to a child, or to one who stood—

> —"with waiting feet,
> Where maidenhood and childhood meet":

for although I saw much of him later, and always received from him unvarying kindness, as a sort of inherited friendship, yet I do not remember that I ever felt as much at my ease with him again. To be sure, I afterward saw him with "listening senates" waiting on his every word, or as he walked regally through the rooms at the White House—rooms which he longed to preside over: a strange want of knowledge of himself, for he was one of those original men, those natural kings, who held office and rank and dignity by the divine right, and no votes of men could have ennobled him. I knew how *great* he was later (always an embarrassing circumstance); but when I was a child I did *not* know how great he was, and I suppose my naïve acceptance of him as an equal amused him; or perhaps he was more agreeable, more natural at Marshfield than elsewhere.

It may have been so, for his humble neighbors loved him—they were not afraid of him, and he was fond of them. Commodore Peterson—"Seth," his fisherman, was his great friend and ally. Was it he who said, as he looked at the dead body of his master, friend, and companion, as it lay in its last majestic sleep under the great elm in front of Marshfield door: "Daniel Webster! the world will be lonesome without you"?

He described Marshfield to a lady friend in a humorous letter, which will bear repetition more than once, as it is better English than any one else could have written:

> "You are one of those unfortunate persons who have not seen Marshfield. It would be cruel to speak of its beauties, if your fate in this respect were irreversible. But as you may, and I trust do, cherish the hope of one day beholding it, I must prepare you for something like an ecstasy! And yet a single sight would scarcely produce that effect. Superficial observers see nothing in Marshfield but rocks and sands and desolation, as one uninitiated runs his eye over the picture of an old master and wonders what folks can see that is pleasing in such a grim and melancholy-looking thing. Marshfield is to be studied.. Do not come, therefore, without weeks before you. Some may tell you that its excellence is like transcendentalism, so refined and invisible as to hang on the very verge of nonsense or nonentity. But these are malignant persons, and not to be believed.
>
> "And now from generalities to facts. An old-fashioned two story house, with piazza (stoop ?) all around it, stands on a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road, which runs in front. Beyond the road is a ridge of hilly land, not very high, covered with oak wood, running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression, or bend, exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth Bay, fresh if not fragrant. A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, sheltering itself among trees and hedges, and getting possession at last, more by grace than force, as other achievements are best made. Two other houses are in sight, one a farm-house, cottage-built, at the end of the avenue, so covered up in an orchard as to be scarcely visible; the other a little farther off in the same direction, that is, to the left on the road, very neat and pretty, with a beautiful field of grass by its side.
>
> "Opposite the east window of the east front room stands a noble spreading elm, the admiration of all beholders. Beyond that is the garden, sloping to the east, and running down till the tide washes the lower wall. Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns, and on the other side, that is to the west and northwest, is a fresh-water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin, and a good walk all round it—on one side a good thick belt of trees planted by the same hand which now indites this eloquent description. I say nothing of orchards and copses and clumps, interspersed over the lawn, because such things may be seen in vulgar places. But now comes the climax. From the doors, from the windows, and still better, from twenty little elevations, all of which are close by, you see the ocean, a mile off, reposing in calm or terrific in storm, as the case may be. Then you have seen Marshfield, and let us recapitulate. 1. The ocean; as to that, when it is mentioned enough is said. 2. A dry and pure air, not a bog nor a ditch nor an infernal gutter in five miles, not a particle of exhalation but from the ocean, and a run-

ning New England stream. A region of fine forest three miles back, dark and piny in appearance and smell, as you ever witnessed in the remotest interior."

It was this union of sea and shore that made Marshfield delightful to the man who loved all nature's sweet influences—who was as much of a fisherman as a farmer, and who rose early to mark all of the signs. Here is another letter, which shows Marshfield at five o'clock of a December morning:

> "My Dear Sir:—It is a beautiful, clear, cold, still morning.
>
> "I arose at four o'clock, and have looked forth. The firmament is glorious, Jupiter and Venus are magnificent, and 'stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.' I wish I could once see the constellations of the South, though I do not think they can excel the heavens which are above our heads. An hour or two hence we shall have a fine sunrise. The long twilights of this season of the year make the sun's rising a slow and beautiful process. About an hour hence these lesser lights will begin to pale their ineffectual fires. Meantime Mr. Baker and his men are already milking and feeding the cows, and his wife has a warm breakfast for them all ready before a bright fire. Such is country life, and such is the price paid for manly strength and female health and red cheeks.
>
> "I hear the sea very strong and loud at the north, which is not unusual after violent atmospheric agitations, and when the wind has lulled. They call this the "rote," or "rut" of the sea; either expression is correct. The Latin *rota* is the root of both words.
>
> "Our harvest accounts are good. We think we have a thousand bushels of corn, three thousand of turnips, and seven or eight hundred of beets. The barns are full of hay. Six or eight oxen are eating turnips by way of preparation for the Brighton markets in March. We are in snug Winter quarters, with only men enough to take care of the cattle, get the wood and look out for kelp. To-day I shall try to look over accounts, count the cattle and sheep, see to the curing of the pork and hams, and to-morrow get back to Boston. I have taken my last look at Marshfield out-of-doors for the season, and not without reluctance give it all up for toilsome law and arguing politics. I am thankful for the past!"

No wonder that "every man, woman and child within ten miles knew when Mr. Webster was at Marshfield." He was the best farmer in the county. He loved his fat oxen, and fed with his own hand the corn which they liked. As Choate said, finely: "They recognized their lord with a look." He was "the wise man who knew how to do all things better than any one else; the liberal, open-handed citizen, whose enterprises kept a community in active improvement; the kind benefactor, whose thoughtfulness for others flowed in deeds as frequent and fast as the hours."

This house at Marshfield was built after the early Puritan pattern about the year 1765—the same year that saw built the Patroon Van Renssalaer's house at Albany—about the time that General Schuyler built, in the same city, his beautiful house, which still stands. When Mr. Webster bought it, he added to it from time to time, preserving the old house, which was never changed. When he sold his Boston house, in 1839, Marshfield became the home of his books, pictures, gifts and furniture. The splendid silver vase, made after the fashion of the "Warwick," and presented to him by (I believe) the State of Massachusetts, was there at one time—perhaps always. The house was full of "testimonials" from everywhere, and from everybody. We hear that, when it was burned, "a case of butterflies, presented by an Emperor of Brazil, was saved."

From 1824 to his death, Marshfield had been Mr. Webster's favorite Summer home. He became its owner in 1832, and retained always Captain and Mrs. Thomas, the original owners, as his friends and guests to the end of their days. His devotion to this family, and theirs to him, has become historical. Mrs. Thomas, a venerable lady, was living when I saw Marshfield, and died only a short time after. An hour's fire has swept away this historical house. One wonders, on hearing how soon, how easily it went, that all wooden houses do not burn—and yet it had stood 112 years. Unimportant but for the portion of time when one great man made it immortal, it has gone up, like the Prophet Elijah, in a chariot of fire, into the realms of the imperishable.

"In the palmy days of the Marshfield estate," says his biographer, "Mr. Webster's table, if he chose to have it so, could be supplied for as many guests as he commonly had from the products of his own farm and the native wealth of the sea. His own beef, mutton, and poultry, with fish that swam the same morning in the ocean, and wild fowl that had scarcely landed on his broad domain, were the principal courses; all that a New England garden could add, as the seasons passed, of fruit, or vegetables, and pastry, rounded out the dinner. In cooking, Mr. Webster did not affect what are called French dishes, but in the art of ordering a dinner after a composite manner of his own and of his chief minister (Old Monica, a negro cook from Washington)—being, mainly, the best of the New England modes, with a dash of the Southern—he had no superior."

I was destined, later, to taste much of Monica's cooking, and I remember her fried oysters, her terrapin, and her roast turkey, at Washington, as dishes which are now lost to the world. She gave them a flavor, a tone, a "bouquet" (if I may use a term applied only to flowers or vines) which has perished with her.

For, I suppose, "Monica" has gone—she whom the witty Charles March and the gay and graceful Fletcher Webster used to apostrophize, and write sonnets about, if not *to;* she who watched by her master's deathbed, now long years ago, and to whom he spoke almost in his last hour. She must have gone to the Land of Shades.

That deathbed scene at Marshfield has passed into history. All his strangely mixed poetic and yet homely religious feeling, all his real love of poetry, cropping out at the last. Two days before he died, he said: "I care no more about politics than the jackdaw that sits on the top of St. Paul's! Go down to the library, and read Cowper's "Jackdaw." He then repeated some of the lines:

"You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No: not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

"He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he, Caw!"

At his very last, he said to his son: "Poetry"; and Fletcher repeated to him some verses of Gray's "Elegy," at which he smiled.

And one could repeat his grand confessional on the doctrine of immortality; the commanding, wondrous expression of Scriptural words and truths which dignified his dying utterances; but they would be out of place here.

The last scene in which the great master of Marshfield appeared was on the lawn, on Friday, the 29th day of October, 1852—when, dressed in his favorite blue coat and yellow waistcoat, "the gracious figure arrayed for burial" lay, face upward, under the great elm of the

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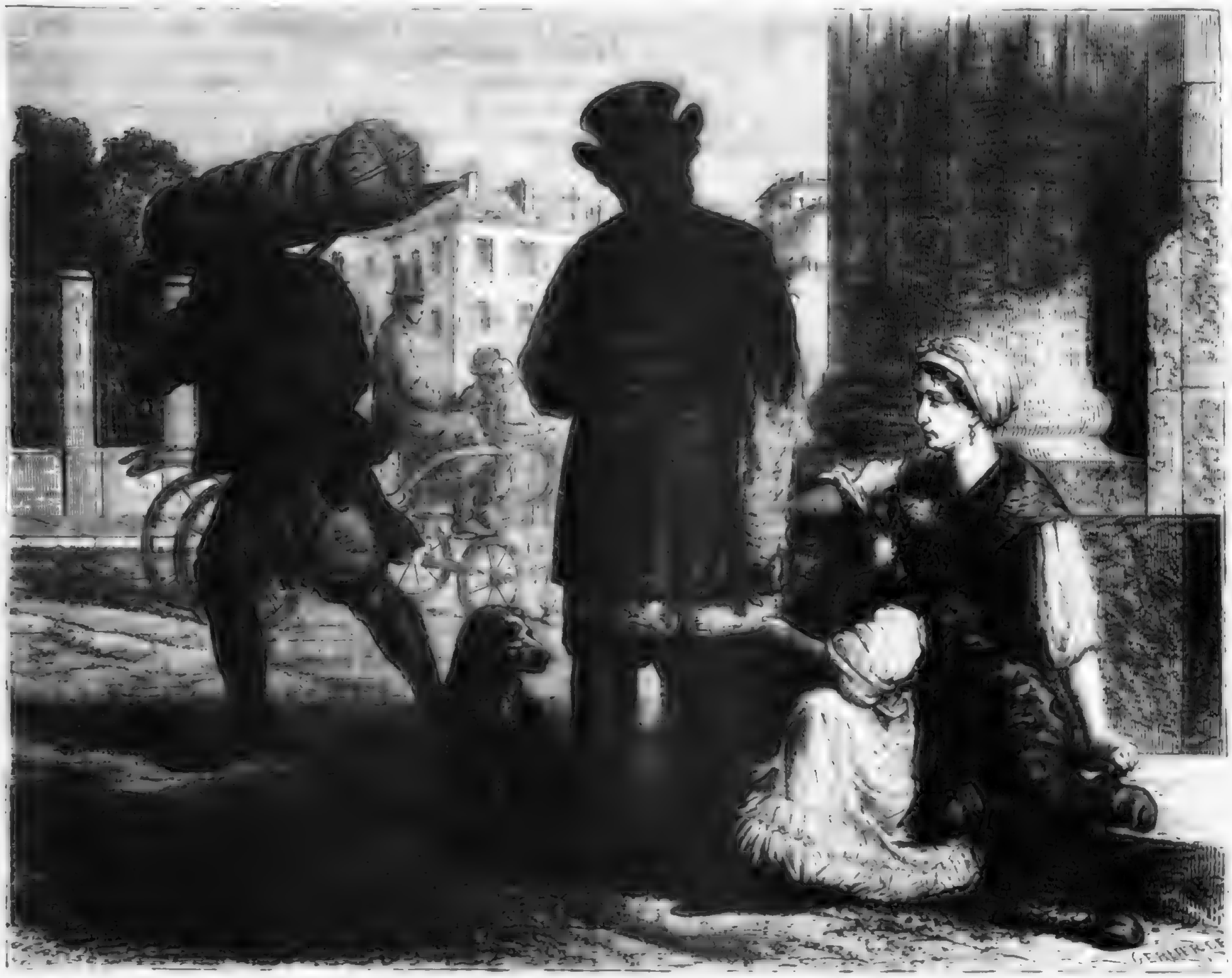


A ST. PETERSBURG BAKER.

lawn. A vast multitude were there to do him honor. Presidents, Cabinet Ministers, judges, citizens of high and of low degree—all came with uncovered heads, to return his hospitality and to see him home.

Six of the neighboring farmers bore their brother farmer on their shoulders to his last resting-place, followed by the nation as chief mourner. And on the lawn where, ten years before, a little girl had bounded out to hear the "rote" of the sea for the first time, and to look up in those great, terrible, beautiful eyes; to hold the small, nervous, brown hand of the statesman, as he kindly led her on the lawn, and showed her how the elm-tree touched the ground on all sides—there did he lie in the majesty of death, and thence was he borne by his friends and neighbors; and now, after more than thirty years, the house has gone, and only the memory of Marshfield remains.

A RUSSIAN HOME.

By a Visitor.

One bright July morning I landed at the very rough port of a Russian town. On the wharf stood a number of official-looking people in gray uniforms, who proceeded to search our boxes. Once free from their tender mercies, my companion and I found ourselves joined by our Russian relative whom we had come to visit, and whose carriage was waiting to take us up to the citadel where he lived. We jolted along at an alarming pace, over hilly streets paved with great cobble-stones — not wood, the usual pavement for streets in Russia—till we arrived at the door of a lofty house, with the family escutcheon emblazoned in color on the door-posts.

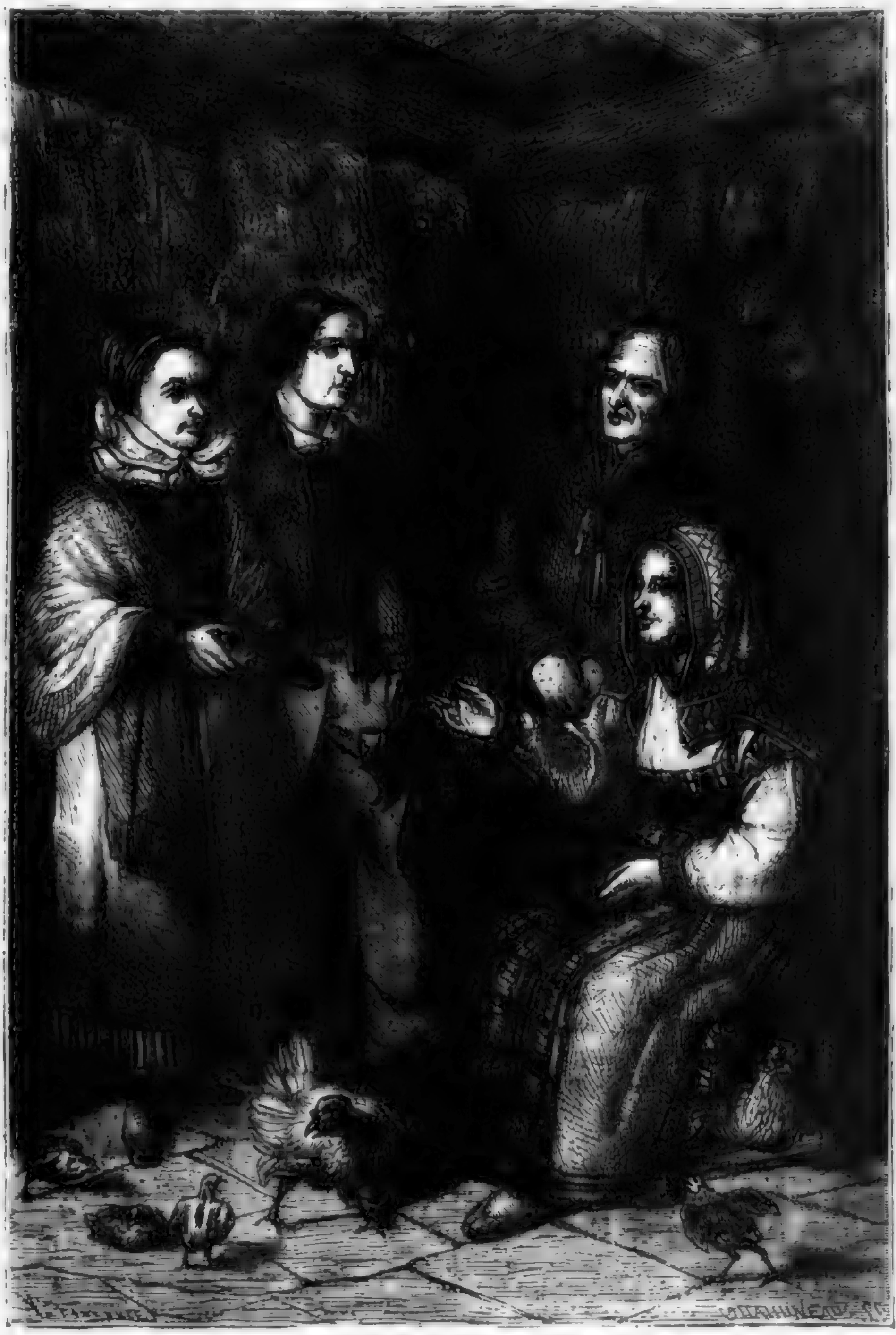
Here we were greeted with a warm welcome by our Muscovite connections, who led us into a large apartment, with an inlaid floor of polished wood. It was singularly bare and dreary-looking to our eyes, for the only furniture it contained stood in little encampments in the corners of the room, and consisted of a large rug, or piece of carpet, on which were placed a small table, a sofa, and two or three chairs. The bedrooms, to which we were afterward conducted, were in like manner equally destitute of furniture other than what was absolutely necessary, and looked rather prison-like, except for their immense size, with their bare, plastered walls.

Having arrived at such an early hour, we were quite ready for the breakfast which we were soon told was awaiting us. Our friends took us into another room, where we found it laid on a long table, headed by a large brass urn—this was our first acquaintance with a Russian *samovar*; it rather resembled the English urns, with the exception that it is made of brass, and heated by burning charcoal, and the tea-pot is placed on the top to be kept warm by the steam; the result is splendid tea.

The Russians are an essentially tea-drinking nation, and few houses are so poor as not to possess a samovar. They pride themselves also on the quality of their tea, which, being brought overland, is certainly very finely flavored; it is supposed that tea brought over-sea is always more or less affected in flavor.

Breakfast consisted of all kinds of fancy bread and butter, and when over we were told to be ready in an hour, as our relatives intended taking us to their country house, where, it being Summer-time, they were then residing.

We started in a cavalcade of three carriages, our luggage accompanying us; to each carriage were attached six little dejected-looking horses, about the size of English ponies, all harnessed abreast.


RUSSIAN PEASANTS OF COURLAND.

Our drive was a curious one, and gave a vivid idea of the uncivilized state of the country. We traveled along bare, sandy roads, with nothing but telegraph posts and dark fir-trees to mark our way, till we suddenly turned off into the forest, where there seemed no path nor road, and the trees grew so thickly that it was with difficulty we could have light sufficient or enough space to pass between them; and thus, sometimes almost in darkness, then out again into broad daylight, we jolted along till before us I descried a brook with a most dangerously fragile-looking bridge, merely made of round, loose logs, laid crosswise on each other.

Our *isrostchik* (coachman), however, apparently anticipated nothing dreadful, for with a great shout and slash of the reins—which serve as a whip—on the backs of the dejected horses, he urged them to a break-neck speed, till, with a bump and a bound which nearly flung us out of our seats, we found that we had crossed the bridge, over which our wretched little animals scrambled like cats, though it was impossible for them to help displacing the logs.

These Government post-horses are a race in themselves; they seem burdened with weighty cares of state, for nothing could exceed their miserable expression; even when pushed to a temporary speed, they only subsided the deeper into their "doleful dumps" afterward. The first on the off side carried a cracked bell, whose perpetual "tink! tink!" but added to the general melancholy effect. This is worn partly as a badge to show they are Government property, and partly to keep away the wolves in Winter-time, which, unless immensely pressed by hunger, will not approach any musical sound; even a man whistling is sufficient to send them away.

At last we emerged from the forest on a wide expanse of unhedged fields of corn, dotted with rough-looking barns, and further on a large, wooden red-tiled house; this was our destination, and very glad we were to be at our journey's end, also to find that our country bedroom was smaller and more comfortable than the town one had been, in spite of the same funny little encampments of furniture.

Having rested for a little time, dinner was announced; but before we were allowed to go into the dining-room, servants entered with the *sakourski*, or little meal that precedes all Russian dinners, consisting of bread-and-butter, poached eggs, squares of cheese, and fish; one had scarcely time to demolish more than a mouthful before we proceeded to the dining-room. Dinner commenced by every one taking a liqueur-glass of *kümmel*, or spirit of caraway seeds, which is supposed to enhance the appetite; then came soup, and we were given little pâtés of minced meat to put into it; this was followed by a sweet vegetable pudding, then meat, then fish, succeeded by chicken dressed with cherry jam, and pickles. Cakes and preserved fruits completed the repast, and then long, ornamented pipes and cigars were brought in for the gentlemen, whilst the ladies retired to the drawing-rooms for coffee and fruit.

The fine Summer evening tempted us to stroll out, and we walked round what at home would have been called the farm buildings, but here everything was most primitive and rough; the cows were just being driven home by wild-looking, barefooted girls, and we wondered to see the kine so small—poor, skinny little things, scarcely any exceeding the size of an English donkey. We then peeped into some of the barns as we wandered into the corn-fields, where the peasants were busy reaping, and saw how the wheat was threshed. Six or seven little horses were set running round and round amongst the sheaves which were thrown down and spread over the floor, and in this manner it was trodden out.

Being so far North, the Summer nights were wonderfully light—in fact, there was really only about two hours' entire darkness at midnight; and the nightingales sang so loudly and incessantly that it was rather difficult to sleep. However, we soon got used to it.

The next morning we assembled in the dining-room between eight and nine o'clock for breakfast, which consisted as before of tea, coffee and all sorts of fancy bread, including a light-colored brown kind, called *seppik.* Pipes were then brought in, as they are after every Russian meal, and we left the gentlemen and proceeded to amuse and employ ourselves as best we might.

Our hostess most kindly admitted us into the secrets of her housekeeping, and opened enormous cupboards of homespun linen to show us, for in the country the people are still so primitive as to have all their house-linen spun at home. She also showed us her beautiful preserves, which, indeed, excelled any we had ever seen, for the fruit was so perfectly cooked that it looked as if but just plucked and laid in the clear, white syrup; we were much surprised as well at the very small kitchen accommodation the house possessed, after the elaborate dinners that proceeded from it, everything being cooked by a few small stoves.

The time passed pleasantly away till at twelve o'clock we were summoned to luncheon; this was a "cold collation," a prominent feature being a small tub in the middle of the table, full of sour milk in curds, which was served in soup-plates and eaten with cream.

During the afternoon we went a little walk to the borders of the forest, where the wolves live in Winter, but our friends told us that they retire to the marshes during the Summer-time, and there would be no fear of our meeting any; but our hostess went on to say that once when an English lady friend was visiting them in Winter, they had, like us, wandered out into the woods alone, having thoughtlessly neglected to take one of the great cattle-dogs with them, when suddenly turning her head, the English lady exclaimed: "Oh, what a handsome dog! Is he yours?" and began calling the animal. To our hostess's horror, she immediately perceived that what her friend had mistaken for a large dog was neither more nor less than a great shaggy gray wolf. Fortunately, it took no notice of them, and slowly trotted away, when, as may be imagined, they lost no time in making the best of their way back to the house.

As we returned we passed the children's gardens; a few straggling flowers were growing in them, and there, as elsewhere, we remarked the entire absence of all wild-flowers; also the general unkempt air of the whole place, including even the grass-plot in front of the house, gave all a very melancholy appearance.

Five o'clock brought dinner, the sakourski being served first, as before, and the evening passed in pleasant chat, the gentlemen smoking, the ladies doing their needle-work or playing on the piano, at which the Russians are great adepts.

The following day we were promised a gala or fête for the villagers, and our hostess was greatly busied with her preparations. Toward the afternoon very long rough tables, with equally rough seats, were erected on the grass before the house, and after awhile *talégas* (carts) began to arrive, with strange, eerie-looking folk in them, the men wearing long, dark-brown coats, with red belts, short breeches and the coarsest woollen stockings, also shoes of only a piece of untanned cow-skin, drawn around their feet by a string; flat caps covered their heads, from which the lanky hair hung down, bleached white by the sun, in striking contrast to their dirty, bronzed faces.

The women were scarcely more attractive. The married ones wore the picturesque helmet-shaped head-dress of the country, of printed calico or silk, whilst nearly all had a white cloth thrown over their heads to keep away the dust as they drove along. The rest of their costume consisted of a coarse, striped petticoat, with a dark-blue woolen jacket body.

At last, being assembled, in all about three hundred, besides children of all ages, and queer little brown babies, mere bundles of coarse clothes, our host made them a speech, which seemed to please them very much, and then the servants carried round large pots of (to us) disgusting-looking boiled meat, but they all appeared very eager to get it, and when once obtained, they behaved like savages, for they tore it in pieces with hands and teeth, gnawing and gobbling it up more like their neighbors the wolves than human beings.

Some rough games followed, such as running races, climbing a greasy pole, and scrambling for kopêks (Russian farthings), the elder women joining in the latter in spite of their age. It seemed as if they could scarcely resist the sight of money, for they would toss their babies over to some friend to hold, whilst they rushed in amongst the breathless crowd; sometimes baby and all went, at which we could not help laughing; they also seemed to think it fine fun, and joined heartily in the laugh against themselves.

The talégas were now harnessed, and little by little different groups formed ready to depart; but one and all first came to bid farewell to their lord, our host, which they did by kissing his hands and embracing his knees. We came in for some of these adieus, as when they were informed that we were his relations they rushed around us, and kneeling, dragged our dresses in all directions to be kissed and embraced, till we ran a narrow chance of being thrown down, and my companion was not a little frightened.

So passed the gala-day, and afterward we settled down into the quiet monotony of a Russian home.

THE GREAT RUBY.

The first and most famous of existing rubies forms part of the Imperial State crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838, embellished with all the gems left after the destruction of the regalia during the period of the Commonwealth, and subsequently added to by purchase. This ruby, standing in the centre of the Maltese cross, on the top of the British crown, and the most conspicuous gem on it, is believed to be, on tolerably good authority, the same as that worn in front of the helmet of King Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Unlike famous diamonds, rubies have no proper names, but this one in the British crown might be called the "Agincourt." Its history can be traced back to the year 1367, when, after the battle of Nagara, near Vittoria, King Pedro of Castile presented it to Edward the "Black Prince."

This "Agincourt," if so it can be called, has a small hole bored through it, after a fashion common in the East, to be hung by itself round the neck. This hole is now filled in the front part by a small ruby, to be distinguished from the stone only by close examination. Of about the same size as this ruby is another, formerly among the regalia of Austria, but of the present existence of which little if anything is known. The Emperor Rudolph II. received it in 1360 from his sister, Queen Dowager of France, it being valued at the time at 60,000 ducats, or about £30,000. It would now probably be worth not far from half a million sterling, the value of the ruby having increased more than that of any other precious stone.

MUSHROOM CULTURE IN FRANCE.

On arriving at Arceuil, one is prepared to find some unusual industry carried on; the large tract of undulating ground, uncultivated and unfenced, covered with a scant growth of grass and weeds, with, dotted here and there, peculiar wooden air-shafts, looking like dismantled windmills, make up a picture of desolateness and neglect that is unique in the neighborhood of Paris. One's first impression on alighting at the station is that the place is ownerless.

Scrambling along the muddy track that did service for a pathway from the station, I struck the road on which was the house of the *champignoist* to whom I had been directed. Behind the neatly kept house and garden was a yard, with some heaps of hot manure being turned by several men, one of whom was the proprietor. On reading my introduction, he politely expressed his willingness to help me, and explained the mode of preparing the manure (the same as among us). He then led me to the door in the middle of the yard, that apparently opened into nothing.

When this door was opened, there came out a rush of confined air laden with the musty smell of mushroom spawn, bringing the conviction that a stay below, to be pleasant, would have to be short. On a shelf just inside were some small spirit-lamps fixed to straight wooden handles about one foot long, two of which monsieur lighted. Taking one for himself and giving one to me, he bade me follow him down a steep incline, damp and slippery from the water trickling down the walls on both sides.

At the bottom of the incline, which terminated in some steps, was a chamber about ten feet square, from which branched off galleries, about six feet wide, to all appearance winding like a maze in all directions. In each gallery there were three beds, one against each wall and one in the middle (of the usual conical form), though only about eighteen inches or two feet high, cased with the white dust of the pulverized stone—which, I concluded, together with the perfect darkness and the absence of any covering over them, serves to give the Paris mushrooms the beautiful white skin for which they are so remarkable. Never before had I seen mushrooms growing so thickly; they were literally on top of one another, making it a difficult performance to step between the beds without knocking some off.

BEDS.

A heap of dry leaves or twigs constituted man's first bed, and a quantity of loose wool, inclosed between two skins, his first mattress. Such, in fact, was the origin of that indispensable article of furniture called bed, in which man passes half his existence. Whether made of stone, as in the East, or of plaster, or of oak, walnut, ebony, mahogany or rosewood, as amongst the more civilized or refined Western nations, or more or less elegantly worked iron, as is the modern taste, beds have always been of much the same form, supplying the means of the repose which can only be obtained in the horizontal position.

The history of beds becomes interesting during the sixteenth century. They had previously been monumental and severe, but under Francis I. they became elegant, light and richer, and in place of oak or walnut, such woods as maple, *palissandre*, citron and ebony came into fashion, and were adorned with mother-of-pearl and such precious stones as the lapis-lazuli. Under Louis XIV. beds resumed their monumental aspect, becoming heavy again, though deprived of none of their ornamentation. The style changed under the Regency. Beds then had headboards, padded like sofa-backs and covered with rich damask. Light-colored chintz on velvet curtains or damasked silk used to hang round the couch from the plume-bedecked canopy.

During the reign of Louis XVI. beds underwent a considerable transformation. The hangings remained the same, but the bed itself was ornamented with garlands and carving, and retained its cachet of original elegance. The woodwork, however, was of ordinary white wood painted gray, picked out with blue—a simple but tasteful mixture of color.

The revolution of 1789 effected noteworthy changes in most things, and amongst others in furniture in general and beds in particular. No ornamention, no carving, no inlaying with precious stones, no chintzes, tapestry or silk. Cotton replaced them. Democratic America inundated Europe with its cheap calicoes, which housewives found advantageous substitutes for linen and silks. The woodwork of beds was then of walnut, but mahogany, imported in large quantities from the New World, soon took the place of the latter. In still later times the style of the bed has partaken somewhat of every fashion, and all sorts of woods—walnut, oak, *palissandre*, mahogany, cherry, citron and rose—are employed, while iron is beginning to oust the softer substance from public favor.

RELATION OF THE NOSE TO THE FACE.

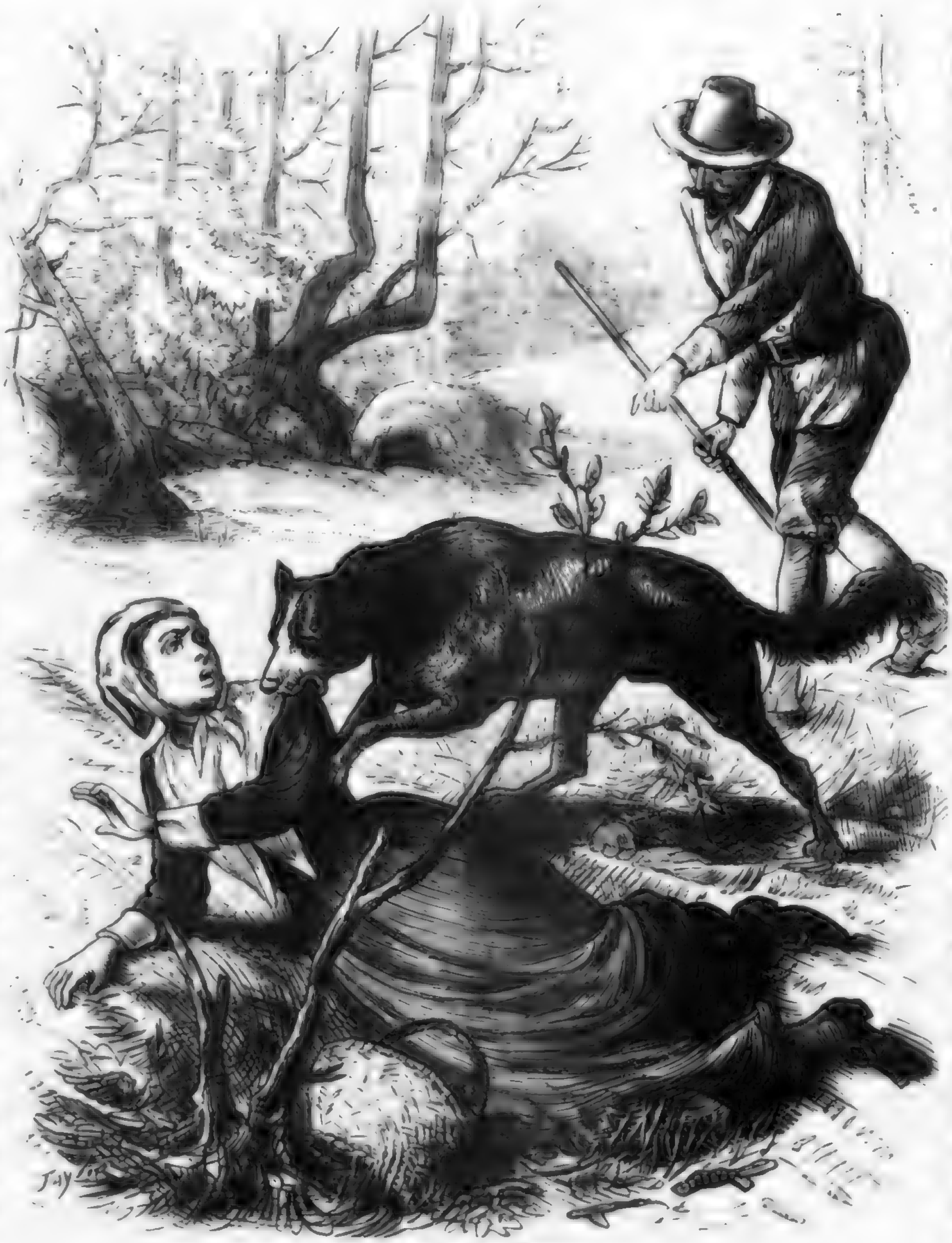
A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or rather, the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face, and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact it is rarely or never found thus placed; it is almost invariably a little out of "the square," and the fact of it being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face.

A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may, after all, be considered an abnormal one; the only absolutely true and correct organ being, in fact, that which thus deviates a little to the right or left.

Delicate Machinery.—Machines in a watch factory will cut screws with 589 threads to the inch—the finest used in a watch has 250. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 of the screws to make a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds of pure gold. Lay one upon a piece of white paper, and it looks like a tiny steel filing.

JULIANA COX, THE WITCH.

A FRIEND in Glastonbury sends us the following account, which had been cut out of the Hartford *Times* away back in 1823, and pasted in an old scrap-book. Juliana Cox, we are led to believe, was one of the few witches who were hanged in Connecticut, although that State begun the witch business before Massachusetts did. The place of the execution, on "Gallows Hill," in Hartford, is now known as the commanding trap-rock ridge by the "stone-pits." Here is the account:



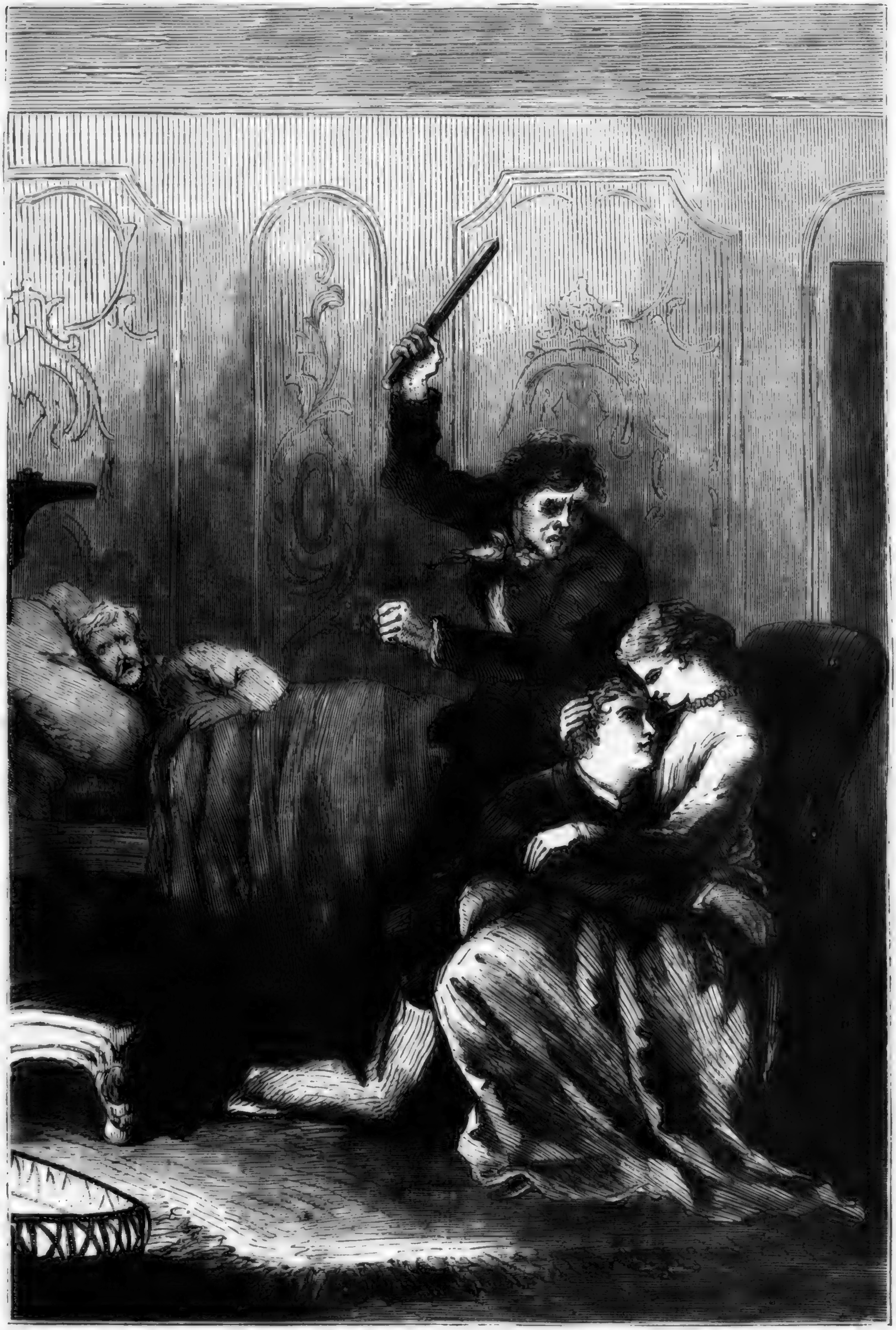
JULIANA COX, THE WITCH.

"In the beautiful town of Glastonbury, in Connecticut, the following remarkable event occurred in 1753: In March of that year, one Julius Perry went out with his dogs to hunt. In the depths of the forest he discovered (as he alleged) an old gray fox, and his dogs gave chase. After chasing this fox upward of two miles, the animal was holed. When Mr. Perry came up, he heard a strange noise over the other side of the hole, and going to the spot, he there found Juliana Cox lying and panting for breath. Her left shoulder was bleeding, and had on it the marks of the dog's teeth. This was just the spot on the gray fox's shoulder where the dogs had seized hold. Upon this testimony, Miss Cox, a maiden lady of forty-four, was brought to trial for the capital offense of being a witch. On her arraignment, she pleaded not guilty, and it was determined that a committee of selectmen should examine her person for witchmarks, in order to introduce confirmatory proofs against her. She was, therefore, remanded to prison.

"The following persons were appointed on the committee: Eben Brewer, Alexis Jones, and Samuel Cutworth. These men proceeded at once to the prison, and stripping Miss Cox, they began their examination. For a time, exceeding an hour, they could find no marks, and Miss Cox submitted to their examination with tears and sobs. Finally, when they had pricked many places on her body without success, she confessed to two marks—one a little below the right hip and one on the left arm. The committee now became satisfied that these were true marks, as the flesh was thereon discolored in a slight degree. They thereupon made their report to the court appointed to hear the trial.

"This evidence, confirming that of Mr. Perry, was thought to be conclusive, and on the 3d of April the trial took place. It was thought unnecessary to resort to further tests, and Miss Cox was found guilty of witchcraft on the evidence already quoted, and sentenced to be hanged. Strange noises and demons haunted the jail at Hartford up to the time that her execution took place, which was on the 7th of April, at five o'clock in the morning.

"There was a large concourse of men and women attending her execution, and, although she declared that she was unjustly accused and that she confessed to the witchmarks to stop the pain of being so cruelly pricked by the committeemen, yet every person present believed her to be a true witch, and in league with the devil. She further declared that Julius Perry accused her wrongfully. She said she was in the forest gathering herbs, and that Julius Perry came along and would have his will of her; that, she constantly refusing, he set his dog upon her, and the animal bit her shoulder; and that he, fearing to be detected in this bad act, had laid the charge of witchcraft against her. This she said under the gallows. Whereupon a shout was made among the people to 'burn the witch!' as hanging was too easy a death for so foul a strumpet of the devil. While the people went to fetch wood to burn her, the sheriff hung her up, so that she died on the gallows before the wood could be brought."



THE HOUSE NO ONE COULD LIVE IN.—"HE DREW FROM HIS BREAST A SHORT, THICK BAR OF IRON, AND BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH CRASHING FORCE UPON THE BENT HEAD CARESSED BY THE LADY'S SLENDER FINGERS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SENTRY.

When, lonesome, at my post I stand,
In gloom of night, on foreign strand,
My thoughts will wander still to thee;
I wonder if thou'rt true to me?
Our standard drew me in its train,
Your warm caresses were in vain;
Your heart to mine you firmly pressed,
My helmet with bright ribbons dressed.
You love me still, I know you're true,
It gives me strength and courage, too.
Warm beats my heart, though cold the night,
When you appear to memory's sight.
Now, by the lamp-light's glimmering rays
Devout you kneel for prayer and praise;
Imploring Him who rules above,
To guard the one who owns your love.
But when in fear you weep and sigh
And think that danger is too nigh,
Be calm; my life is in His hood,
Who loves and guards true soldier blood.
I hear the bell; near draws the hour
When I'm relieved; now in thy bower,
May slumber sweet on bed of down
Be joined to dreams of me, thine own.

THE HOUSE NO ONE COULD LIVE IN.

"THE matter?" echoed I, drearily enough.

"Yes. What is the matter?" repeated Jerrold, taking the cigar from his lips and bending his eyes upon me with more interest than he commonly deigned to exhibit in any one.

"Well," said I, slowly, considering the question, "I should feel it hard to decide upon any especial matter to quote as the principal cause of my remark——"

"The remark that you wished any fellow would take the trouble to shoot you," interposed Jerrold.

"Yes. But among my grievances are the facts that I have no money, no clothes, have had no food to-day except the six oysters I just swallowed at your expense, and I do not know where I shall sleep to-night. I have no profession, no expectations, and no friends. You may select any one of these little peculiarities as 'the matter,' and satisfy yourself."

"No, but you don't mean all that, literally and seriously?" said Jerrold, tossing his cigar out of the open window, and starting to his feet.

"Literally and seriously, my friend; and, also, I mean that my having told you my destitution precludes the possibility of my accepting any assistance at your hands. When I beg, I shall begin among strangers."

"You are bitter, Devans," said my friend, kindly.

"That may be," replied I, shortly.

"Yes, that may be, well enough; I don't blame you;" and Jerrold paced up and down the darkening room, vacantly biting and nibbling the end of his cigar-holder.

I watched him, I hope not enviously. Rich, handsome, elegant, good-natured, flattered on every side, and only embarrassed by having to choose among the pleasures and the friends thronging him on every side, where could one find a more fortunate mortal than Harkness Jerrold? where a bitterer contrast than Royal Devans, the starving poet and journalist, who sat watching him?

"You needn't talk of begging, and that; nor am I going to offer to help you," said my friend, at last, as he paused and looked, not at me, but out of the window. "Still, if you really are doing nothing, and have no particular lodging just now, perhaps you might think it worth while to oblige me——"

"By staying here with you at the New York Hotel, and helping you consume that box of Habanas?" asked I, with a laugh that sounded harsh even in my own ears.

"No; for I don't suppose you would do that, and I don't know that I should propose it if you would," said Jerrold, answering me in my own strain. "But in taking up your quarters in an old barrack of mine here in the city, and acting as my agent in looking after a streetfull of nasty tenement-houses, where the people are always running away, and burning up, and getting fevers, and all that. As for the house, it has been a good one in its day, but for fifty years or more we have not been able to get any one to live in it, and so it has gone to ruin. If you could stay there until a family or two could be persuaded to move in, it would be four or five hundred a year in my pocket, and whatever you choose in yours. You see I am not offering any sinecure or an especially delightful abode; but it is good, honest work, and what you get you will find that you have earned."

So spoke Jerrold, the poet, the courtier, the most generous and delicate of men, but also the man of tact—of tact which taught him that this dry, brusque, unflattering fashion of offering me labor sufficiently uninviting to remove all idea of pretense, was the only way of inducing me to put my pride in my empty pocket, and open my mouth for the bread he offered.

All this I thought, but did not say it then. Instead, I asked: "Why will no one live in the house?"

"They say it's haunted."

"Bosh!"

"Bosh to you or to me, but, unfortunately, anything but bosh to the people who ought to be in it and pay me rent."

"Who or what do they say haunts it?" asked I, after a contemptuous pause.

Jerrold considered a moment, then replied:

"If you'll excuse me, Devans, I won't tell you just now. I've heard the same story about that old house so many times from different people, that if you had just as soon allow me the experiment, I should like to have you go there entirely without prejudice, and see what comes of it. After a few days I will tell you the story—for it has one, poor old house! Now let's have supper."

"Thank you; I do not care for anything more to-night. I will call upon you in the morning," said I, rising and taking my hat.

Jerrold also rose, and laying his two hands upon my shoulders, fixed me with his keen blue eyes, as he said:

"Royal Devans, you are letting pride and independence run away with your good sense—and your good manners, too. I asked you here to spend the evening, and of course to share my table and my hours. If you had a fortune in your pocket, you would not think of refusing my invitation to take supper with me. If you treat me differently, because you have not that fortune, you do not treat me as one gentleman should treat another. Come now, my friend, be more of a man than this would prove you."

I staid, and even allowed myself to eat as much as I wished, and to drink the generous wine that sent the blood glowing once more through my shriveled veins, and at last to even accept the sofa in my friend's sitting-room, instead of the dewy grass whereon I had proposed to crouch like any other harmless dog.

The next morning, after breakfast, we went down town, and presently found ourselves in the worst quarter of the city, among the dismal dens, where the lowest, and the poorest, and the most vicious of the vile dregs of society seethe and simmer together, until some throe of the volcano beneath sets the pit to boiling, and the dregs are thrown up to stain and contaminate the whole mass.

At the corner of a narrow street leading off one of the great thoroughfares, my friend paused.

"This is the house; and this narrow street contains the tenement-houses of which I speak," said he.

I looked up at the house. It had been, as Jerrold said, "a good one in its day," but that day was long past, and the never-resting tide of fashion, and even of respectability, had long ebbed from its foundations, leaving it a ghastly wreck of bygone grandeur. The cornices of windows and doors were crumbling from the moldering and discolored walls; the windows themselves were broken, and many of them roughly boarded upon the outside; the freestone steps were chipped and cracked, and the iron area-railings bent, broken, and wrenched from their setting. A house infinitely more deserted than a lone country-house can ever be, for it stood alone in the midst of multitudes, the one lifeless and desolate thing in a swarming sea of life and action—a house pathetic as a corpse lying unshrouded and unblessed upon a lonely beach.

I had stood for many minutes regarding this lonely house, and thinking these thoughts, before Jerrold interrupted my reverie by saying, quietly:

"Looks pretty bad, don't it? After all, it is too much to ask of any man to quarter in such an unhealthy old ghost-trap. Come back with me to the hotel, and we will think of something else for you."

"Never," replied I, hastily. "This is just what I like. I could not accept a couch of roses, but here I see a prospect of earning my bread—yes, and eating it, too, in the sweat of my brow," and pulling off my hat, I wiped the aforesaid brow with emphasis.

"Well, as you like, my dear fellow. I shall be awfully obliged to you, to be sure, if you really will stop in this beastly hole long enough to make it respectable, and after that we'll find something better for you."

"I don't want anything better. How do we get into the house?" asked I, mounting up the steps with a taking-possession air.

"Here's the key. Walters delivered it and all the other badges of office to me the other day when he went out West petroleuming. I don't believe he'll find any richer well there than he did in my pocket, nor half so easy a one to work. Humbugging aside, Devans, you will save me hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars a year by accepting this situation. That fellow cheated me abominably."

"Perhaps I shall, too. Poor men are not apt to be honest, especially in places of trust."

"What a vile sentiment! There you are," and Mr. Jerrold, turning the rusty key with difficulty, unlocked, unlatched, and threw open the groaning door.

I stepped within. The hall, lofty, dark and damp, was hung with cobweb banners, and paved with blotches of mold and slime; the staircase, broad, low, and protected by carved balusters, was warped and broken; through the open doors showed dimly-lighted rooms, spacious and lofty, but squalid in their decay and desolation.

"Ugh!" said Jerrold. "You can't stay here, my dear fellow. Pardon me for suggesting the idea. I will sell the old hulk for firewood; there is no use in trying to do anything with it."

For reply, I strode through the double drawing-rooms, raising clouds of dust at every footfall, and shouted:

"'My foot is on my native heath, and my name it is McGregor.' Welcome to my palace, most noble lord. I like it hugely, and take possession from this moment."

"Are you serious?" asked Jerrold, eying me suspiciously.

"Never more so," said I, calmly.

"Very well, then. Here is some money which I should like invested in furniture and other necessaries of life. Your meals you had better take at a restaurant—for the present at least; but I will advance your first quarter's salary, so that you can do as you choose."

"Five hundred dollars! Absurd! All the furniture that I want can be bought for ten," said I, looking at the bills in my hand.

"No; I want you to make one room at least something more than habitable. I shall come to see you and smoke a social regalia oftener than you think, and I am fond of comfort, you know. Fit up a little sitting-room for your private use, and invite me to share it at odd times—that's a good fellow."

"Five hundred won't fit a room as you mean," said I, involuntarily.

"Very likely not. Stay; here is an order on Varnish, Veneer & Co. They will supply any order you give, and I suggest a liberal one. The five hundred will do to get you firewood, bagatelle-board, shoe-brushes—what you will. And now, come. It would drive me to suicide to stay another five minutes in this place."

Before night my house was furnished. A few household utensils in the great cavernous kitchen—for I scorned Jerrold's suggestion of living at a restaurant, and resolved to wait upon myself; a few of the simplest and plainest *meubles* for a bachelor bedroom; these were my purchases on my own account, and, as I had told Jerrold, they scarcely exceeded ten dollars in cost.

For the sitting-room he had ordered, I selected a small chamber above the front door, and here I lavished nearly a thousand dollars. The moldering walls were hidden by silken hangings extending across the ceiling, the floor was covered by an aubusson carpet, the two chairs were dreams of luxurious repose, the smoking-table the last invention of a needy sybarite willing to sell his taste for money, the piano (but this was only hired) an Erard, the couch fit for a sultan's harem.

When my task was done, I surveyed the result with a smile of contemptuous admiration, locked the door, and went to my sleeping-room. This was, or had been, one of the principal bedrooms of the house, and I had selected it partly for its cheerful southern aspect, partly out of admiration for the quaint moreen draperies still clinging to the walls in lieu of the modern fashion of paper-hanging.

The furniture that once, no doubt, had fitly adorned the stately chamber, had all been removed, but I had replaced it with the narrow iron bedstead, solitary chair, and simple toilet apparatus of my bachelor belongings, and now sat down to refresh myself and close the toil of the day by brewing and drinking a cup of Mocha, such as few persons can either attain or appreciate. This finished, I smoked a meditative pipe, and finally threw myself, only partially undressed, upon the little bed, and fell asleep as the city clocks were chiming eleven.

I know not what hour it was when I awoke, but that I did awake, as fully and as rationally as ever I did in my life, I could take my oath before any witnesses or inquisitors. I awoke suddenly and perfectly, but without a start or motion of any kind, merely opening my eyes and fixing them in astonishment upon one and another of the strange objects presented to them.

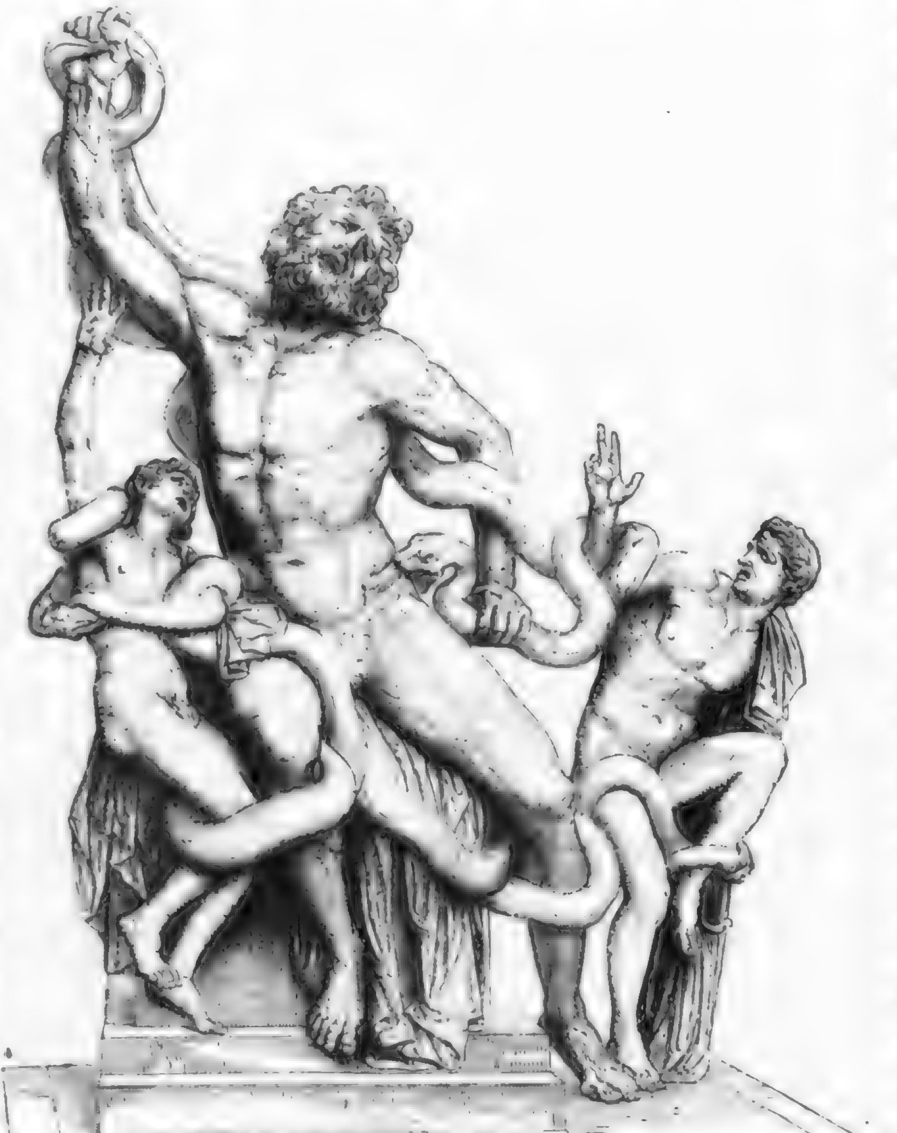
And here, upon the threshold of my story, I wish to pause and assure the reader that I am not a mystic, a dreamer, or a marvelist; that I never until that night admitted the possibility of supernatural phenomena, and that I do not now undertake to explain or rationalize the occurrences I have to narrate. I am, on the contrary, most anxious to see them brought under material and natural laws, and shall feel profoundly grateful to any one who will convince me of the unreliability of my own senses.

Pending this conviction, however, I go on to narrate simply what I saw, heard, and did, during my first night's residence in the house I was, by my presence, to render safe and inviting to future tenants.

The room, then, upon which I opened my eyes was not that upon which I had closed them, at least so far as appearances went, being cozily shuttered and curtained from the weather, with a great wood fire blazing upon the hearth, a carpet upon the floor, and abundance of grave, handsome furniture filling but not crowding it.

These particulars, however, must have unconsciously photographed themselves upon my brain, afterward to be reproduced and deciphered; for certainly neither at the moment of my awakening nor afterward was I conscious of observing them.

My whole attention was fixed upon the actors, leaving none for the stage or scenery.



THE LAOCOON OF THE VATICAN.—SEE PAGE 311.

In a low chair beside the fire sat a young and lovely woman, her head bent caressingly toward that of a young man who knelt beside her, his arm about her waist, his face upturned to hers. Behind them stood another man —a man in middle life or past, spare, thin, and sinewy, and bearing in his strongly marked face and grizzled hair traces of violent passions, deep anxiety, and a sullen will.

The door of a closet behind him stood open, and this circumstance, combined with his cautious movements and the evident unconsciousness of his presence on the part of the lovers, immediately suggested the idea of an ambuscade and surprise.

Scarcely had this idea formed itself in my mind, when an expression like that of a demon flashed across the face of the elder man, and, with a motion swift and silent as lightning, he drew from his breast, where he had held it concealed, a short, thick bar of iron, as it seemed, and brought it down with crashing force upon the bent head caressed by the lady's slender fingers. The young man thus attacked dropped as if lifeless, without a motion or a sound, and his assassin in the same instant laid his hand so closely over the lady's mouth that the shriek upon her lips died away in a plaintive murmur, and she fell back in her chair to all appearance lifeless as the handsome boy at her feet, down whose pale face a slender stream of blood was already trickling.

For a moment the assassin stood looking at his work, dumb and motionless, while the firelight glancing, as if affrighted, across his swarthy features and back from his glaring eyes, showed an expression of such despair and horror as devils may feel, who, having compassed some new wickedness, feel that they have placed another gulf between themselves and pardon.

One moment, and then raising his hands and haggard eyes to Heaven, he seemed to appeal, not for forgiveness, but for justice and approval. Then he turned away, and stooping to the floor, seemed to busy himself with the carpet, which he laid back, and presently unlocked and raised a trapdoor.

Coming again to the fire, he coolly examined the condition of both his victims, and finally taking the figure of the young man in his sinewy arms, raised him with difficulty and disappeared through the trap.

While he was gone, a sudden impulse to rise and go to the relief of the young lady lying so motionless in the arm-chair shot across my mind, but then ceased. I became conscious of retaining no power whatever over my muscles, or even my voice. Except for the use of my eyes, and the exercise of my mental faculties, I might as well have been a marble statue as a living man. In fact, my condition precisely resembled that of those unfortunate cataleptics, who, without the slightest power of protest, are compelled to witness and listen to the lamentations of their friends, and the preparations for their own funerals, the frightful struggle of their souls the while not moving by one shade the icy mask of death they are forced to wear.

I was still writhing under this physical inability to obey the impulse of my soul, when I perceived that the murderer (for so I had already considered him) had returned, and was standing looking earnestly down at the white, beautiful face and senseless figure of the woman—looking, as it seemed to me, with a yearning pity, which for a moment overcame the darker emotions possessing him, for he stooped and pressed a long, close kiss upon the pale lips, and passed his hand tenderly down the rippling mass of golden hair flowing over the arm of the old chair and lying in shining waves about his feet. But the weakness passed, and starting upright, he turned toward heaven a face so stern and pitiless and rigid, that I felt a chill creep through my marble flesh on seeing it. Then he snatched her in his arms, not tenderly, as one should carry so fair a burden, but with desperate haste and resolution, and brought her down the stairs, upon which the trap apparently opened.

I rose and followed. At least, I think I did, but I cannot be sure, for the abnormal condition already described continued in all its force; and if I really moved, it was as a galvanized corpse may simulate life for an instant and obey the will of the operator who substitutes a ghastly mimickry for its own departed volition.

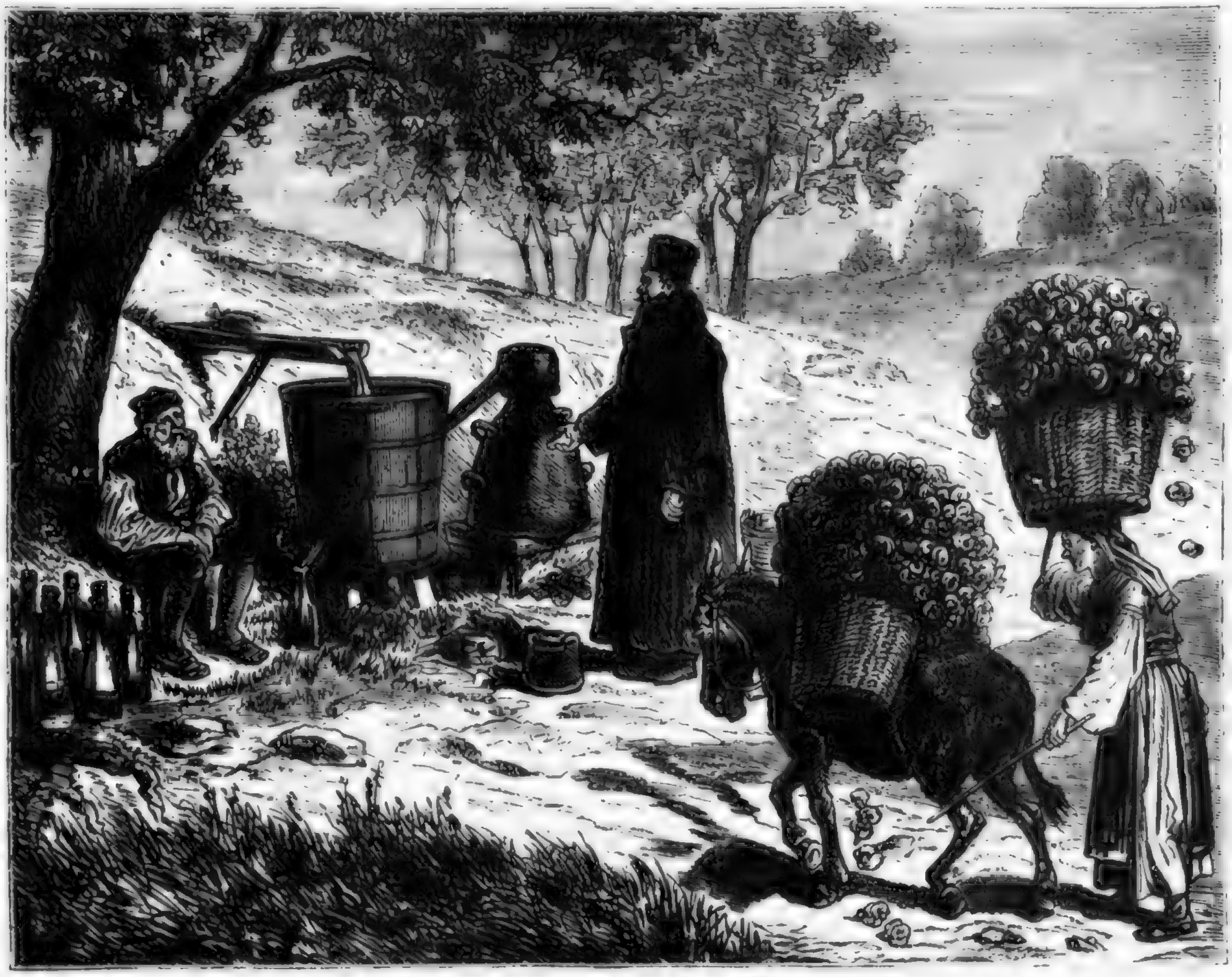
I arose—in the flesh or in the spirit, I know not which—and followed down the narrow, winding stairs—down, and down, and down, until I found myself in a small, underground cell, the walls dark and dripping with unhealthy vapors, the stone floor slimy and chilling. At one side stood a small furnace, surrounded by an alchemist's crucibles, retorts, and various mysterious insignia. A rude table stood in the centre, covered with bits of metal, a glass mask, asbestos gloves, books, manuscript, and an antique lamp, filled and burning. At opposite sides of the cell were two stone pillars, the supports of the arched roof, and to these pillars had been fixed two strong steel chains. One of these was already secured around the figure of the young man, who had now recovered some degree of consciousness, and sat, his hand pressed upon his forehead, evidently struggling to collect his scattered senses. The other chain hung empty, but who could doubt its purpose?

Hastily placing the still, lifeless figure of the girl upon the floor, her relentless judge wound it about her slender waist, securing her in a sitting position, her poor head drooping upon her bosom, and all her golden hair trailing upon the clammy floor.

Withdrawing the key from the padlock, the dark man stood upright, and slowly looked at his two—victims were they, or were they culprits justly overtaken by the Eternal Law? I could not tell; but as that dark, cold look in its passage crossed my face, I shuddered as if the gates of hell had opened before me, and turning, I fled up the winding stair.

Beyond this movment, I knew nothing, until the moment when I was aroused from a death-like slumber by the voice and hand of my friend, who had entered the house with his own key, and penetrated to my chamber without awakening me.

"Why, Devans, what is it? How you stare, old



ROSE-DISTILLING.—SEE PAGE 311.

fellow ! and what is this you are muttering about 'her golden hair'? Are you love-struck ? are you out of your head with horror of this old ghost-hole ? Speak—can't you, man ?"

For answer, I leaped out of the bed and rushed toward the recess beside the fireplace where last night the fatal trap had yawned, and where I had followed my dark guide to that chamber of death and anguish. But the uncarpeted floor showed no break, the dark and time-checked boards ran across the recess in a continuous line. My trap-door not only was not there, but never had been—could not have been. I stood staring down, my hand pressed close upon my whirling brain, when my friend, touching me kindly upon the shoulder, and speaking in that voice of exasperating forbearance one uses to a child, a fool or a madman, said, soothingly :

"Come, Devans, I want you to go and breakfast with me. Set your toilet to rights, and let us get out in the air."

Shaking off his touch almost savagely, I stooped and examined the floor yet more critically, but to no better result. The boards were whole, and extended across the recess from wall to wall, without the slightest break or crevice. I still crouched, pondering, when Jerrold spoke again.

"Royal, you really must listen to me and reply. You are not fit to take care of yourself just now, and——"

"Tell me the story of this accursed house, that you promised me !" interrupted I, hoarsely, as I rose to my feet, and fixed my eyes on him.

"The story ! Why, have you seen—do you suspect——" stammered Jerrold.

"Yes, I have seen ; I do not suspect, I know. Tell me the story," sternly demanded I, seating myself and fixing my eyes hungrily upon the recessed floor.

"The story is briefly this : My great-grandfather, who built this house and lived in it, was a strange, dark sort of a man, encouraging few acquaintances, and allowing no intimacies. What his early history was no one knows, or even from what part of the world he came to this country. As I said, he built this house and lived in it for many years alone. It was supposed he was an alchemist and student of the dark arts, though why, I never heard. At last he went abroad again, and returned a few months later with a young bride, whose grace and beauty have descended in tradition, to add one touch of beauty to the gloomy mystery of the legend. Besides herself, my ancestor brought home another intimate, a young man, whose wonderful likeness to himself encouraged the report that he was an acknowledged son. If the report were true or false, I cannot tell, nor any man now. At any rate, he was not the heir, for the old man had long before this adopted and bestowed his name upon a lad whom he educated and provided for as his own son, but whom, with characteristic oddity, he had settled in a distant city, and never allowed to visit him. This adopted son was my grandfather, so, after all, none of the old alchemist's blood runs in my veins, or, so far as I know, in those of any living creature. And I am the last of even the line."

"But the young wife—what of her ?" asked I, with feverish interest, as my friend sadly paused.

"That is it—what of her ?" replied he. "No one ever knew, except that one morning the master, who had been absent upon a journey, returned unexpectedly in the middle of the night, and the next morning went into a violent passion with the servant, who should have sat up for him, and finished by discharging not only him, but all his fellows, swearing that he would rather serve himself than keep one of them another hour.

"A few days later the house was observed to be closed, and for months and years it so remained. Then at last the heir, now grown to responsible middle age, took possession of the inheritance.

"My grandfather opened the house, disposed of the furniture, and let the great rooms out in tenements, for no one who could afford to pay the rent of so large a house would choose to live where it stood. But the tenants, one after another, gave warning, and refused to stay, even at a reduced rent ; nor could any among them give an intelligible reason for the refusal. There was an ugly feeling about it—there were strange noises—the children were scared of nights—the women were ill with nervous complaints ; in fact, there were a thousand fanciful reasons given, and never one with a shadow of common sense about it.

"At last, my grandfather, who was a very determined man, and was by no means given to the indulgence of fancies in himself or other people, determined to come to the bottom of the matter, in his own proper person. To that end, he cleared out the last of his tenants, fitted a room or two for himself, much as you have done, and came here to live for awhile.

"And here comes the most mysterious and tantalizing part of this unsatisfactory story. My grandfather came here, staid three days and nights, then sent four men to strip the house of its new furniture, locked and barred the doors and windows with his own hands, and turned his back upon the place, never visiting it again or making another effort to dispose of it until his dying day—nor would he allow my grandmother, from whom I had the story, to inquire what he saw or heard or discovered in those three dismal nights, or to what conclusion he had come as to the reasonableness of the popular prejudice against the house. Whatever his experiences may have been, he kept them locked safely in his own breast until death still more effectually hid them behind the portals of the tomb.

"Among his effects was found a large key, labeled, 'Key of the house in Hades Street. Never to be used again.'

"His heir, my father, under the influence of my grandmother, respected the implied wish, and having a very handsome property without it, never attempted to realize the property represented by the rusty key ; and the house stood unopened until two years ago, when I came of age, and my guardians strongly advised me to allow it to be rendered available.

"I consented ; the house was opened and offered in tenements at a low rent ; but by that time the house had a fixed reputation of being haunted, and not more than half a dozen people could be found to live in it at any rate. This half dozen were prevailed upon to come, and one man staid three months, the rest shorter intervals, down to a week. But never a man, woman or child can give any reason for this horror of the place, except a vague terror and antipathy that seems to seize upon even the coarsest fancy when subject to its atmosphere. I confess, Royal, although I know how weak you will consider the admission, that I am at this moment the victim of an almost uncontrollable horror and a nervous desire to rush out of the house and as far away from it as I can get. What is it ? Tell me, if you can, for that you know something of this mystery no one can doubt who looks at you."

"Yes, I know," said I, hoarsely ; and leaving the room, I soon returned with some carpenters' tools used and left in one of the lower rooms the day before.

Without a word to Jerrold, who stood watching me with a look of perplexity and almost terror, I threw myself upon the floor in the recessed corner of the room, and soon had torn up one of the boards.

As I removed it, a column of cold and mephitic air struck me in the face. I peered into the chasm I had opened, and saw the first of a series of stone steps. Working with frantic eagerness, I had soon torn away the whole covering of the abandoned trap, and, rising to my feet, pointed down the black and dripping steps, saying, hoarsely :

"Down there is the solution of the mystery. Will you come with me to find it ?"

"Yes," said he, with a visible effort—and indeed the condition to which the unholy influences of the place had reduced him was pitiable to witness. But there was in my mood no room for sympathy or hesitation, and hastily lighting the shaded lamp upon the table, I led the way down the narrow, winding staircase, and heard the hesitating footsteps of my friend following ; and as I went, the dream, the vision, or whatever we may call it, seemed rolling back upon me, for every step, almost every stone in the slimy wall, was as familiar as if I had known them from childhood. One step was broken, but I was as well prepared to step across it as if I could have seen, instead of being enveloped in the stifling darkness which our lamp scarcely sufficed to render visible.

Down, and down, and down, until we stood together in the little cell, with its alchemist's forge, its cumbered table, its solitary chair, every one of the details that I could so accurately have described beforehand.

I paused, and turned to Jerrold, who, pale, trembling, and overwhelmed, stood staring about him.

"What is this ? Why have you brought me here ?" asked he, grasping at my arm.

"To show you the sequel of the story you began for me. To show you why no one can dwell in this accursed house, and what became of your ancestor's young wife and supposed son," said I, and leading him first to one, then to the other of the stone pillars, I showed him at the foot of each a heap of crumbling bones, encircled by a rusty chain.

"This," said I, "was the lovely girl, with her golden hair—this the man she loved, rightfully or wrongfully none now shall ever know, for she and he, and that other —their judge and their executioner—have all even now answered for their sins and their mistakes in a Court where are no errors, and from whence is no appeal."

"Come !" gasped Jerrold, tottering against my shoulder, as he turned toward the stair.

I drew his arm within mine and helped him up, leading him to the little room I had so uselessly fitted for his own especial use. Helping him to lie down upon the couch, I procured him a glass of wine, and when the color returned to his cheeks, I told him briefly and without comment my vision of the previous night.

When I finished, there was a long silence. Then Jerrold slowly said :

"God forgive them and him. Who shall say now which was the guiltiest ? As for this house, it shall be leveled to the ground. See to it for me, Devans, if you will, and the land it stands upon shall be your own. I will have no more to do with it. Get into a carriage and come with me. I cannot breathe here."

The next day, I, with my own hands, collected and buried the poor moldering bones, wrenched away the chains from the pillars, and destroyed every vestige of the terrible tragedy they told. Then, as Mr. Jerrold's agent, I made the necessary arrangements for taking down the old house, and a week later I sold the ground it had stood upon for a sum which placed me beyond the dread of ever again reaching the point of destitution from whence I had become Harkness Jerrold's house-agent and taken up my abode in the house no one could live in.

To-day, I live in a house of my own, with a wife and children about me, and owe no man a cent, for the world goes well with me, and I need not envy even my constant friend and former patron, who, though a richer man, is not a happier one than myself.

THE LAOCOON.

Among the masterpieces of ancient art, the group in sculpture known as the Lacoon, is one of the most famous. It has also the additional charm of being of mysterious origin, since the sculptor's name is unknown. So high was the opinion held of this by the ancients, that Pliny said it was "superior to all other works of art, whether of painting or sculpture." The same historian thinks it was the work of the Rhodian sculptors, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus ; but Winckelmann contends for it an earlier Grecian origin, while Lessing, in his admirable work on art, called "Laokoon," believes the sculptors to have lived in the latter part of the second century.

The group represents Laocoon, a Trojan hero, the son of Antenor, and a priest of Neptune, being strangled, with his two sons, by two enormous serpents. This was the revenge of Minerva, for Laocoon's striking his spear into the sides of the wooden horse of the Greeks, and for his advising the Trojans not to receive the fatal decoy within the walls. As a punishment for his impiety, the vindictive goddess caused two serpents to coil themselves around him and his two sons, as they were preparing to sacrifice to Neptune, and crush them to death. The story is related by Virgil in his "Æneid."

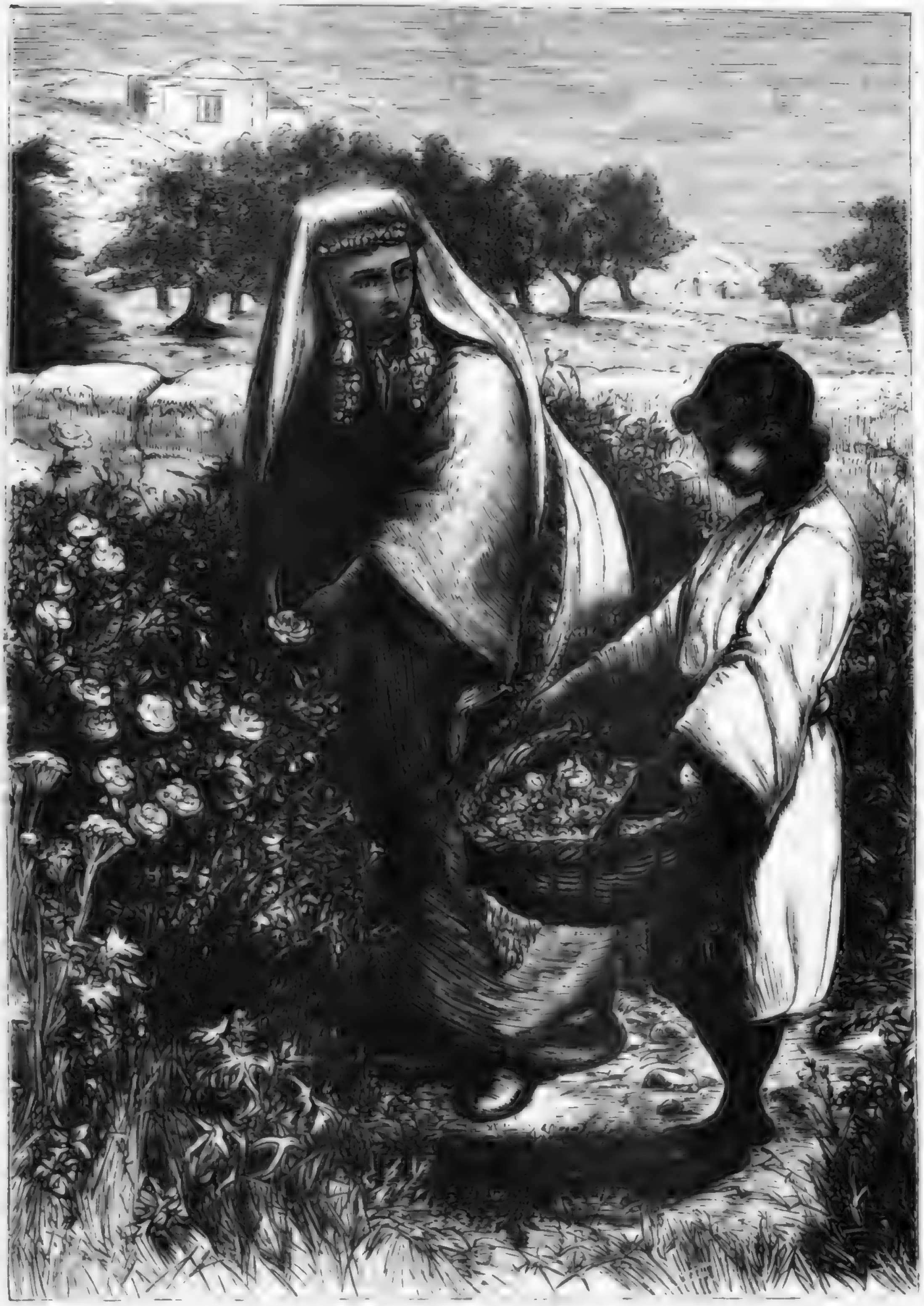
This celebrated group was discovered at Rome in 1506, while they were excavating some ruins, and was purchased by Pope Julius II., who placed it in the Vatican, where it still remains.

A CHAPTER ON ROSES.

So long have roses experienced the loving care of man that it is not known when they became garden plants, and so far back as the hanging gardens of Babylon roses were there carefully cultivated for the pleasure of Queen Amytes. They dislike excessive cold and heat, preferring to make their homes in temperate climates. Pure air and shelter from the winds they must have ; smoke is death to them ; whilst nearly every species (and they are almost innumerable) requires a particular soil and particular treatment. They are to be found in Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa, but have not extended their travels to Australia, which does not possess a single wild rose.

In Gerarde's time, London must have been beautiful with roses, for he speaks of nearly all the kinds he describes as "growing in our London gardens." It was probably in his own garden, at Holborn, that he tried the experiment of "grafting a wild rose on a broome stalk," and therefore declines to credit the report that the yellow rose was so originated. About the same time, Lete, a merchant, introduced the yellow rose from Turkey.

The dog rose (*Rosa canina*), as we know, wanders at its own sweet will over hedges and undergrowth of woods. But although there are few wild, or semi-wild, kinds, in its full beauty the rose is essentially a flower of cultivation. In that state it is still most valuable to the botanist as affording examples of metamorphosis, and



GATHERING ROSES IN PALESTINE.

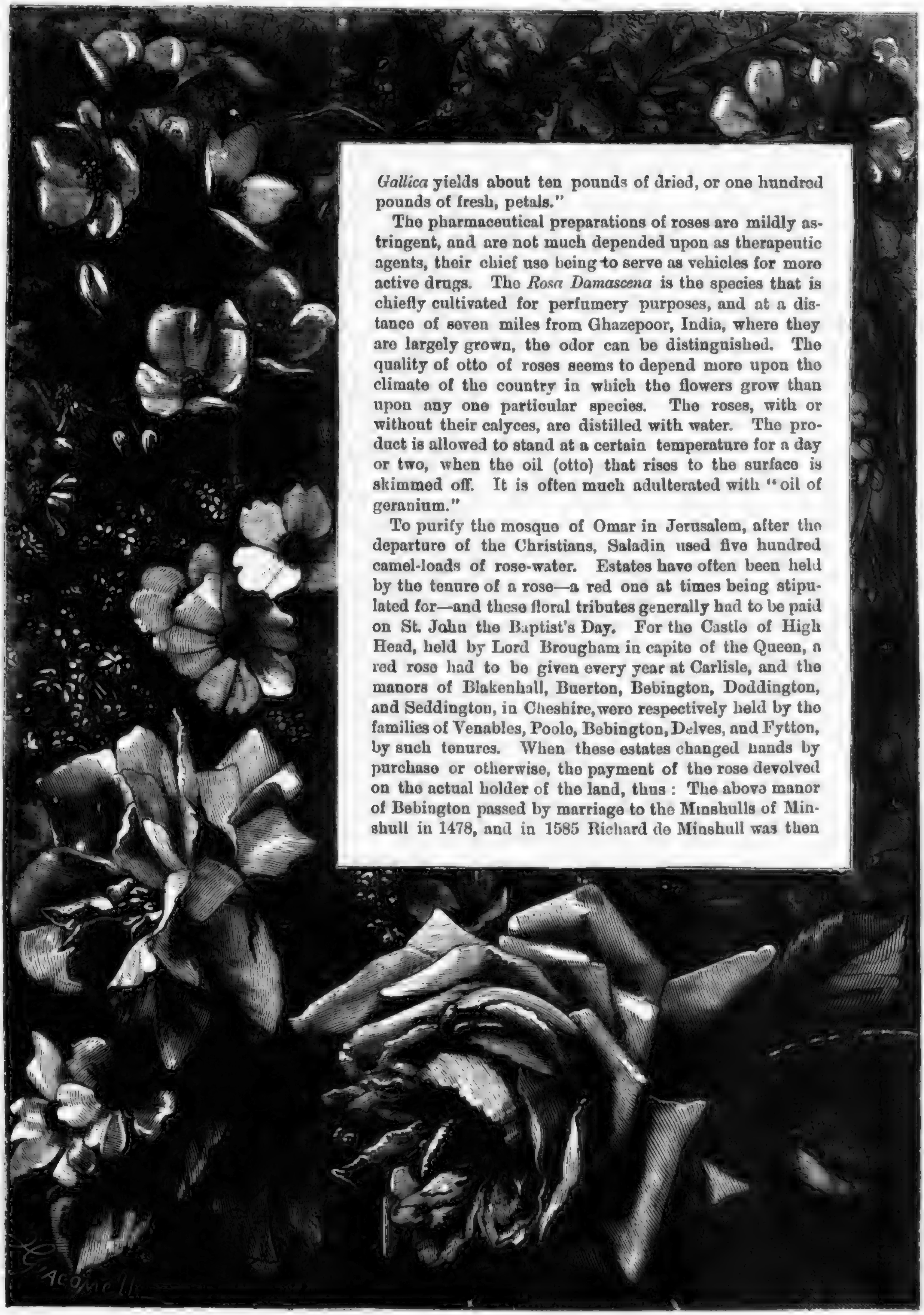
showing the analogy of parts, for in some cultivated roses are to be seen how carpels and stamens have become petals; and in others how sepals and carpels have been transformed into true leaves.

If the date of the introduction of the rose to the garden is lost, poets are quite certain as to the origin and destination of the first one. They tell us that it sprang from the blood of Adonis, and was given by Cupid to Harpocrates to induce him not to reveal the doings of Venus, and to this tradition some ascribe the old custom of suspending a rose over the table at convivial meetings, as a hint that all there said and done was not to be spoken of out-of-doors. The moss rose we owe to Cupid, for Venus having begged her son to make her favorite flower still more beautiful, he sportively flung around it a handful of moss taken from the bank on which they rested. Again, there is a pretty fable that the rose was once a lovely woman, whose charms were so great that people gazing on her forgot to worship elsewhere, and the temple of Diana became deserted. The irate goddess called Apollo to her aid, and he, indignant at a slight shown to his sister, transformed the beautiful Rhodanthe to a rose-tree. The admiring crowds, who adored at a distance, were changed to thorns, whilst the more deeply smitten still fluttered around their divinity as butterflies.

The Romans valued most the roses of Capua and Præneste, with which they decorated their rooms (Cleopatra had a carpet of roses prepared for Antony at one of her festivals) and ornamented their dishes by sprinkling the juice over or covering them with the petals. The flowers they wove into chaplets, and perfumed the clothes of their guests with rose-water—a practice still continued in India at weddings—and Nero is said to have spent $100,000 on roses for one of his suppers. Pliny also speaks of the ashes of burnt roses being used to trim the eyebrows.

Gerarde says that rose petals were sometimes eaten as a salad, with pepper, vinegar and oil; and a preserve used to be made of the "hips" of the dog rose. Both Greeks and Romans made an ointment from the leaves and flowers for dressing wounds, whilst syrups, infusions and confections were given for nearly all the ills that mortal flesh is heir to, and kept their place in pharmacy for many ages. Culpepper says that to write of all the virtues of the various preparations of the rose would fill a volume, yet he prefaces his chapter with the peevish exclamation, "What a pother have authors made with roses! What a racket have they kept!"

The ripe fruits of the dog rose (*R. canina*), the dried and fresh unexpanded petals of the red rose (*R. Gallica*), and the fresh expanded petals of the cabbage rose (*R. centifolia*), still figure in the British Pharmacopœia. Prof. Bentley, in "Medicinal Plants," says that the great cultivation of the cabbage rose was carried on at the flower-farms in the south of France, and he states "that it has been computed that two thousand flower-buds of *Rosa*



Gallica yields about ten pounds of dried, or one hundred pounds of fresh, petals."

The pharmaceutical preparations of roses are mildly astringent, and are not much depended upon as therapeutic agents, their chief use being to serve as vehicles for more active drugs. The *Rosa Damascena* is the species that is chiefly cultivated for perfumery purposes, and at a distance of seven miles from Ghazepoor, India, where they are largely grown, the odor can be distinguished. The quality of otto of roses seems to depend more upon the climate of the country in which the flowers grow than upon any one particular species. The roses, with or without their calyces, are distilled with water. The product is allowed to stand at a certain temperature for a day or two, when the oil (otto) that rises to the surface is skimmed off. It is often much adulterated with "oil of geranium."

To purify the mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, after the departure of the Christians, Saladin used five hundred camel-loads of rose-water. Estates have often been held by the tenure of a rose—a red one at times being stipulated for—and these floral tributes generally had to be paid on St. John the Baptist's Day. For the Castle of High Head, held by Lord Brougham in capite of the Queen, a red rose had to be given every year at Carlisle, and the manors of Blakenhall, Buerton, Bebington, Doddington, and Seddington, in Cheshire, were respectively held by the families of Venables, Poole, Bebington, Delves, and Fytton, by such tenures. When these estates changed hands by purchase or otherwise, the payment of the rose devolved on the actual holder of the land, thus: The above manor of Bebington passed by marriage to the Minshulls of Minshull in 1478, and in 1585 Richard de Minshull was then

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holding it "in socage by red rose to be rendered on St. John the Baptist's Day." In 1569, the quarry at Shrewsbury was leased by the corporation for a red rose yearly, to a person who also engaged to bring the water from Brodwell, near Crou-Meole. For Brook House, Langsett, Yorkshire, it is said that a rose had to be provided at Christmas, and a snowball at midsummer; and as evidently there would often thus be much difficulty in paying the rent, we are probably correct in surmising that in this case a money fine was the alternative.

The Golden Rose, blessed annually by the Pope on the fourth Sunday in Lent (Rose Sunday), and given in these times to some august lady of known devotion, is much prized and eagerly sought for. Among the ladies who have been so honored are the Queen of Spain, who received it in 1868, and the Queen of Naples. It is said to be one of the many disappointments of the life of the Empress Eugénie that she also has not been made a recipient. The consecration of this rose or rose-tree, for such it really is, having perfumes in one of its upper blossoms, is thought to have been instituted by Leo IX., although some believe the ceremony to be of greater antiquity. A French writer says that it was, in the first instance, sent to the Pope by the grateful abbess of St. Croix, in acknowledgment of the privilege he had granted to her Order. In the beginning it was merely carried through the streets of Rome, and there deposited with the prefect; gradually the custom arose to present it to some steady supporter of the papacy, and Falk, Count of Anjou, in the Pontificate of Urban II., was the first foreigner of importance who received it; ultimately its bestowal became a mere question of policy, and it was given quite as much as a bribe as a reward, as at first it was sent to King Henry VIII. A Devonshire knight, Sir Reginald de Mohun, founder of Newnham Abbey, received the rose from Pope Innocent IV., and was at the same time created Earl of Somerset, because till then the rose had not been given to any person under that rank. Sir Reginald does not seem to have used the higher title in England. The tribute of roses was instituted by Blanche of Castile, widow of Louis VIII., and consisted of the presentation of a basket of roses, by the youngest peer, to the French Parliament on May Day. The queen overheard a lady rebuking her lover for singing love-songs in the rose garden, where he ought to have been devoting himself to a cause in which he was interested. Stung by her reproaches, the count left lady and roses, "read up" most energetically, and of course gained the suit, a wife, and the favor of the queen, who then inaugurated the ceremony. The privilege of presenting the roses was much prized, and led to a dispute, in 1541, between the Dukes of Montpensier and Nevers, that took the most learned lawyers of the country to decide—ultimately in favor of the Duke de Montpensier. The custom was abolished in 1589, and although in the reign of Louis XIV. an attempt was made to revive it, it was ineffectual.

Besides being the English emblem (there is an engraving of a shield where James I. had the rose and thistle conjoined under a crown), the rose figures in the arms of the dukes of St. Albans, the earls of Rosse, and other families. The collar of the Order of St. Patrick is formed of roses and harps joined by knots, and the rose is one of the adornments of the collar of the Bath.

In the wall of the cathedral at Hildesheim grows the oldest rose-tree known, tradition referring its origin to the time of Ludwig, son of Charlemagne. In the *Illustrated London News* of 1850 there is represented a large rose-tree, which was then to be seen in the nursery-grounds of Mr. Buckton in Wandsworth. It was 28 feet high, 20 feet in circumference, and had 2,000 roses in bloom. It is stated to have been a standard of the species *Fulgian*, variety hybrid, China.

For the title of Rose of Jericho (*Anastatica hierochuntina*), *Lycopodium involvens* and *Mesembryanthemum Tripolium*, which has capsules like a button half an inch in diameter, that expand in water, are all aspirants, but the first-named has the support of the chief botanists. It grows on sandy soils in Palestine and Egypt, and its properties of shriveling up when dry, and uncoiling when placed in water, are well known. The flower intended by the "Rose of Sharon" is also another matter of dispute among learned men, some urging the claims of *Polyanthus narcissus* to be so considered—and indeed the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of this plant; whilst others name the crocus and "mallow."

Instances of miraculous transformations into roses are not uncommon. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was generous as well as pious, and loved to supplement her words of comfort with substantial aid; but in her works of charity she was much hindered by her husband, who did not share her views, and at last peremptorily told his wife that there must be an end to her almsgiving. When, therefore, some time after, whilst carrying supplies of food to a poor family, she met the margrave, her heart failed her, and she stood mute and trembling, as he asked what she had in her basket. But when he raised the covering, lo! bread and meat had disappeared, and in their place lay white lilies and clusters of fragrant, dewy roses. At the martyrdom of a maiden at Bethlehem, white roses sprang from the unlighted wood piled round her, and red ones from the quenched fagots. The sacred fire of the Parsees takes its origin from the attempted sacrifice of Zoroaster, when an infant. The wood on which he was laid, at the moment of its being lighted, was transferred into a heap of roses, and a portion of this fire being saved, it was carefully tended and not allowed to die out.

A fayre mayden was sclaundered
  For wrong sche had not done;
Domed to the dethe to paye hire synne,
  And yet hire synne was none.

Sche praied untoe oure Sauioure dere
  Yt Hee mote giue hire ayd,
And proue therebye to all ye worlde
  Sche was an holy mayd.

Then forthe sche steppèd with grete feythe,
  Untoe ye stake sche hyed;
Mekelle sche bowed hire hede to alle
  A fayrewel ere sche dyed.

Ye angry crowde, for blode athirste,
  Untoe the pyle sette fire—
Ye blezinge flames mounte to the skye,
  With pyercynge strengthe fulle dire.

Whan suddene at hire feete, in steade
  Of brondes and fiercest flame,
Are roseres fayre of symple trothe,
  And roseres red from schame,

To see soe cruel, wycked deede
  Against ye pure and true—
Thei claspe hire feete, thei climb arounde,
  Thei schroude hire inne from viewe.

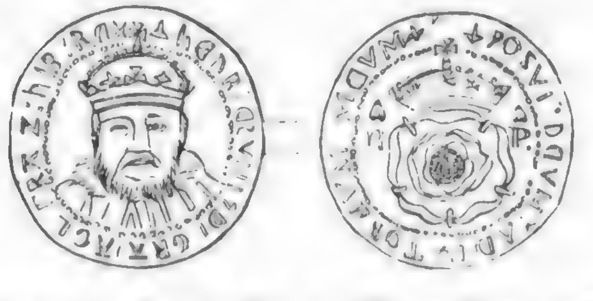
None othere roseres tille this daye
  Hadde yet been seene on earthe,
'Tis sure thei came from Paradyse
  To proue this fayre mayd's worthe.

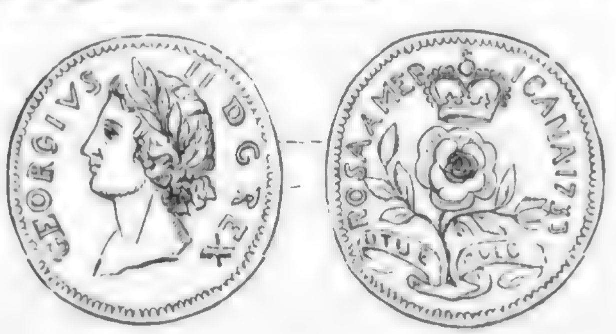
Some Mohammedans aver that roses sprang from the blood of Mohammed. Old legends also say that till sin and sorrow came into the world, all roses were white and without thorns, but Cary writes, that Eve, one day, enchanted by the pure beauty of a rose, delightedly kissed its leaves, when, "Straight it drew, from beauty's lips the vermeil hue."

The gradual approach of dawn has been compared to the unfolding of a rose, and Keats described a sunset as "like a rose in vermeil tint and shape"; but the poets have chiefly used the red rose as an image of youth, beauty, and swiftly-passing pleasures! The white rose symbolizes sadness and purity. Superstition holds that if a rose falls to pieces in the hand, some misfortune is near; and among the many divinations used by curious maidens to gain an insight into the future, was the practice of walking backward into the garden at midnight on Midsummer Eve, plucking a rose and carefully placing it in paper, to be left undisturbed till Christmas Day. Then it was to be worn, and the future husband would, of course, put in an appearance and beg for it.

It was a sad time in English history when roses became the body badges of fierce factions, and, torn from the garden, were carried into all the horrors of the battlefield. To a Yorkist, the white rose was not only symbolical of "the truth and plainness of his case," but of the apprehensions of his enemy, "whose cheeks did counterfeit" his flower, "for pale they looked with fear," and probably Richard Plantagenet was not alone in his savage longing to "dye his rose in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart." Not less ready was the Lancastrian with the retort, that the paleness of his antagonists' flower "betrayed the fainting of his heart," whilst he boasted that the red rose's thorn was "sharp and piercing to maintain his truths." Henry VI. might well bewail the "fatal colors of our striving houses." In later days the white rose again became a party badge, and June 10th being the birthday of James III., was a favorite day for its display by Jacobites. In Tudor architecture the rose was frequently introduced, and a rosebud, with the stem broken, is often seen sculptured on the tombs of the young. From all times these flowers have been strewed over the graves, and a merchant of London, Edward Rose, left twenty pounds per annum to the parish of Barnes, Surrey, on condition that his grave in that churchyard should be kept planted with rose-trees.

The rose flourishes, too, on coins. Henry VIII., the King who blended the Red and White Roses, and received the Golden Rose from the Pope, struck his "Rose Noble"; and even America has her early coins with a rose and the legend, "Rosa Americana."





The Church calendar, too, has its roses. St. Rosalie of Palermo, and St. Rose of Viterbo, bloomed in Italy; but America claims as her first canonized saint the gentle virgin of Peru, who is honored as St. Rose of Lima.

In the increased attention paid of late years to flower cultivation in the United States, the rose has not lost its place as queen of flowers. The favorites are the Jacqueminot, La Reine, Bon Silene, the grand yellow rose Maréchal Niel, the Gloire de Dijon, and the Niphetos. Buds and full-blown roses are sought; and Boston is the great seat of our rose culture, supplying New England and New York—one of the most successful cultivators and admirers of the rose being a gentleman who has thrown around our early history all the charms of exquisite taste and poetic style. Philadelphia, too, is making strides in this branch of horticulture.

HANGED BY A BEAR.

By F. Hamilton.

Charlie tossed his rifle to his shoulder, whistled to Brave, the hound, and turned away toward the mountains.

"I'm going for that bear, boys! He's in the hemlocks somewhere, for his tracks ran that way, and I'll find him if it takes all Summer. Don't worry if I'm not back tonight." And with a quick step he crossed the little clearing in which the cabin stood, and entered the unbroken forest.

Charlie Ames, and George and Jack, his cousins, were spending three months in the Adirondack country near the Sandanona Mountains, in the very heart of the wilderness.

Their camp was upon the head of Cold River, near Moose Pond, and in one of the best hunting and fishing regions in the woods. They were old hands at this kind of life, for all of them had spent more than one Summer among the blue peaks and whispering trees, and they loved it. Charlie was twenty-four, and the others a year or two younger.

Only the day before, in returning from a fishing-trip, they had discovered the trail of a black bear, and early this morning Charlie had announced his intention of tracking and killing the noble game.

For three hours the young hunter pushed rapidly onward through the grand old forest without pausing, directing his course toward an immense hemlock tract that lay half-way up the side of one of the Sandanona Mountains.

Reaching this at about noontime, he halted, made his dinner from the hardtack and jerked venison in his pouch, and then resumed his journey.

It was perhaps four o'clock when, at length, he entered a region of dead trees, standing like grim sentinels upon the rocky ledges, their long arms stretched toward the sky, as though raised in helpless remonstrance when their leafy armor was taken from them. Many of them were of enormous size, measuring from four to five feet in diameter at the base, and towering eighty and even one hundred feet into the air above them.

Now Charlie began to grow watchful, tossing his rifle into the hollow of his arm, and loosening the heavy bowie-knife at his belt. With cautious steps and eager eyes he slowly advanced, Brave close at his heels, with ears erect and feet falling like soft pads among the dead and broken branches which strewed the ground.

For perhaps an eighth of a mile they moved onward in this way, both hunter and hound increasing their caution with every yard of distance, until Charlie gave utterance to a little cry, and, pointing excitedly to a majestic

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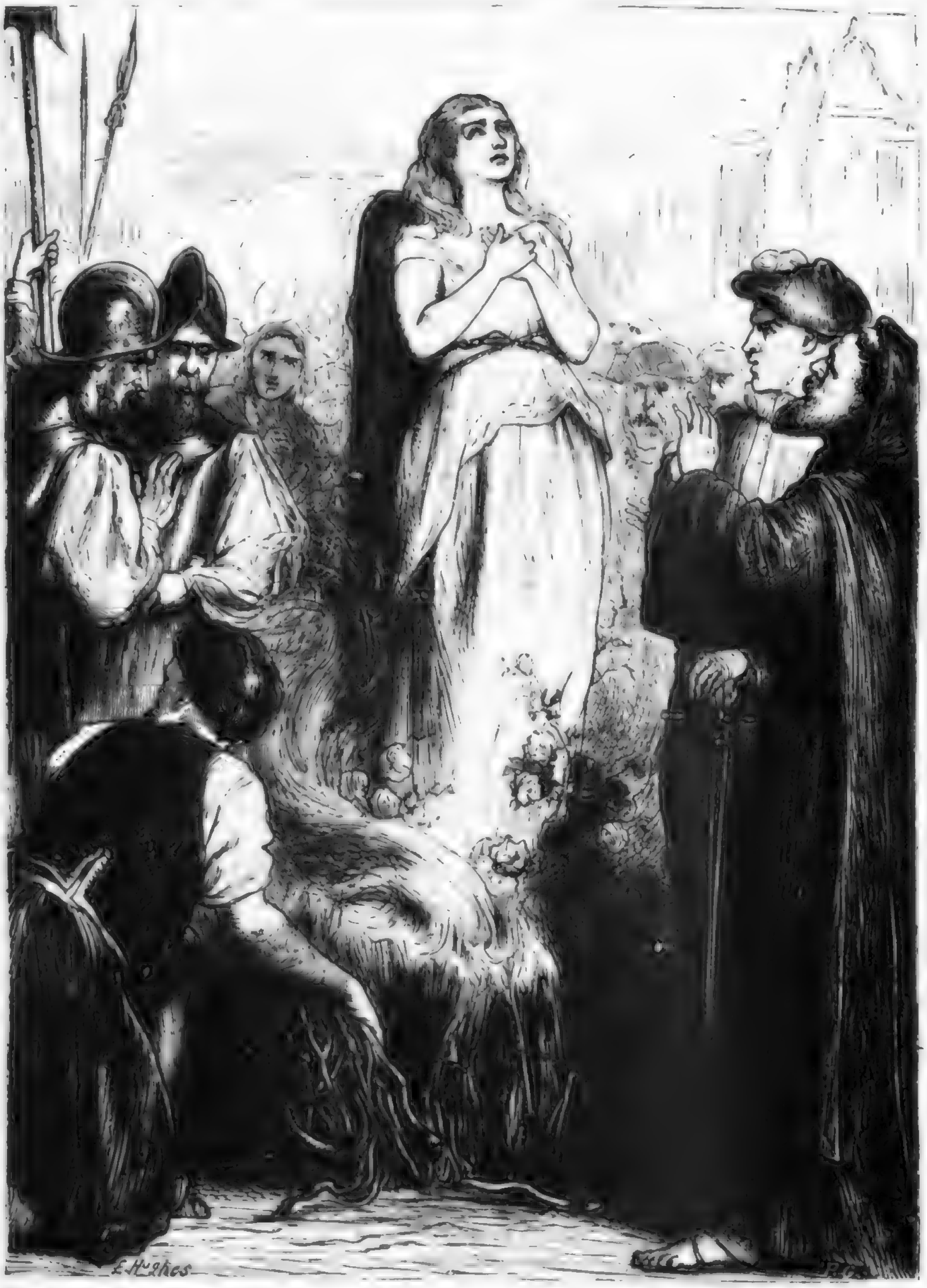


A CHAPTER ON ROSES.—"THEI CLASPE HIRE FEETE, THEI CLIMBE AROUNDE."— SEE PAGE 311.

hemlock a short distance before them, a dead monarch among dead subjects clustering all about him, said, in a low tone:

"We have treed him, Brave! The bear's ours; on!"

With a deep bay the dog dashed forward, nose to the ground, and in an instant stood quivering with excitement, whining and scratching at the foot of the tree. Charlie quickly followed him.

At the ground the tree was nearly two yards in diameter, and tapered evenly to a height of some sixty or seventy feet, where it was broken. Some twenty feet from the ground two large limbs sprang from the parent stem, outstretching like bare arms on either side, and also broken at the ends. A little above the point where these branches grew was a large hole. The tree was hollow, and the home of the bear.

This was easily discernible from the many fresh tracks, the marks upon the bark and the little tufts of hair that were caught upon the various projections of the trunk.

Charlie saw all this at a glance, and fairly shouted with joy as he noticed the great black hole above him, for, from all appearances, he felt sure that bruin was at home.

"Hi on, old dog!" he cried, patting Brave upon the head. "We're in luck this time, sure. Now let's see whether we can smoke him out, or what course we must take."

Resting his rifle against a neighboring stump, he carefully examined the tree upon all-fours.

"There ought to be a hole down here somewhere, Brave, but I don't find any," said he. "If there was, we'd soon frizzle the old gent's hair for him, and he'd poke his nose out up above there in a terrible hurry. I wish I had an ax; we'd make a hole then!"

But, as there was neither ax nor hole, it only remained to rout bruin by some other method.

"Perhaps a jar will stir him," said Charlie to himself; and, taking a piece of a broken limb from the ground, he struck the tree heavily several times.

There was a slight sound within, a rustling and low grumbling, and, with eager eyes watching the hole above, he struck again and again.

But the sound was not repeated, and no bear's head appeared; so that, after a few moments' hard work, the young hunter began to puzzle his brain for some new way still to drive his game within his reach.

Night was coming on, and the sun already rested from his labor of the day upon the bare top of the mountains, for one last look into the valley ere he descended upon the other side. The air was growing chill, and the far-away loons upon Moose Pond began to sing their evening song.

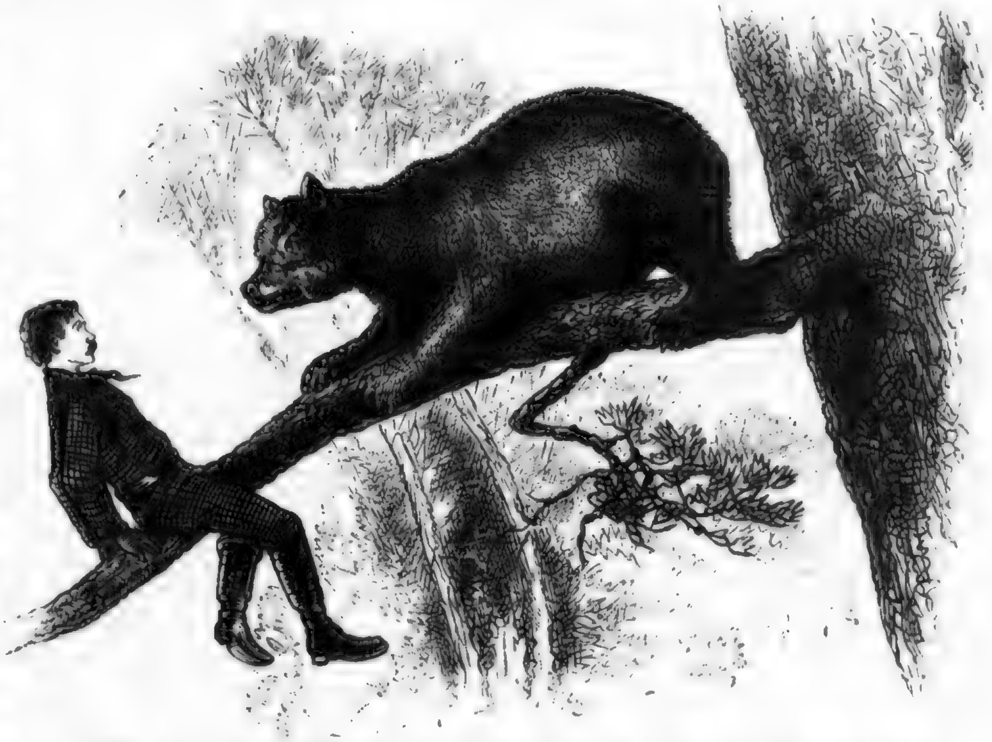
Charlie saw that something must be done at once if he wished to finish his hunt that day, and he walked uneasily up and down in front of the tree, earnestly thinking; while the hound lay upon the ground, at a little distance, with his sharp eyes fixed upon the hole in the trunk far above his head.

Suddenly the young man ceased his uneasy walk, and, turning, hastened toward where his rifle lay. Taking it from the ground, he carefully removed the cartridge; then, drawing a long, stout cord from his pocket, tied one end securely to the stock of the gun, and made the other fast to his belt. He then walked to the foot of the tree, leaned the rifle against the trunk, and quickly divested himself of coat, game-pouch and hat. Brave arose in some wonder, and walked slowly toward him.

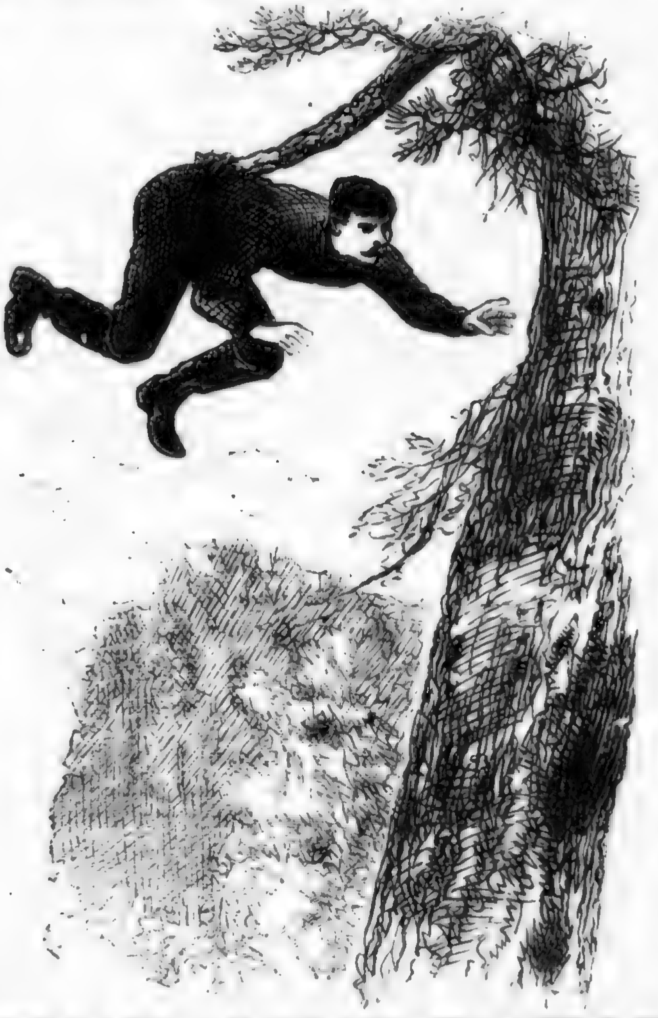
"Old fellow, take care of my coat; I'm going up the tree," said Charlie. "You see, it's nearly night, and we must kill that bear at once or let him go altogether. Now, he's in that tree, and I'm going to climb up to the hole, pull my gun after me, and shoot him. Do you see? And to-morrow we'll come with axes and chop him out. How's that for a plan?" and he patted the dog affectionately.

The old hound wagged his tail as though he understood what his master had said, and then stretched himself close to Charlie's coat and hat while he began his wearisome climb. If the bark of the tree had not been rough and jagged, it would have been utterly impossible for the hunter, nimble and strong as he was, to succeed in his undertaking; and even now, when he reached the first limb, he was glad enough to seat himself and rest. As he looked down, Brave wagged his tail encouragingly.

Charlie laughed. "It's all very well," he gasped; "it's all very well for you to lie there and laugh, Brave; but it would tire your legs, too, old fellow, to climb this terrible tree. But wait a minute, and I'll be down again."



HANGED BY A BEAR.—"NEARER AND NEARER STILL CAME BRUIN, FURTHER AND STILL FURTHER OUT CREPT POOR CHARLIE."



HANGED BY A BEAR.—"HE FOUND HIMSELF FIRMLY HANGED BY HIS STRONG KNIFE-BELT, AT THE BROKEN END OF THE GREAT LIMB, UPON WHICH A MOMENT SINCE HE HAD FACED HIS ENEMY."

So saying, he drew a long breath and began to draw his rifle slowly up to him. He was careful not to allow it to strike against the tree, and in a few moments he had the weapon in his hands.

Charging it, he untied the cord from the stock, and wrapped it about his waist for future use. He then carefully lifted one foot on to the branch, then the other, and, by the aid of his hands, drew his body into an upright position. His head was now exactly opposite the hole.

With one arm about the tree and the other tightly holding his rifle, Charlie put his head into the monster's den and looked downward.

It was dark as night, but he could faintly see shining through that darkness two—yes, four—luminous spots that moved in pairs, and his ears caught the sound of a low growling. Two bears were there!

He raised his rifle and pushed its muzzle into the hole, pointing it downward. He could not see to aim, but the sense of touch was enough to guide him, and, waiting until he was sure that his nerves were steady, he braced himself against the tree, drew his head from the hole, and fired.

There was a terrible roar, and the powder-smoke poured from the hole, almost suffocating the hunter, who clung desperately to the tree; and from the den below came up dismal whinings and snarls and cries of pain.

His bullet had found its mark!

But even while he listened, with all a successful hunter's joy, to these sounds, a new uproar broke upon his ears. Brave was baying with a fierceness that told of a worthy antagonist, and Charlie could hear the feet of hurrying animals tramping upon the ground below.

Before he could turn himself upon the limb so that he might look down with safety, the sounds changed. There was a horrible growl, a yell of pain, a crashing, and then the tearing of claws upon the bark of the tree.

He turned his head in terror, and, at the risk of falling, looked down.

Coming rapidly up the tree was a great black bear, her eyes wicked and fiery, her mouth bloody, her whole appearance that of a thoroughly enraged animal; while below upon the ground lay the body of poor Brave, dead!

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The mother-bear had just come home, and it was her cubs that were in the tree!

For an instant Charlie's head swam, and his courage failed at the terrible thought. That instant his nerveless hand relaxed its grasp upon the heavy rifle, and it went ringing to the ground. He was at the mercy of the bear!

Even as the utter hopelessness of his situation came over him the hunter's spirit returned, and, with the animal so close that he might touch her with his foot, he determined to save himself.

Quickly drawing his heavy hunting-knife, he placed it between his teeth, and, dragging himself upward, forced his body, feet downward, into the mouth of the den. The movement was none too soon, for scarcely had his hands and head disappeared when bruin's heavy claws struck the place where they had been, and with renewed growls of rage she sought to drag her enemy from his retreat. But Charlie allowed his body to drop still further into the hollow of the tree, beyond reach of the great black arms, and for the time he was safe.

At first bruin seemed to hesitate as to her mode of action, but it was only for a moment. Then scuffling heavily a few feet up the tree, she suddenly changed her course and began to back into the hole after the hunter.

As her heavy body entered the opening above him, Charlie gave utterance to a cry of horror and despair, and the terrible death that confronted him, smothered and torn within the tree, seemed too much to endure. The next instant a new thought flashed across his brain; and, seizing his knife as the bear came within reach, he drove it with all his strength into the tough muscles of her leg.

The effect was magical. Bruin roared with pain, and, clinging to the hilt of the heavy knife, the young hunter was suddenly drawn up again—drawn fairly out of the hole—and once more found himself clinging to the rough tree-trunk, and struggling to replace his feet upon the branch below.

All this had passed so rapidly that Charlie scarcely realized the change in affairs until the bear once again renewed the charge by backing rapidly down the tree toward him.

Menacing her with the knife, he retreated out along the lifeless limb.

The bear followed, driving her sharp claws into the wood to keep her from falling. Nearer and still nearer came bruin, further and still further out crept poor Charlie, when suddenly there was a terrible crack—the dead wood parted. The bear, losing her balance, struggled desperately for a moment, then swung heavily over, and, with a yell of fear, went crashing to the ground, while the branch, half-broken, sprang sharply upward, throwing the hunter into the air above it!

Charlie's eyes closed, and his brain reeled; but, as his body shot headlong toward death below, he was caught, and, instead of lying with the bear, a mangled heap upon the ground at the foot of the tree, he found himself firmly hanged by his strong knife-belt at the broken end of the great limb upon which, a moment since, he had faced his relentless enemy.

He was saved!

For a little time he hung quietly in order to regain his breath, then began to seek some plan by which he might free himself from his perilous position.

At first he strove to turn and seize the branch above him with his hands, but that he found impossible, so tightly did the belt bind him; then he tried to reach it with his feet, but with no better success; and at length, wearied and dizzy, he desisted. In various ways he sought to raise his body so that it might be relieved from the strain of the belt, but every effort proved fruitless, and his courage gradually failed him; so that, as the light died from the hilltops and the night fairly came down, Charlie hung, limp and motionless, a great black ball at the end of the limb, while bear and hound lay dead below.

The hours passed. The round moon, queen of the night, crept solemnly and silently up from the distant horizon, and shot long rays of pale yellow light through the forest aisles and across the bare and lonely mountain-tops, tinging all with molten silver; the little bell-owl from the evergreen thickets far below tinkled forth his sweet notes, to be answered by the hoarse, echoing hoot of his great white cousin from among the dead pines far above; the hill-foxes barked in their play among the rocks, and the bright-eyed deer crept through the forest toward the spring, silent as ghosts—yet still at the end of the limb dangled the body of the hunter.

The hours passed. The moon sailed overhead in majesty, then followed the pathway of her husband, the sun, down the western sky, and hid herself behind the gloomy Sandanonas; the owls ceased to cry, and flew away to the dense thickets; the hill-foxes chased the deer away from the spring, and scuttled to their holes, and the gray dawn slowly grew in the East.

Miles away, at the little cabin in the clearing, George and Jack had watched and waited through the long night for their companion's return, in vain; and as soon as the light permitted they armed themselves, aroused old Dick, the pointer, and, starting him upon Charlie's trail, with anxious hearts set out upon their search for the missing hunter.

At first the old dog led them but slowly through the tangled forest, but upon reaching the hemlock-tract the scent was newer, and with nose to the earth he trotted rapidly on over rock, ledge and ravine, followed as fast by the troubled friends.

Suddenly the dog sprang forward a few paces, made a sharp stand, and then retreated, whining, to creep at his master's heels.

"He's frightened! There's a bear about here somewhere!" cried George, and he threw his gun to a "ready," and cast suspicious glances about him.

Jack followed his example, and both walked slowly onward a dozen steps, and Jack's rifle went to his shoulder.

George stopped instantly.

"What is that?"

"The bear," whispered Jack.

"Where?" said his brother, peering about. "I do not see him."

"Why, there—just before you—under that great hemlock. He's lying down—he's dead!" and, lowering his gun, the boy sprang forward.

But before he could reach the animal, a sharp cry arrested him, and turning, he saw George standing, with blanched face and staring eyes, pointing to something above them.

He looked up.

There, at the end of a great limb which grew from the hemlock in front of them, hanging limp and apparently lifeless, was the body of their lost cousin, Charlie!

For a few seconds the boys were utterly unnerved.

Was he dead?

"We can't climb up there," said George, at length breaking the silence, "for the limb will not hold us; and there is no other way that I can see of getting at him."

"Yes, there is! I have it!" cried Jack, after a moment's hesitation. "We'll shoot him down."

"What do you mean?" queried his brother.

"Just this," replied he. "I can cut with a rifle-ball the belt which holds him."

"But the fall will kill him, if he's not dead now."

"No, for we will catch him."

"How?"

"With this."

And Jack threw from his shoulders the heavy blanket which he carried.

In ten minutes the blanket was stretched beneath Charlie, supported by strong poles. It would certainly break his fall.

Jack now carefully recharged his rifle, stepped back until he found a smooth standing-place, and slowly raised the weapon to his shoulder.

Then came a sharp crack, a little snap above them, a swaying of the body, and Charlie came crashing down upon the blanket, rebounding, to fall at last lightly upon the earth at George's feet. Instantly both boys were by his side, their hands searching for his heart.

"It beats! it beats!" cried Jack, springing to his feet and flinging his cap into the air. "We'll save him yet!"

And they did. Two hours afterward the three friends stood together around the dead bear.

Poor Brave had been buried. Charlie turned the great body over and pointed to the hole his knife had made, and said:

"I was desperate when I made that wound, boys, and more desperate when, facing bruin, I backed slowly out along the limb up there; but I did not know what utter despair was until, swinging in the night breeze twenty feet above the ground, with dog and bear both dead below me, my eyes closed, and I prayed for death to deliver me from my terrible torture. To fight a bear is one thing, but to be hanged by a bear is another thing!"

IN THE GLASS.

The village of Slapton was as quiet a village as can be. There were few houses in it; and the congregation that gathered every Sunday at the parish church came chiefly from the farms that were scattered broadcast over the surrounding country. The vicar was the Rev. Herbert Gardner, and he was the happy father of some half a dozen children, the eldest of whom, Mattie, was a charming girl of twenty. There was little society in the village, and Mattie's chief ideas of the world at large were drawn from the occasional visits she made to a relative who lived in the neighboring county town. Still, though she was homely and unsophisticated, there was none of that affected simplicity you so often see in girls. She was a frank, fearless, outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and never so happy as when rambling about the old vicarage garden, picking basketfuls of roses for some sick boy or girl, and carrying with them sunshine into some darkened home. And in such works of real love and charity the last few years of her life had been mainly spent. Her father called her "his curate"—and as the living was a small one, she was the only curate he had.

Mattie had been free as yet from "heart disease," though a neighboring squire's son had made several awkward attempts at love-making; and though Mattie quite recognized the compliment he paid her, she never for a moment regarded him in any other light than as a friend, and remained herself perfectly heart-whole. This had happened when she was eighteen, and time had gone on smoothly enough, and at twenty she was still happy in her uneventful lot.

But the smooth run of life's wheels was interrupted at last, and the wheels were jolted out of their usual track; for about this time there came to the village a young surgeon who was looking out for a good opening for practice, and had determined to settle down here. As a matter of course, he and Mattie often met in the houses of the poor, and although not a word of love passed between them, people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what *might* happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was, as usual, amongst her roses, a servant came to say that Dr. Robertson had asked for her father, and, as he was from home, for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm, the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which was fairer—the roses in the basket, or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind, he quickly put them aside, for he said:

"I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones, who is very ill with fever. They are very poor, and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is from home," she said, "and will not return till to-morrow. But I will take them some beef-tea and port, if you think that would be good for him."

"Nothing could be better," said the doctor. "But you must not go there yourself, for fear of infection. I am going past the house, and will take them myself, if you will give them to me."

"No, thank you, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I never shirk my duty nor delegate it to others, so I will take them myself."

"Anyway, let me walk with you, if you are going now, and we can talk about the case as we go."

In a few minutes the beef-tea and the wine were ready, and Mattie sallied forth with the doctor. And this was the way they talked about the case:

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Glorious," said Mattie.

"What has become of you in the evenings lately? I used to see you frequently, but now you are never to be seen."

"Minnie has not been well lately, so I have stayed at home on her account. It is pleasant to know that some one misses me," she said, laughing.

"I miss you a great deal, Miss Mattie—almost as much, if not quite as much, as your own people do. This is Jones's cottage; so now let me take the things in."

"No, indeed; I shall go in myself," said Mattie.

"No, decidedly no," said the doctor. "It can never be your duty to rush into uncalled-for danger. I am *obliged* to see these people, so let me take the basket in."

From that day it began to dawn on Mattie's heart that there was one man who missed her when she was absent, and who tried to keep her out of danger. And little by little this thought grew bigger and took more root until there came a sort of echo to it, which said, "I miss him, too. I wish he had not to risk his life by going to see fever cases." And from that day there was less cordial friendship, and there was more shy reserve in her intercourse with the doctor. And sometimes Dr. Robertson did not know what to make of it, and one evening he said:

"What have I done to vex you, Miss Mattie?"

To which she replied:

"Vex me! Why, nothing, of course. Whatever made you think you had?"

"My own stupidity, I suppose," replied he. "I should be very sorry to vex you, Miss Mattie."

"Then don't talk about it, else you will," she said.

"What a lovely rose that is! Would you mind giving it me to show me you are not vexed?" said the doctor.

XUM

"There are plenty on that bush," she answered. "You can take as many as you like."

"But won't you give me that one? I am going away for a fortnight, and it will be a keepsake—if you will give it to me. Do, please."

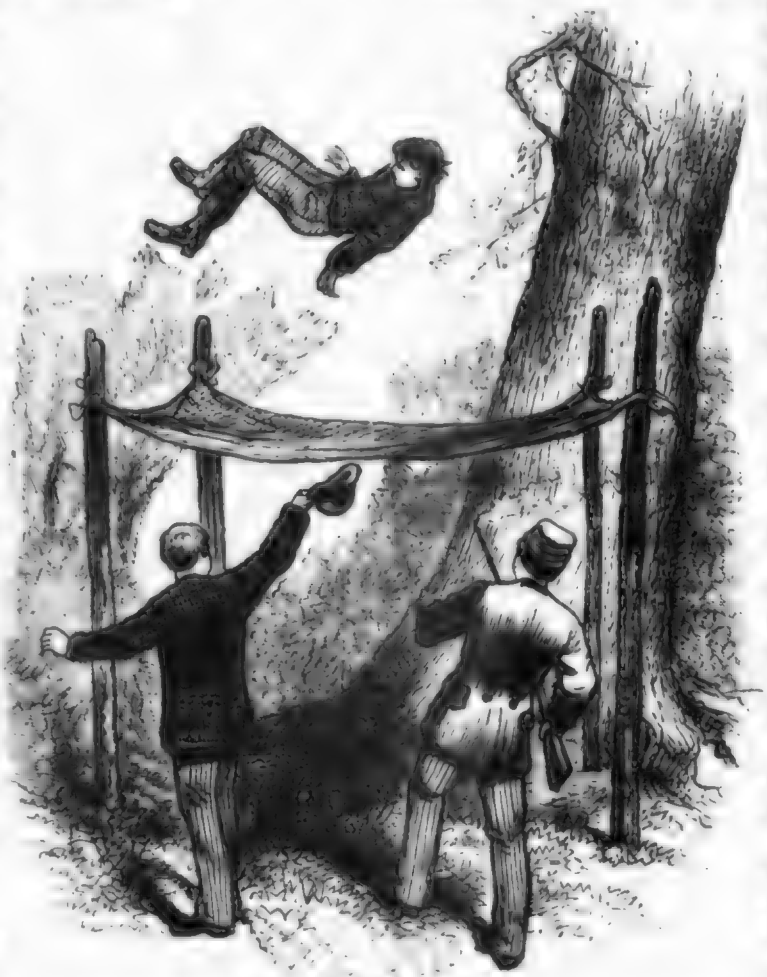
"If you really want it you shall have it," she said, as she took it out of her bosom and gave it to him.

And he, as he pinned it in his coat, said:

"It will remind me of a rose even fairer than itself."

"For shame, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I will not stop to hear such gross flattery," and away she ran toward the house.

"Shake hands first," he cried. "I am going to-morrow, early. One may get smashed up on the journey, so I should like to part friends. It is a long way to Manchester." She gave him her hand, saying:



HANGED BY A BEAR.—"CHARLIE CAME CRASHING DOWN UPON THE BLANKET."—SEE PAGE 315.

"Good-by, Dr. Robertson; I wish you a pleasant journey."

He had been gone about a week, when, as Mattie was coming down the street (if street it could be called), the doctor's housekeeper was standing at the door with a paper in her hand. When Mattie drew near the old woman cried out:

"Laws-a-mussy, Miss Mattie, but do'ee just read this paper. My owd eyes binna so good as they oncest was," and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read:

> "On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M.D., only son of Peter Robertson, M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson, of Bolton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain. And summoning up all her resolution, she said:

"If you write to him, wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber she looked into her heart, and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than any one on earth could be; and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her. Oh, shame, shame! to love where she was not loved—to give her heart unasked! Still, she had never told her love—the secret was her own, and she could keep it inviolate, and meet him on his return without flinching. And although she had no power to put him out of her heart, she could and would prevent her mind from dwelling upon him.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing amongst her roses with a very sad heart, when she saw Dr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her, and she tried to return his salutation as she would that of any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks, and it was but a stiff and unfriendly little bow that she gave him. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she should be so unhappy, she heard footsteps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning, saw Dr. Robertson advancing eagerly toward her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about "glad to see you," when the doctor broke in with:

"Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to a wedding since I left Slapton, and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know," she said; "I saw your wife walking with you this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face. "And where were you looking when you saw her—in the glass?"

She looked up at him quickly, then her eyes dropped before the expression of his, and again the tell-tale blush overspread face and neck.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained. "Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it; and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

A Chicago rag-dealer estimates that each of the 50,000,000 people of the United States discards an average of five pounds of clothing yearly, which makes 250,000,000 pounds for the whole. Then, he says, there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity, in the aggregate, than the cast-off clothing of the nation at large, while their quality as rags is greatly superior. Then there are carpets and bedding, and curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. These different articles combined make up another 250,000,000 pounds of cloth material which has been discarded from use, and which eventually finds its way into the ragman's bale. His estimate is that 100 car loads of rags enter and leave Chicago daily.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

THE DARLINGS OF OUR HOME.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter VII.

Three weeks elapsed—weeks during which Kenneth fixed his mind as persistently as he could upon the study of Florence's feelings, to discover whether his mother's suspicions were correct. The two were together a great deal; they rode and walked, and held long talks in Florence's boudoir, and with each succeeding day a new liking and admiration grew up between them.

But in spite of her sweetness, her intelligence, and her thousand charms, Kenneth knew that the lovely girl had no power to soothe his wounded heart; his liking and friendship held no approach to the tenderness which he had tried to make himself believe would be a return for love—if she loved him.

He had not been able to thrust from his mind the suggestion offered in her momentary emotion the day he had mentioned Reginald Seymour's name. The better he learned to know Florence, the stronger grew his conviction that she was not a mere dreaming girl, whose heart had never wakened. Some real experience had taught her to think and feel like a woman—but not a sentiment living and present, as would have been the case if he were its object. It seemed to him a memory—a phase which had ended, and which she was trying to live past completely. So it seemed to him sometimes; then again a return of her shyness, her shrinking, would bring back his mother's assertions, and he could not accuse himself of vanity when he unavoidably wondered if she were right.

While this uncertainty lasted it was impossible that he should succeed in the effort which he wanted to make, in case it were true that the girl cared for him, to teach his heart to find in her a refuge from trouble. To reach the truth became an absolute necessity, but not solvable by any means in his power, since he could not force himself upon her confidence.

His heart was sore and sick—if she cared for him—if she cared! His misery rendered him unconsciously selfish; he half forgot that to try to woo peace for himself in her affection might wreck her happiness; it seemed to him that if she loved him, to make her his wife would be the surest bar against the past—the past which must be buried, and a new existence erected on its grave, else his whole future become a waste and wreck.

The weeks fled with that rapidity which astonishes one when there are no important events to mark the days, for the confidence and friendship which grew up between Florence and Kenneth was so gradual that neither took much heed, save when now and then the recollection of some long, earnest talk would remind them both what a different stand-point their acquaintance had reached to enable them to converse so freely.

The elders of the party left them a great deal to themselves; even the occasional knots of visitors, whose coming altered somewhat the ordinary routine of domestic life, did not greatly interfere with their unrestrained intercourse. Mrs. Alderly and Mr. Gresham exchanged little confidence in regard to their mutual hopes, satisfied that not far off in the future they should see them realized, unavoidably growing nearer and nearer together, as people do who have a common interest.

Mrs. Alderly was in a mood so sunny that her desire to please her brother-in-law ceased to be an effort; and now that he might prove a help instead of a hindrance to her plans, she could appreciate his admirable qualities. Even the old ground of hatred assumed a different complexion in her eyes; as events were turning out, his audacity in marrying her sister became pardonable, since it was likely to be the original cause of bringing such golden results to her niece and son. She did not burden herself with any repentance for her former wickedness toward him; her way of viewing the matter was, that she forgave the past on account of the benefits she and hers would reap in the future from its effects, and she was able to feel also that she showed great magnanimity in granting this pardon, which was an agreeable sensation to indulge, and made her still better disposed toward him.

And he, naturally interpreting her manner to signify that she recognized he had fully forgiven the troubles she had brought into his past, and was grateful because he had done so, went rather to an extreme in his judgment, as generous natures are apt to do, and convinced himself that he had erred in the old days in thinking her false and deliberately wicked. She had been blinded by temper and had acted from impulse, he decided; and her conduct, viewed in that light, became much easier to pardon, and left ample reason for supposing that she might have succeeded in overcoming her faults.

But, alas for Mr. Gresham's contentment and Mrs. Alderly's schemes! those long, bright midsummer days which had come now had carried the two young people so far in their intimacy that the time was close at hand when their new knowledge of each other's characters must inevitably lead to discoveries that would overthrow utterly the plans meditated by their elders, and prove to the youthful pair how much Mrs. Alderly had unintentionally deceived them and herself.

More and more deeply the suspicion settled upon Kenneth's mind that his mother was right in believing Florence had nourished some girlish dream; but with equal force grew the doubt that he was in any way connected therewith, till at length he felt that in justice to her and himself he must learn the truth, and he determined to employ the first favorable opportunity for that purpose.

He came upon her one afternoon seated in a remote part of the grounds with a book lying in her lap, but he knew by her face that she was lost in deep thought.

"Do I disturb you?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "I am incorrigibly indolent to-day; I have tried to practice—to draw—I gave up in disgust and came out, but I didn't succeed even in reading—it must be the weather."

"Then it has been affecting you for several days," he said, sitting down on the bench beside her. "You have been absent and preoccupied—had one of your odd little seasons of avoiding me."

He looked at her; she returned his glance without a blush; her sensitive mouth quivered slightly, but certainly there was no sign of girlish confusion either in face or manner.

"You know you have such seasons?" he persisted.

"I believe I do have unsocial moods now and then," she replied, with a rather forced smile; "but I am not in one of them to-day, and I hope you don't think me ungrateful for your friendship—you used to treat me like a little girl, and that I suppose hurt my vanity."

"You see I was a blind goose, and did not know what a wise small woman you are."

"In the first place, I am not small," she said, laughing; "I am a good deal taller than Miss Gresham."

He noticed that she was eager to keep the conversation gay and bantering—he longed to discover what feeling impelled her.

"Oh, I'll pay you as many compliments as you like," said he. "You are of a 'just height,' as Shakespeare says."

"I beg your pardon, it was Queen Elizabeth," retorted she.

She sat playing with some flowers he had gathered and laid in her lap; he wondered what she was thinking about, and at last the question left his lips involuntarily; then he added, quickly:

"I am afraid that was rude."

"I don't mind telling you," she replied, "though perhaps you will think it wicked. I often wish I had no money—that I was obliged to work. It seems wrong to be idle—it is such an empty life."

"I am sure you are not idle, and you make a number of people very happy. What would my mother do without you?"

"Yes; but I may have a long life to live—it is dreadful to think of never doing anything—never accomplishing any object which would give a point and aim to existence."

"I suppose your destiny will overtake you sometime," he said, quickly; "like most other girls, you will marry."

"I doubt if I ever shall," she replied, composedly, though there was a faint echo of sadness in her voice.

"Oh, young ladies always say that," he cried, endeavoring to speak playfully, though at bottom he was serious enough; a little fluttered, too, at recognizing how unexpectedly he had reached the goal he wanted to reach—the discovery of her real feelings.

"Yes, I know they do; but I say it with something more of certainty in myself than many girls of my age would," she answered, looking courageously at him, though the roses deepened in her cheeks.

"Now, I suppose if I were to ask the question that naturally rises in my mind, it would sound discourteous," returned he, trying to preserve his half jesting tone and manner.

She looked at him still, but her face did not reflect his smile—it was grave and earnest. She was slightly embarrassed, he could see, but plainly she did not mean to let any girlish hesitancy conquer some determination which had risen in her mind.

"There is no fear that I should think any question of yours discourteous," she replied; "what is it that my remark suggested?"

"Well, it seems tolerably impertinent."

"But since I insist on hearing," she rejoined, smiling now.

"Oh, then I must say it, if only to keep you from thinking it might be ruder than it is. Did you mean that you do not think yourself capable of falling in love?"

She dropped her eyes for an instant, looked up at him again, and asked, in an odd tone:

"And you? Do you think yourself capable?"

The suddenness of the inquiry fairly startled him; he felt himself change color, but he tried to laugh.

"Men are supposed to do that very often," he replied.

"Some men may," she said, regarding him with a more searching glance than he had ever caught from her gentle eyes. "I think, no longer ago than when you came here this time, I fancied you were one of those men. I know you better now, and I am certain I did you injustice."

What did she mean? Was she intending to put his feelings for her to the test? No, she was too womanly and delicate for that; nor was the question a mere effort to turn the tables and avoid an answer to his question—she had some grave motive in her demand.

"At least I must thank you for having got a higher opinion of me since we really became acquainted," he said.

"I am not jesting, Kenneth," she replied. "You set me an example of frankness—you cannot be offended. If you want my secrets, it is just I should know yours."

She had brought him to a sudden no thoroughfare; but even if he had wished to deceive her—which certainly he did not—he felt that it would have been impossible; he knew that his face had answered her.

"I know what you are thinking," she said, quickly; "you are right, too—you don't need to speak—you have answered me." She held out her hand, adding: "My question was cruel—I beg your pardon. I am glad I asked it, though; I mean to punish myself by replying in my turn. You have no heart to give any woman now—well, I too, once cared very much for a certain person. It never came to anything; I thought for a while he cared, but I was mistaken—he went away, and I have never seen him since. There, it hurts, but I am glad you know—we can be really friends now—we could not until this confidence came about on both sides."

He was too much puzzled to find a word; she had grown rather pale, but she was very calm.

"I won't say more. I hope it doesn't sound unwomanly," she continued. "Kenneth, I am not blind—not a child; I could not help seeing what your mother and Mr. Gresham wish. Until I was certain you did not share it, I was ill at ease with you. These last weeks have convinced me that you regard me as I do you—a dear relative—so now, I can speak, you won't think I show a lack of modesty."

It was plain to him that, in her belief he would end by loving Florence, his mother had led the girl to think his feelings already enlisted—he did not dream of blaming her—she had erred unintentionally.

"You are brave and honest; I thank you," he said.

She laughed now, and rejoined, rather mischievously:

"And I have set your mind at rest as much as my own. You did know what those two dear people want."

"Yes—I did."

"But, my dear cousin, much as we love them, we must live our own lives; near together, I hope, but not as they wish."

Kenneth forgot himself and in her anxiety for the parent of whom he was so tender.

"The poor mother," he said.

"Yes, I know—she will be dreadfully disappointed—leave her alone. By the time she realizes that, much as we love her, our lives and our wills must remain our own, she will be strong and well, and able to bear her disappointment," said Florence. "There, Kenneth, I am quite at rest now. You think me a fearful specimen of a strong-minded woman to take the initiative in this fashion, but I could not resist when you gave me the opportunity."

"You are perfect!" he exclaimed.

"As a cousin—so are you," she answered, pleasantly.

It was full two hours after that Mrs. Alderly, standing at the window of her room, saw the pair approaching the house; they were talking earnestly, and Florence's head was bowed, and Kenneth leaning eagerly toward her.

"The end comes nearer and nearer," she thought, turning away with a glow of triumph at her heart. "Nearer and nearer, and as for that wicked, wicked woman—ah, well, I think I have found the way now—she shall neither trouble us nor that poor Madge any longer."

CHAPTER VIII.

At first the disappointment and shock of her failure to induce Will Hudson to retrieve the wrong he had done, almost prostrated Elinor Stuart, brave and strong as she was. But the necessity for performing her daily duties nerved her, and gradually the wonderful spirit of resignation, which never deserted her, even in the darkest hours, helped her to get back toward tranquillity. She clung fast to her faith, telling herself over and over that every unavoidable trouble which befalls a human being must have a reason, and is therefore to be accepted with patience, so that at length its "perfect work" may lift and purify the soul of the sufferer, even though any actual lightening of the burden never come.

"After all," she said one day to Miss Seymour, "I am only where I was before. For a time it seemed as if a new trouble had overtaken me; but that was because I let myself grow morbid, almost despairing. I see things as they are now—I don't mean to distress you by my gloomy face any longer. You have been very, very good to me, Lucy! I'm afraid I have tried you and Reginald a good deal by my low spirits—but I won't any more."

"You have borne it all like an angel!" cried Miss Seymour, wiping away a few quiet tears. "Reginald and I were talking about you only yesterday; he said your courage was greater than that of some early Christian martyr, who had merely physical suffering to bear."

"Reginald is worthy to be your brother—I could not give him higher praise," returned Elinor, kissing her friend's soft, pallid cheeks. "It has been such a comfort to have you both here—what should I have done except for your sympathy and companionship! You naughty Lucy, you were saying, only the other day, you were useless—unable to help anybody in the world. You can't say that again."

"It was a silly speech," Miss Seymour answered. "I am ashamed to have made it—every human being can be of use in some way to those about, if only by showing patience in sickness or trouble. But I should never be able to approach you, Elinor—the way in which you have gone on with your work—cheerful as if you had no care beyond, has been a lesson that, as Reginald says, only sticks or stones could fail to profit by."

"Oh, the work has been my greatest comfort, next to you," Elinor said, smiling. "And now I have put these recent harassing memories back into the past, along with the old troubles, and I mean to lock the door on them so securely that they cannot escape to worry me by so much as a whisper or a breath."

"You will do it!" Miss Seymour rejoined. "Oh, Elinor, you can never be actively unhappy long—you live too completely out of yourself—too occupied for others."

"And, indeed, I have a great deal to be thankful for—it is worse than wicked, it is voluntary idiocy, to let a trouble, however great, make one blind to the blessings one has left," Elinor said. "I like my work—my girls have grown almost as dear to me as if they really belonged to me—my actual life is pleasant and quiet. The past is gone—the future has not come; I have a plain duty, and that is neither to look back nor forward."

"Yes, that is the true philosophy for a life like yours or mine," Miss Seymour said.

"And now we will have done talking about my little woes," rejoined Elinor; "it must be bad to discuss the inevitable, it is a sort of fretting of one's miseries. I wanted to say what I have, and I want you to repeat it to Reginald—he has been so good to me—I can't have him worried by thinking that I am despondent and morbid."

"He knows you are incapable of being so," replied Miss Seymour; "but he will be glad when I tell him—I think no man ever had so tender a heart as Reginald."

"No, indeed; he is gentle and sympathetic as a woman, for all he is so strong and manly."

"He has had trouble enough himself to know how to feel for others," sighed Miss Seymour.

"Yes, I know that from little things he has told me—ah, there is one who never complains."

"Never! Many men would have grown hard and bitter under an experience like his, but it has only made him more gentle," Miss Seymour said. "He was played with and deceived in the most heartless manner, by a wretched little coquette, but it has not left him suspicious or unbelieving toward women."

"No, his head is too broad for that," Elinor answered. "Here he comes now, for us to go and take a walk."

Reginald entered, with his usual bright smile and cheerful manner, upbraiding them gayly for not having come to meet him as he returned from a sketching expedition.

"You would sit gossiping indoors all the evening, if I were not here to drag you out," he said. "Elinor, I have just been having a flirtation with your model landlady, and she gave me some fresh buttermilk to drink. She says you would be perfect if you only liked it, but you don't, so she considers me your superior."

"She is one of the best women in the world," Elinor replied; "I used to think there could never be such a comfortable person for landlady as her sister, but Mrs. Tyndal equals her. Indeed, they are so much alike in face and manner that I feel quite confused sometimes, and inclined to believe it must be my old Mrs. Mosely under another name."

"Your sentence is ungrammatical and your meaning obscure, Queen Elinor," retorted Reginald. "That comes of stopping in the house too long, so get your hat and we will have a stroll."

These exchanges of visits and pleasant walks and drives were daily occurrences; most of Elinor's leisure time was spent in the society of her congenial friends, and the days and weeks slipped on so rapidly that they were all three astonished when midsummer overtook them.

Reginald discovered plenty of subjects upon which to exercise his pencil in the picturesque surroundings of the neighborhood, and besides, he was painting Elinor's portrait, though this work went on rather slowly, partly because she had not much leisure to give at home when the light was good, and partly because he found it difficult to satisfy himself, and he used playfully to declare the fault hers, and they had many merry contests over the matter.

Miss Seymour's eyesight continued to fail, but she suffered less pain than in the Spring, and was always cheerful and uncomplaining; and Elinor had reached a standpoint where her own cheerfulness grew less and less of an effort—so much reward she was already reaping from her determination and fortitude.

August came with its gorgeous skies, and now Elinor had four weeks of entire freedom before her, as the school closed for a month's vacation; and she was tired enough to be glad of the rest. The weather was unusually cool for the season, and the trio fully enjoyed the long sunny days, and mutual admiration and friendship ripened into an affection between Elinor and her companions which was as strong, and would be as lasting, as if near ties of blood had bound them together.

Reginald could not remain in America longer than the first of October, and he often spoke to his sister about proposing to Elinor to spend the Winter with her, since the state of her health would render it necessary for her to have some lady as companion during his absence. But Miss Seymour would not allow him to mention the matter to Miss Stuart.

"It would not be right," she said; "she would find it hard to refuse, and would convince herself that she ought to go, but it would be a waste of her time and talents—I can't hear of it. Much as I should enjoy her society, I should all the while be reproaching myself, and that would make me miserable."

"She could easily get another situation when she left you," Reginald said; "or, indeed, she might stop. When I come home for good I must live in New York, and you don't like living there—it never agrees with you—and often in the Winter you would have to be alone."

"Then I must find some one else," Miss Seymour replied. "I could not reconcile it to my conscience to tie a woman like Elinor down to such a narrow life, such petty duties—she does too much good in her position as teacher."

She was so persistent and earnest that the matter dropped, Miss Seymour making her brother promise that he would not even give a hint to Elinor, lest she should conceive it her duty to offer to take the position; and though he regretted deeply the loss to Lucy, he felt that she was right.

The month was drawing to an end; in a few days Elinor would resume her occupations, and before long the brother and sister must think of their departure, as Reginald wished to establish Lucy in her own house and spend a little time there previous to his voyage.

The three talked very little about the separation which drew so near, but the recollection made them the more eagerly seize every moment that could be spent together. The weather had turned rainy and wet; Miss Seymour was confined a good deal to the house, so Elinor used to go there morning after morning, and often remained till bed-time. Reginald employed that opportunity to finish the portrait, which proved very successful, though he was far from contented, while Elinor declared that nobody would ever suppose she had sat for the picture of the handsome woman he had painted.

One afternoon, Reginald had taken advantage of a lull in the storm to go for a long tramp, and Elinor spent the hours alone with Miss Seymour, as the relative she was visiting had been called from home for a few days.

At last, Miss Seymour lay down on the sofa to take a nap, and Elinor, tired of reading aloud, began to amuse herself by turning over a portfolio of Reginald's sketches. They were early productions, which he despised; but his sister cherished the whole with loving care, and had brought them with her to exhibit to her cousin. But her brother's unexpected arrival, with so many of his recent efforts to display, had made Lucy forget her treasures; and they had never been brought to light until that morning, when some discussion between Elinor and Reginald reminded Miss Seymour of the portfolio. She had hunted it out of her boxes, but a new book, which arrived by post, soon engrossed the three so completely that Elinor had not examined the old sketches.

While her friend slept, she sat down by the table and opened the portfolio. There were all sorts of pretty bits of Vermont and Catskill scenery; Florentine views taken as long ago as when Elinor had been near them in Tuscany, and these interested her greatly, with the half sad, half pleasant memories they roused of her early youth, and the bright dreams and ambitions which she had so completely laid aside, that it scarcely seemed as if the enthusiastic girl who had indulged them could have had connection with her present self.

She sat there so long that Miss Seymour wakened from her nap, but seeing Elinor occupied, lay still; and presently Reginald returned from his walk, with the announcement that the sky had cleared, and if only the sun came forth, as it promised, Lucy would be able to get out-of-

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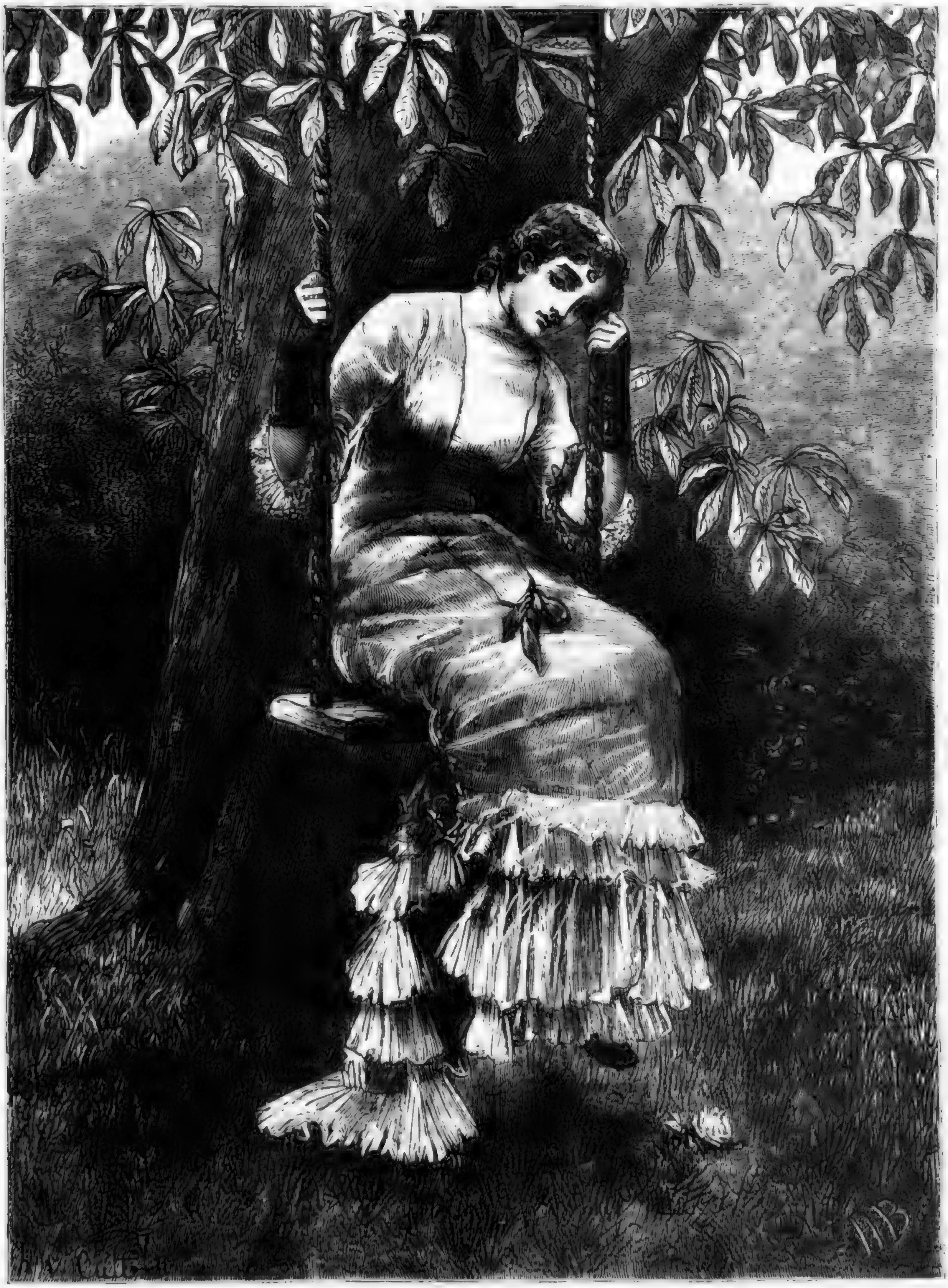
doors, and watch its setting. He went up to the table, and leaning over Elinor, he appeared greatly interested as she began putting the sketches in place.

"I have not looked at them all, but there are a good many very nice bits among them, Reginald. There are several things you might finish up into pictures."



THE OLD SWING.—SEE POEM, "MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD," PAGE 351.

"Good gracious, Lucy!" he said; "you don't mean to say you travel about with those old things in your trunk?"

"Indeed, I do! They are beautiful," she cried, indignantly.

He laughed; but Elinor added·

She handed him two or three, and began searching further in the portfolio. Presently she lifted one to the back of which another sketch had got fastened; she separated them carefully, and saw a head in crayon—the portrait of a young girl, so lovely and charming that she cried out:

"Oh, who is this!—where was it done?"

Reginald took the paper from her hand. She heard him give a quick, gasping breath, and looked up in wonder. He was pale to his very lips, and his eyes had a strained, troubled expression which quite startled her. In an instant it flashed across her mind whose portrait it must be—that of the girl who had so basely trifled with his happiness.

She hastily averted her head, seized another sketch, and was about to make some remark concerning it, but Miss Seymour, overhearing her first words, called from her sofa:

"What is it?—what have you found? Something even Reginald thinks tolerable?"

Reginald laid the sketch down on the table, and answered, quietly:

"Only a crayon head I did a couple of years ago—not bad at all, eh, Elinor? But I must go and change my boots; I believe they are damp."

He left the room, and as soon as he was beyond hearing, Miss Seymour cried, in a voice of alarm and distress:

"Bring me that sketch, Elinor." As soon as she looked at it, her trouble increased. "How could I be so careless?" she moaned. "I had no idea it was there: I thought he had destroyed it long ago. Oh, to think I should have been the means of giving my poor boy such pain!"

"It is the portrait of the girl he loved?" Elinor said, in a low tone, full of sympathy.

"Yes," returned Miss Seymour—"that is she. Who would believe such a sweet, pure face could hold a soul so mean and petty? Soul! She couldn't have had any. Such a creature as Florence Denham is a sort of human butterfly, but armed with a rattlesnake's deadly sting!"

"Florence Denham!" repeated Elinor, in a voice as agitated as her friend's.

"Yes. Had I not told you her name? Do you know her?"

"I never saw her—I have heard of her," Elinor answered, shrinking away from the sketch, as if the sight of it hurt her.

"I should like to tear it up, but I must not—he might ask for it!" exclaimed Miss Seymour. "Oh, the wicked, wicked girl!"

"Were they actually engaged?" Elinor asked.

"No. He had never, perhaps, told her in so many words he loved her, but she knew it! She acted so that he had every encouragement to speak—he was going to do it that very day; and then her aunt, Mrs. Alderly, came and told him the truth."

"Ah, it only needed that he should have to hear it told as her lips would tell it!" Elinor said, bitterly.

"I must do her justice. She was very kind to Reginald; she reproached herself for not having noticed what was going on. She tried, of course, to screen her niece—said Florence had been thoughtless; now that she perceived he loved her, she was frightened, and wanted her aunt to tell him that she was engaged to her cousin."

Elinor sat silent. Although she had been perfectly frank with Miss Seymour, she had not revealed the personal secret of her heart—she could not do that even to her kind friend, and Lucy was unaware that Kenneth Alderly had been more than a mere passing acquaintance.

"I don't suppose Reginald would have told me," she went on, "if he had had time to school himself. But he came straight away to my house, and the poor fellow was so completely broken down that he could not hide anything from me. We have never spoken of the girl from that day to this! Oh, put that picture away out of sight! Hark! there's Reginald going out. Take it up-stairs and lay it in my trunk—do—I can't bear to see it!"

Elinor went slowly away to obey her friend's request, keeping her eyes averted from the sketch which seemed fairly to burn her fingers, like some noxious, poisonous thing. Ah, the girl and her cousin were fit mates—both worthy pupils of a woman like Mrs. Alderly!

But, by the time Elinor had hidden the portrait, her mood grew calmer. She was ashamed to have indulged in such passionate bitterness; it was a lowering of her own nature, even to feel resentment toward a man capable of behaving as Kenneth Alderly had done. As for the girl, she was doubtless too weak and vacuous even to comprehend the wickedness of her own conduct; it was impossible that Reginald Seymour, with his lofty soul, could long suffer from the treachery of a creature at once so mean and so unprincipled.

As she went down-stairs, she saw Reginald entering the hall. He held a letter in his hand, and called out:

"This is for you, Queen Elinor! I met Mr. Chesney's boy at the gate. He said he had been at your house, and Mrs. Tyndal told him you were here—so he brought it on."

"But Mr. Chesney is not at home—he wasn't to come back from New York till to-morrow," Elinor answered, not thinking much about the note, so engrossed was she in studying Reginald's face, which had already got back its usual composure. She felt proud of her friend, to see how quickly and determinedly he had roused himself from the effects of the sudden and painful blow the sight of that picture must have given.

"Oh, yes, he is back—I forgot to tell you," Reginald said. "I saw him in the street as I was starting for my walk. By-the-way, he gave me a very stately bow, and sailed on before I could ask him if he'd had a pleasant journey. He's a very elephantine old party."

"He is rather pompous, but he seems a kind man," Elinor said. "I believe the other trustees of the school have to give in to him more than they like, as he is president of the board; but he is the most intelligent of the set, even if he is tyrannical."

"He is an old noodle. I was sure of that the first time I ever saw him," returned Reginald, contemptuously. "But here is your letter. What on earth should he write to you for?"

"I fancy about some changes I proposed to him in the music-room," said Elinor. "He promised to think of the matter. He often writes me little notes. He is very proud, evidently, of his epistolary powers, and always uses the longest words he can find."

"It all looks suspicious!" cried Reginald, gayly. "Queen Elinor, he is a widower. It is my opinion that he has written to propose a new situation to you."

"No," said Elinor, laughing; "he does not really approve of me—he says I have too many opinions. We came near quarreling once, and as he was obliged to own himself in the wrong, he has never forgiven me."

"You'll discover that only hid his real sentiments. I am sure this is an offer of marriage, and done in a style worthy of Dr. Johnson."

They entered the sitting-room, both laughing, and the sound of Reginald's merriment lifted a great weight off Miss Seymour's mind.

"What has happened to amuse you so much?" she asked.

"Elinor has just got an offer of marriage," Reginald declared. "She is so overcome that she wants your smelling-salts!"

"What does this absurd boy mean, Elinor?" demanded Miss Seymour, so relieved by Reginald's composure that she was able to laugh at his nonsensical jest. "If I am to congratulate you, say so; I hate being kept in suspense! Who is the fortunate man?"

"Mr. Chesney!" groaned Reginald.

"Oh, the old horror!" cried Miss Seymour. "Elinor, I forbid the bans!"

"Then I suppose I must obey," returned Elinor. "But first I will read the letter—that is only just."

"She pretends to think it is about some school matter," added Reginald; "but she knows very well it is not! She looks dreadfully puffed up by the honor in store for her. Oh, the vanity of women! Such a pompous old wretch as he—like a mud-turtle that has swallowed a dictionary, and not been able to digest it."

"That is sheer masculine envy and jealousy," returned Elinor.

"Well, read your letter and end my suspense," cried Miss Seymour.

Elinor carelessly opened the envelope, still laughing at the jesting nonsense Reginald pursued her with, while busy arranging the cushions of his sister's sofa.

"Thanks, my boy," Lucy said, looking up into his face with loving eyes that asked pardon for the trouble she had unwittingly caused him.

He stooped over the couch and kissed her, with a smile that warmed her heart like sunshine.

"We will go for a walk," he said.

He was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from Elinor; they both turned toward her; she was standing in the centre of the room, holding out the letter, her eyes staring toward them dilated with pain.

"Elinor, Elinor!" cried Miss Seymour.

"For God's sake, what is it?" exclaimed Reginald.

They hurried forward; she put up the hand in which the open sheet fluttered like a leaf.

"I am driven out," she said, in a slow, difficult voice.

"Driven out?" they repeated, in the same breath.

"Yes; I am discharged as not fit to be the instructress of young girls—I am accused of duplicity in not having told what happened at Laughton. Oh, read the letter, Reginald—read it!"

It was a harsh, cruel epistle, dictated by a narrow, malevolent spirit. Mr. Chesney began by saying that he had never felt that confidence in her or her abilities which his coadjutors had entertained. During his stay in New York an acquaintance of his had come back from Laughton, where, by good fortune, business had called him. While there he learned that Miss Stuart had been expelled from her school in disgrace; forced actually to fly from the town to escape the just indignation of the whole village, at conduct which had come near resulting in the murder of an honest and deeply wronged man.

Mr. Chesney went on to state that he had reached home that morning. His first step had been to call a meeting of the trustees—their decision was unanimous. He wrote as the president of the board, to inform Miss Stuart that her services in the school were no longer required.

Reginald's impulse was to rush out in search of the vindictive wretch, and punish him for the manner in which he had couched his dismissal, but his sister's terrified entreaties and Elinor's expostulations speedily brought his reason back, and he was able to see that to take any notice whatever would only harm her.

Elinor was more calm than either of them; but in a fashion terribly akin to the calmness of despair.

"I must go away," she said, "but where? I shall find no place in which I can be safe! If I tell my story, no school will accept me; if I keep silence, I shall be tracked by my enemies, and sooner or later driven out as I am now. Where shall I go?—what shall I do?"

"You will come home—come to my home and yours," cried Miss Seymour, taking her in her arms.

"What we wanted, but Lucy would not let me propose it," Reginald said; "she thought it would be a waste of your time and talents—so it may be, but heaven knows, Elinor, there is no position in which you could be doing more good, small as the way is."

"You are too kind—you are too kind!" she cried.

"Kind to ourselves," said Miss Seymour. "Elinor, think of me, alone this Winter, or with some stranger about, and Reginald gone! Think of what may lie before me; don't leave me—promise, Elinor, promise!"

And Elinor laid her head upon her friend's shoulder with a burst of grateful tears, feeling as if the frail arms which folded her so close were strong to shield her from this last and terrible blow.

Chapter IX.

"SUCH a lovely afternoon, aunty dear—it is a shame to stay another moment in the house," said Florence Denham, entering the library where Mrs. Alderly was seated, engaged with her correspondence—always a large one, for she excelled in letter-writing, and took great pride in the talent. "Now you have done enough for one day—four, no, five epistles as long as books—oh, you naughty aunty, to go tiring yourself in this fashion! it is not to be permitted. I promised Kenneth to be very severe with you while he was gone, and I must do my duty."

"You are a spoiled little tyrant," returned Mrs. Alderly, fondling her white hand, playfully laid on her portfolio, and looking up into the girl's face with an admiring smile. "Really, Florence, I think you grow prettier every day."

"Don't hope to flatter me into a neglect of my duty," cried Florence. "And I need to improve in looks not to be completely cast in the shade by you, since you have got so well and strong—really, aunty, these months have done wonders for you."

"Yes, I am getting well as fast as possible," Mrs. Alderly replied; "and how fast the time has gone! I was quite astounded while dating my letters, to find that November was half over."

"And next week we must flit," said Florence; "I shall be very sorry to go—the quiet here is delicious."

"Few girls would have been content to sacrifice themselves for a cross, ailing old aunt, as you have done," returned Mrs. Alderly. "But never mind, we shall be able to have gayeties enough in town; I am so well now that I can afford to give you a little pleasure—my conscience begins to reproach me for making you lead this dull life so long."

"As if I were likely to be that with you and Uncle Fred to spoil me," cried Florence—she had adopted that title for Mr. Gresham as a compromise between a more formal appellation and the name of father, which, never having been taught to employ in her childhood, would have proved difficult now, dearly as she loved him.

"And I hope Kenneth counts for something," said Mrs. Alderly, laughing.

"Oh, yes," Florence answered, with a little blush, which her aunt misinterpreted; "and Miss Gresham, too."

"By-the-way, how is she this afternoon? I have been so busy that I did not go up to her room after luncheon."

"She is quite comfortable. I left her almost asleep—she thinks of coming down to dinner."

The spinster had not been well for several days, though her indisposition was not severe enough to cause any anxiety, and Mrs. Alderly was by no means sorry to have less of her company. Sometimes the old maid's placidity and innate goodness irritated the imperious woman almost beyond endurance; though in her own mind she did not ascribe her exasperation to its right cause, believing that it was what she elected to term Miss Gresham's narrow range of ideas and lack of individuality which fretted her.

"Now I am going to order the ponies," said Florence; "I shall tell Watkins to bring down your bonnet and shawl, so put away that last letter—you have written more than enough."

"I shall have finished by the time you are ready," her aunt replied. "It is to Kenneth, and I want it to go to-day. I am getting quite jealous—his last two letters have been to you."

"Because you made me act as your amanuensis—he thought it was only polite to address his answer to me," Florence said, laughing, as she left the room; but her aunt caught the second blush which tinged her cheeks, and was satisfied.

In these days Florence often felt a little guilty when Mrs. Alderly talked of her son, knowing that she mistook the terms upon which they stood, for since the explanation between the young pair their intercourse had ripened into an intimacy which might easily have deceived any looker-on into the belief that it meant more than friendship. Mrs. Alderly was perfectly satisfied with the way matters went on, and left them both entirely free from the hints and suggestions she had formerly been in the habit of throwing out. She had known that at the time when she used all her efforts to make Kenneth believe the girl cared for him, Florence's heart was as far from being touched as her son's, but she was convinced that both had greatly changed in their feelings, and were drifting fast, still half unconsciously, toward the consummation which she devoutly desired to see reached.

She had done it—the work was all hers—now she could safely leave the culmination of events to time. Florence's credence that Kenneth secretly loved her, and was only held back by her indifference, had attracted the girl toward him, and caused her utterly to forget that silly dream, which, but for Mrs. Alderly's prompt action in bringing it to a close, might have become an insuperable barrier to her plans. And Kenneth, persuaded that Florence's affections had been unintentionally won, had yielded to the spell which such conviction brings over a man's vanity, and gradually he was finding relief for his sore heart and wounded pride in his cousin's charms.

Mrs. Alderly had known that it would be so; she smiled to herself now as she folded her letter, to think how little time it had taken to gather the threads of these young people's lives in her potent hands and weave them according to her wish. She had done her best for both—they would be happy. Not a moment's regret or shame of the base means she had employed to effect her purpose ever troubled her; that others suffered through her work was a matter of perfect indifference. She felt no active animosity toward Reginald Seymour, because it had been easy enough to remove him from Florence's path; but she could not forget how imminent the danger her projects had run from Elinor Stuart—she could not forget that Elinor knew her for what she was, and this recollection added to the hatred which the consciousness of the terrible injuries she had inflicted upon the friendless girl had engendered in her mind.

Under ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Alderly's love of society and the world, wherein she found herself a power, was so strong that even a care for her own health could not have induced her to pass all those late months in retirement. But at any place of fashionable resort Florence and Kenneth would have been kept so much apart that the Summer spent therein could have brought no such results as these which filled her with content. She felt that she had made a sacrifice for the pair, and there was a pleasure, too, in that sensation, though the weeks had offered sufficient change and distraction, so that to most women of fifty the sacrifice would not have appeared perceptible.

There had been numerous visitors in the course of the Summer; besides inviting friends of his own, Mr. Gresham had insisted on Mrs. Alderly's extending invitations to anybody she might wish, just as if she were in her own house. Both had made their selections with care, and the result had been a succession of agreeable knots of people during August, Mrs. Alderly's health having so much improved that even Kenneth could put by his anxiety.

Then, toward the middle of September, the four had gone on a journey, and spent an entire month in wandering about from one pleasant haunt to another, Mrs. Alderly's satisfaction increased by the fact that good Miss Gresham saw fit to remain at home.

The guests had decided to go to town after their trip, but Mr. Gresham pleaded hard for them to return to his house; Florence and Kenneth seemed well pleased, and Mrs. Alderly had consented.

The weather remained so lovely that until lately there had been no talk of going away. For the last few days Mr. Gresham and Kenneth had been absent; some business matter had called them both into West Virginia, but the ensuing week would see them at home again, and then Mrs. Alderly proposed to end her retirement. She hoped and trusted that on Kenneth's return matters would reach a climax between him and his cousin; but if they did not, she must still be patient—perhaps in that case, going back to the whirl of society, and seeing Florence admired and courted therein, might rouse a little masculine susceptibility in Kenneth's mind which would spur him on.

Mrs. Alderly sat thinking of all these things until she was roused by Florence's entrance, equipped for the drive.

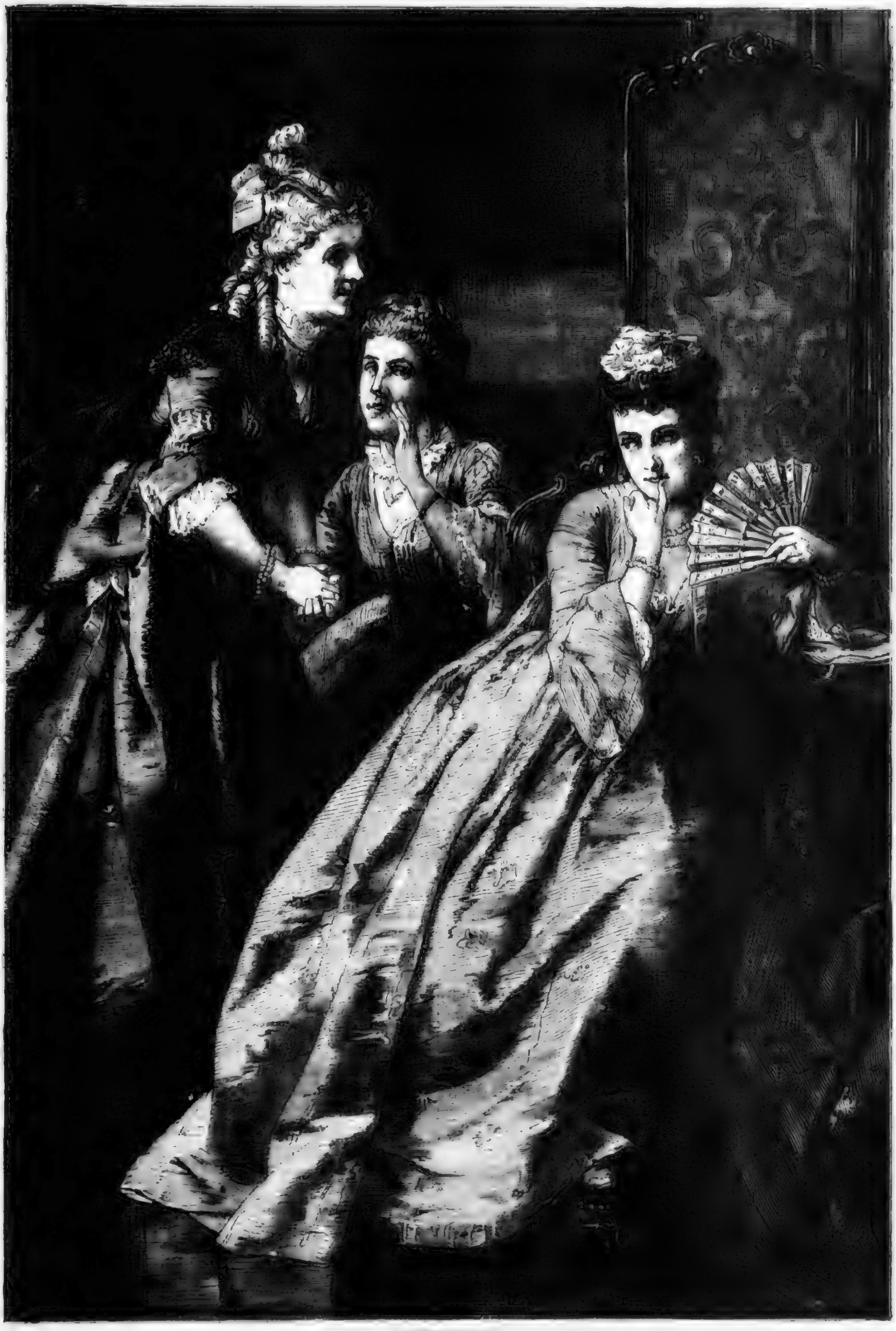
"I did not see Watkins, so I have brought your wraps myself," she said; "I want to show you what an admirable lady's maid I should prove."

"Very sure to do perfectly whatever you attempted," returned Mrs. Alderly, who had never shown Florence any but the sunny side of her character, and whose talent for pretty speeches and delicate, subtle flattery was quite equal to her other gifts. "We might drive through the village, Floy, and leave my letters at the post-office."

"Yes; and then we will go out on the river road—it is the very prettiest of any."

She arranged her aunt's bonnet and mantle, and they traversed the great hall to the front entrance, before which was drawn up the dainty equipage Mr. Gresham had provided for Florence, knowing that she liked to play charioteer, and anxious always to render her visits to his house as pleasant as possible in all ways.

"Aren't they pretty creatures!" cried Florence, patting the sleek necks of the spirited yet docile little animals, who showed their pleasure in her caresses by trying to rub their noses against her sleeve. "You want sugar, you selfish things! but you'll not get it until I see how well you mean to behave to-day."



INDISCRETION.

She seated herself by her aunt's side in the low basket-carriage; the groom gave her the reins, sprang up to his own perch behind, and they dashed down the avenue and out into the high road, Florence in one of her gayest moods, and making her aunt laugh heartily at her pleasant nonsense.

As they drove along the shady village street, Mrs. Alderly glanced toward the cottage where Elinor Stuart had formerly lived, with a serene satisfaction in the thought that the girl was at last utterly powerless to work any harm to her or hers. To whatever new place of refuge the creature had wandered, she was welcome to remain there unmolested—Kenneth had escaped from her wiles.

"I wonder whatever became of that school-teacher—that Miss Stuart, who had so much trouble just after we got here last year?" said Florence, suddenly.

"I am sure I don't know," her aunt replied.

"Watkins told me she was very, very handsome," pursued Florence. "Poor thing, she had to give up her place, and go away!"

"Watkins would do well not to talk about her to you," said Mrs. Alderly, austerely. "It appears she was anything but what she ought to have been. Mr. Gresham was very glad to get rid of her. I beg you will not speak of her to him—he was deceived, and it troubled him greatly."

"Miss Gresham seemed to think she was to be pitied——"

"Oh, my dear, Miss Gresham is the tenderest-hearted old maid in the world!" interrupted Mrs. Alderly, impatiently; "but nature took so much pains with her heart that she forgot to give her any head."

Florence laughed, and said no more. She had only heard vaguely of the story—knew nothing of Kenneth's share therein; and her remark had been a merely idle one.

They reached the house that had belonged to Will Hudson's aunt; it had been shut up for several weeks. Mrs. Blackmore had gone on a visit to Will and his wife, and only a few days before Mrs. Alderly had heard that the old lady died there quite suddenly. But she noticed now that the blinds and windows were open, and as they got directly in front she saw a woman coming down the path, carrying a baby in her arms. It was Madge, but looking so pale and thin that for an instant Mrs. Alderly scarcely recognized her.

"There is that poor Mrs. Hudson," she said; "she looks very ill."

"Who is Mrs. Hudson?" asked Florence—"I never heard of her. What a handsome creature she is, for all she looks so ill!"

"That Miss Stuart made her great trouble. Mind you never mention this to anybody," said her aunt—"some time I will tell you about it. I shall stop and speak to her, while you go on to the post-office and leave the letters."

"But I shall be some time, aunty; Miss Gresham wanted me to match some wools for her."

"Very well, I will join you at the shop," said Mrs. Alderly.

She got out of the carriage, and Florence drove on. Madge came slowly forward to meet her visitor, looking pleased at the attention, though she was plainly in a state so nervous and miserable that her smiles might easily change to tears on the slightest pretext.

Mrs. Alderly greeted her with great kindness, and made her sit down on a bench, saying:

"I had no idea you were back here."

"We only came yesterday," Madge replied. "You see, Will's aunt died while she was with us, and she left Will what little she had. He heard of a chance to sell the house, and nothing would do but he must come on—so I came, too."

"What a pretty baby you have got!" Mrs. Alderly said, uncovering the face of the sleeping infant for a moment.

"Yes, only it's very little and miserable; it's a'most eight weeks old, but you wouldn't think so. It was born at seven months," returned Madge, with a sob in her voice. Then a change came over her face; her great eyes began to burn, and she added, in the harsh, wrathful tone Mrs. Alderly remembered so well: "It was all *her* fault, too!—everything has been her fault! I got into such a temper that day she came after Will, that I wasn't the same after, and the baby came too soon."

"But you must grow well and strong now, then the baby will thrive—it looks healthy enough, only delicate," Mrs. Alderly said. "And I have heard that wicked woman has gone away—she is not likely to trouble you any more."

"Oh, they put her out fast enough, weeks and weeks ago," cried Madge. "I knew you would be sorry for me, that was what made me get up courage to write."

"Of course, I was very sorry," Mrs. Alderly replied, gravely; "but it is the trustees of the school you must thank—I could not have helped you, grieved as I was."

Madge only answered by a cunning look and curious smile; she was acute enough to discover the terms upon which Mrs. Alderly meant to keep that matter, but she felt sure that Elinor Stuart's dismissal had been caused by the lady, and was grateful.

"And now I trust everything is going well with you," pursued Mrs. Alderly, after a pause. She did not wish to ask questions which would betray her anxiety, but she had not been able to forget the hints Madge had thrown out in her letter about Hudson's penitence, and she wanted to be assured that he had lived down such weakness. "Now she is gone, you have nothing to trouble you."

"Only Will's been drinking this last ten days," Madge said, dismally. "He was very good to me till after baby was born—he's good to me now—'tain't that. But since his aunt died and the baby's poorly, he says it's a judgment——"

"That is very cruel and wicked," interrupted Mrs. Alderly. "His business is to put that woman out of his mind."

"Don't I tell him," cried Madge. "I try to keep my temper, but it's hard work. 'Tain't that he loves her—I'd kill myself if I thought that. But she coaxed him and preached at him till she a'most made him believe she hadn't meant to do any harm. I'm always afraid some day he'll write something to say she didn't—oh, I should go crazy if he did. She suffer—why shouldn't she? hasn't she made me suffer enough?"

"Indeed she has, and, as you say, no punishment could be too severe," exclaimed Mrs. Alderly.

The baby wakened and began to cry; Madge soothed it to sleep again in her awkward, gypsy fashion, and Mrs. Alderly sat reflecting.

"I've told him if he did such a thing he'd repent it," continued Madge, in a low voice, which gave an added force to her words. "And he sha'n't—he sha'n't! But it hurts me to see he's unhappy, and when he gets to drinking I just lose my head."

"But he is too sensible to keep that up," Mrs. Alderly said.

"Yes, I think so; he would always go on sprees now and then. I'm only afraid he might lose his place or something."

"I hope not; you must do your best," Mrs. Alderly said. "Whatever comes, remember I am always your friend."

"And, indeed, I'm thankful—I am!" cried Madge. "I ain't bad-hearted—I never hated anybody in my life but that stuck-up, wicked woman—oh, I wonder I didn't kill her that last day—I wonder I didn't!"

"I think I must see your husband while you are here," Mrs. Alderly said, after a little. It occurred to her that she could frighten him by suggesting fears that if he opposed Madge where Elinor Stuart was concerned, she might lose her reason, feeble and shaken as she was.

"I wish you would," Madge said; "only now he's drinking, and when he is, nobody can manage him, he's that obstinate."

"Ah, well, we shall see. You must keep up your courage. You will stop for some days?"

"Yes; maybe a week."

Mrs. Alderly was about to utter some further consoling words, when they were interrupted by a sudden confusion in the street, the sound of numerous voices, women's sobs and lamentations audible among them.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly.

Madge started to her feet and ran toward the gate, Mrs. Alderly followed her. A little crowd of women and children were approaching; further down the road came a knot of men carrying a stretcher, upon which lay some object covered with a sheet.

As Madge neared the foremost of the advancing group the women drew back; every voice ceased; the children shrank behind their elders.

"What is the matter?—what has happened?" cried Madge, her face blanched with an awful terror.

Nobody answered; the women cast strange, frightened glances at each other, then looked back at Madge with tearful, pitying eyes.

"It's my Will!" she screamed. "It's my Will—he's killed—he's killed!"

She thrust her child into the first arms that offered; dashed down the street till she met the little group of men, who stopped instinctively at her approach. She flung back the sheet, stared at the white, death-like countenance, and with one horrible moan of anguish, sank insensible upon the prostrate body.

How Mrs. Alderly got away she did not know; she remembered seeing Madge carried past her into the house, the men following with their burden; she recollected several women speaking to her, but she could not understand what they said. She found herself down by the shop where Florence was to wait for her; she did not remember running thither, but there she was, Florence beside her, weeping and terrified. Then a sudden sensation, as if falling from a great height, deadened her faculties, and she fainted in her niece's arms.

CHAPTER X.

FLORENCE had been herself so much shaken by the sight of the wounded man as he was carried past the shop, that her aunt's extreme agitation caused her no surprise, though for a time Mrs. Alderly more completely lost control of her nerves than she had ever done at any crisis in her whole life.

They got into the carriage and returned home; as they were passing Mrs. Blackmore's cottage Mrs. Alderly saw the doctor just entering the gate. She called to him, and obtained his promise to come up to Mr. Gresham's house the instant he should be at liberty, and give her his personal verdict.

She was trembling from head to foot, her face livid and her eyes wild with what looked like pain and horror to her niece, but it was in reality terror. The imminent danger of utter ruin to her plans filled her mind so completely that after the first moments it held no room for sympathy with the sufferer.

Madge said that for weeks he had been remorseful and conscience-stricken—if he should yield now! If, as was very probable, his earliest recollection when sense came back should be the memory of his wrongs to Elinor Stuart, and, with the dread of approaching death, he should cry out his confession to everybody within hearing!

"Why couldn't he have been killed outright," she groaned, unconscious that she had spoken the words aloud till she heard Florence say in answer:

"Yes; it would have been a mercy, poor soul, where he is concerned, if he is mortally hurt, as they think. But at least it will be a comfort afterward to his unfortunate wife if he is able to recognize her—to speak to her."

Mrs. Alderly caught at the interpretation so naturally put upon her speech—so different from its real significance. She had meant why could he not have died at once, and gone beyond the reach of doing harm.

"Only she will have to see him suffer; the shock of his sudden death would have been less painful, even if greater," she said.

"Then he may not be injured so severely as the people think," rejoined Florence; "men get over such dreadful accidents."

"I saw his face," shuddered Mrs. Alderly; "it was a dying man's face—I know it was."

"Try not to think about it, aunty—that sounds foolish, but do try—you will make yourself ill," Florence said.

"I have no time to waste in being ill," she answered. Then the sound of her own insane words roused her to the necessity of self-control, and she added, quickly: "I scarcely know what I am saying. I mean I am strong enough—I can bear it—the shock, you know—that is it!"

"Yes, no wonder. And you were there talking to the poor woman. Oh, how dreadful for her; and they have only been married about fourteen months, the people said in the shop. They say he is in the habit of drinking—that was the way it happened."

"How did he get hurt?"

"He had gone into the rolling-mill to see some man—he was intoxicated, and they tried to get him away," Florence explained. "But he wouldn't go; he was boasting about his strength, and challenging any three of the men to try and put him out. Oh, how you tremble, aunty—I will tell you about it another time."

"Tell me now!" Mrs. Alderly cried, imperiously. "As if I could think of anything else but him! Tell me now!"

"He picked up a great piece of iron, such as it takes two men to lift—he wanted to bet that he could raise it and hold it out at arm's length. He did lift it; somehow his foot slipped; he fell backward, and the iron crushed in his ribs, and, besides, his head hit on another piece of iron," Florence replied, telling it all as quickly as she could, growing faint and sick, but too much accustomed to yielding to her aunt to think of disobeying that autocratic tone.

"If he had only been killed—only been killed!" Mrs. Alderly muttered.

"Perhaps he won't suffer—he may never recover his senses!" shivered Florence.

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," she heard her aunt whisper.

Mrs. Alderly lapsed into silence, and did not speak again until they reached the house—her mind was busy with the hope suggested by Florence's last words. Concussion of the brain would be the almost inevitable consequence of such a blow upon the back of the head. He might never rouse out of the stupor which would succeed—if he did, it would not be for many hours. She should have time to think—to act. She must see Madge—but could she depend upon her? In her agony, the woman might be idiot enough to promise anything he asked—do anything he required; or he might utter his confession to the people who were watching with him!

"I shall go into the library and lie down till the doctor comes," she said, as they alighted from the carriage.

"Yes, do; and I will get some cologne, and bathe your head," returned Florence. "You must have your drops, too."

"Just send Watkins to me, dear. If you stop, we shall be sure to go on talking about it in spite of ourselves," Mrs. Alderly said, kissing her forehead with her icy lips. "You had better go and lie down in your room for awhile."

"I couldn't," Florence said. "I will see if Miss Gresham is awake. She is so nervous, that if any of the servants happened to tell her abruptly of the accident, it might make her ill all night."

"That's my good, thoughtful child!" Mrs. Alderly replied, and mentally added a thanksgiving that the idiotic old maid could not quit her bed, else with her mania for amateur Sister of Charity work, she would have started for the cottage at once, and not left the sufferer till all was over. It was so fortunate, too, that Mr. Gresham and Kenneth were absent; and the doctor would want a trained nurse—Madge would be helpless—those ignorant village women would only do harm if they attempted to take care of the man; a skillful, practical person without any nerves, was what the physician would require.

"Send Watkins to me!" she repeated, as they reached the library-door, and Florence hastened obediently away.

It was not long before the shrewd, keen-eyed, resolute-faced woman appeared. Watkins was eminently a person destitute of nerves—any sign thereof appeared to have been omitted from her composition. She was a hard-headed, godless creature, with an admiration and devotion to her mistress which knew no bounds. She had been in Mrs. Alderly's service since both were young girls, and Watkins's one conception of religious sentiment took the form of idolatry of her lady. There was no desire of hers which Watkins would have hesitated to fulfill; the nearest approach to remorse which her iron anatomy could reach, would have been a failure to serve her mistress loyally, at any and every possible juncture.

The two remained conversing in the library until the doctor was announced. As, of course, there could be no feeling in Mrs. Alderly's mind but the natural pain and sympathy of a kind-hearted person toward a stranger, he had no need to use reticence in the enunciation of his verdict.

If William Hudson were already dead, hope could not be more futile. He would live twenty-four hours—perhaps longer; but his rousing out of the stupor in which he now lay, would only be the forerunner of speedy death.

"It may last anywhere from twelve to thirty-six hours," he explained, in answer to Mrs. Alderly's inquiries. "His wife naturally is quite helpless, poor thing!—anyway, she would be of no use. I don't know of anybody who can help. There are women enough willing, but that is not sufficient."

"You want a skilled nurse."

"Yes; because at the least approach to a lightening of the stupor there are things to be done at once—of course, as long as life lasts we must make an effort," the doctor said. "I have been trying to think of somebody. Miss Gresham is an efficient nurse, but she is ill."

"Watkins will go—my maid, here," Mrs. Alderly said. "She is an excellent nurse—she knows about cases like this, too; years ago her brother was killed by a similar accident."

"Yes, sir, you can trust me," added Watkins, in her phlegmatic voice, while she arranged her mistress's cushions.

The doctor gave her a scrutinizing glance and answered:

"It only needs to look in your face to be certain of that, Mrs. Watkins. But can you stop all night?"

"She can stay as long as her services are required,' Mrs. Alderly said, "and she can go at once—so that is settled, doctor."

"And a great relief it is to my mind," he exclaimed. "I owe you a thousand thanks, madam, and Mrs. Watkins, too."

"She is only too glad, and I, also, that she can be of use," Mrs. Alderly replied. "Go and get ready, Watkins—have one of the men carry your bag down."

"I will drive her back myself," the doctor said, "then I can give her all my directions. You see, I have my hands full—there is a good deal of sickness just now. I've ten miles and back to ride this evening. I may not be able to come to the house till toward morning, Mrs. Watkins."

"You have only to tell me what to do, sir—you will find I have obeyed your orders," replied Watkins, stolid as ever.

"The first thing will be to clear everybody out of the place," said the doctor. "I shall give his wife something to make her sleep, one woman can stop with her; if she wants to go into his room I suppose she must, but don't you let another creature cross the threshold, Mrs. Watkins."

She only nodded in answer, but the expression of her face made the reply more emphatic than any words.

"While Mrs. Watkins gets her things together I will step up and see Miss Gresham," the doctor said, as the maid left the room. "I cannot tell you how relieved and grateful I am, Mrs. Alderly."

"There is no call for the latter feeling," she replied; "it would be my duty to do all I could in any case, but I feel it doubly so here."

The doctor knew that she referred to the encounter of the previous year between her son and Hudson; he was more than ever impressed by her kindness, and had a hasty, uncomfortable sensation that he had always wronged her by thinking her the haughtiest woman he had ever met.

Before he came back from his visit to Miss Gresham, Watkins returned to the library.

"Are you quite ready?" Mrs. Alderly asked.

"Quite, ma'am. I have shown Miss Florence just where she will find everything you can possibly need."

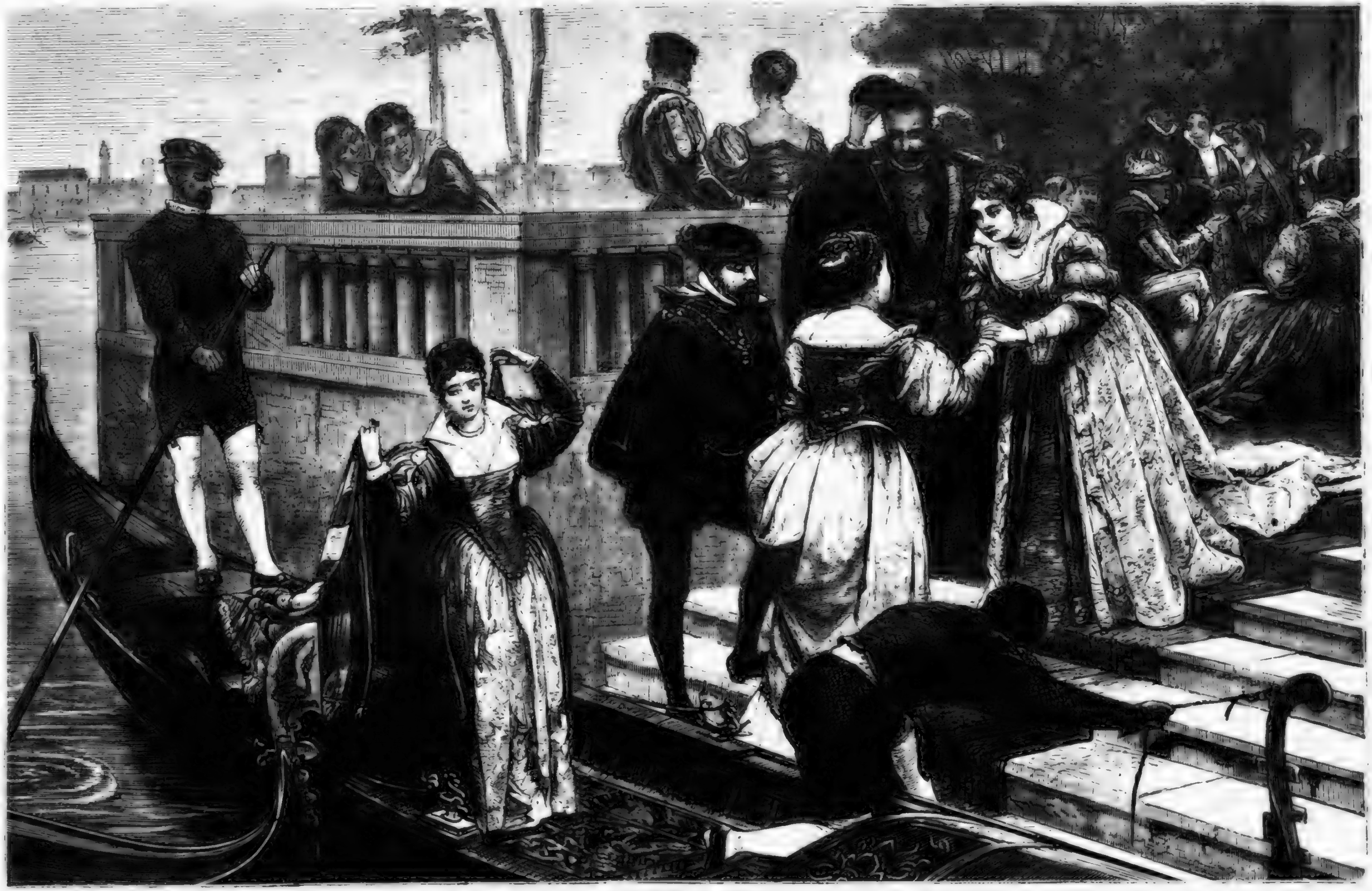
"Thanks! Now, Watkins, remember! The instant he comes to himself, if he begins to talk of that, send for me, no matter at what hour of night or day—send at once."

"Yes, ma'am. I told the housekeeper you wanted one of the men to go down and sleep in the house, in case I needed help in lifting him or anything."

"Of course you would arrange it in the best way," her mistress said. "Here is the doctor—good-by, Watkins."

The night passed, morning came, but still no message. In the afternoon Miss Gresham was not so well, and Florence sat in her room and read to her. Mrs. Alderly ordered the carriage and drove toward the village; half-way down the road she met the servant who had been at the cottage. She bade the coachman stop, and asked:

"How is he, Thomas?"



AN EVENING AT MURANO.

"He's come out of the stupor, ma'am—about half an hour ago. Mrs. Watkins just told me. She says he's raving awful, but he's quieter with her alone. She wanted me to go up to the house and ask Miss Florence if she would kindly have the housekeeper send her another gown."

"I have brought her some more things; I knew she would need them," Mrs. Alderly replied—she knew what the message meant. "Get up with the coachman and come back. Is the doctor there?"

"No ma'am; he was called away about an hour ago—he can't get home much before night."

They drove on to the cottage; two or three people were standing at the gate, but the doctor's orders had been made public—nobody tried to enter the house. Thomas stopped to answer their questions, and Mrs. Alderly passed on up the path. The door was opened by Watkins, who had heard the carriage, and hurried to meet her mistress.

"He began raving about it as soon as he could talk," she said, in her monotonous, apathetic voice, before Mrs. Alderly could ask a question. "He hadn't his reason, but seemed to know his wife, and tried to tell her something; repeating *her* name, you know, over and over."

"Did Madge say anything to you?"

"She just muttered to herself, 'She's between us yet—always between us!' Then she dropped back on her knees by the bed. She hasn't slept much, but she's scarcely spoken; she seems stunned. I made her drink a cup of tea and eat, a while ago."

"You mustn't leave her alone with him!"

"He's dropped into a doze; it will only last a few minutes. When he wakes he will be sensible and clear enough."

Mrs. Alderly put out her hand and supported herself against the banisters of the stairs, near which she stood.

"The doctor said after that it would only be a matter of a few hours," she said, half aloud.

"He may last till sundown," returned Watkins, "but the stupor will come back in less than two hours; once it does, it will never lift again, and that will be a blessing—he won't suffer."

Thomas came in at the moment, and Mrs. Alderly said:

"Now, Watkins, while that poor fellow is asleep, do you lie down and try to rest; I shall go in and sit with the wife. I may be able to comfort her a little."

"I told her you were here, ma'am—I knew she'd be glad to see you," Watkins replied. "He's in a room at the back, on this floor."

"Sit here in the passage, Thomas; I can call you if Mrs. Watkins is wanted."

Watkins showed her down the hall and through the dining-room, at one side of which was the bedchamber. Watkins left her there, returned to the little parlor, and lay down on the lounge; she was tired, and glad to repose herself. She had not the slightest curiosity to hear any conversation that might take place; whatever her mistress wished her to know she should be told—that was enough for Watkins.

Mrs. Alderly softly opened the door and entered; the blinds were closed, and she had to stand still for a few instants before she could see clearly in the dim light. Then she saw the bed, and the ghastly face visible on the pillows; at the foot Madge was crouched, her head resting on the counterpane. She looked up as the door opened; when Mrs. Alderly moved forward the girl's despairing eyes met hers, then she dropped her head again and knelt there motionless in the silence, which was only disturbed by the sleeper's irregular, stertorious breathing.

Mrs. Alderly stood for a time watching the wounded man, and her countenance was full of pity; it seemed so horrible to look at that herculean frame, and think that he was dying so suddenly in the very fullness of his strength. Presently she moved cautiously on, sat down in a chair close by Madge's side, raised the girl's head tenderly and laid it on her knees, kissing her forehead as she did so, and keeping her arm about Madge's waist.

The girl lifted her white, seamed face; a faint dew gathered over her glazed eyes, but she was past weeping; she had not been able to shed a single tear.

"He's dying," she muttered, hoarsely; "he's dying, and he doesn't even know me; and when he spoke, he called for her—for her!"

"And she murdered him," returned Mrs. Alderly, in a slow, solemn voice; "if he had died by her hand his death could not be more completely her work."

"Don't I know it!" answered Madge. "Don't I know it!"

"But he loved you, my poor girl—he loved you!"

"Yes, he did—it isn't that! But she ruined his life—it was her coming that last time—she made him feel wicked and desperate; I told you so! Oh, he began talking about it the minute he woke up—calling for me; there was something I was to do for her—for her!"

"Whatever he may say, Madge, you must remember that he is not accountable. You must remember that if he had staid well and strong he would never have forgiven that creature who wrecked his life. No matter what he asks or says now, you must not let it influence you—you must act as he would have done if he had lived."

"I will! I swear it!—here by his death-bed! No matter what he told me, I wouldn't speak; not if his ghost came back to haunt me!" she said, in an awful whisper.

Then a sudden tide of agony broke over her. She slipped from Mrs. Alderly's arms to the floor, and lay there tugging with one hand at her hair, with the other thrusting the end of the counterpane between her teeth to keep back the groans of mortal anguish which rose to her lips.

Mrs. Alderly bent over her, but she did not seem to hear her whispered words; she was deaf and blind. But when the sleeper made a slight movement, she heard that, and started up at once. Hudson opened his eyes, looked at her an instant, and called:

"Madge—Madge!"

"He knows me! he knows me!" she groaned. "Oh, my darling—oh, my Will! It's Madge! your Madge!"

She got close to him on the bed and kissed his forehead, weeping softly now.

"Little wife—little wife!" he said. "I know you—it's all come back now! I got hurt; is it very bad? I can't move—I—Madge—Madge, I ain't going to die, am I?"

"No, no!" she gasped. "Don't think of that, Will!"

"Where's the baby!" he asked.

"It's next door—in at Mrs. Lockwood's. We was afraid it would cry, and disturb you."

"You'll bring it in after awhile, Madge?"

"Yes, when it wakes up—there's no hurry. I want you all to myself now—all to myself!" she cried, the mad jealousy of her nature asserting itself even at this moment. She could not endure that even a thought of their child should come between them when she had so little time left to call him her own.

She glanced with a sudden anger in her eyes toward Mrs. Alderly; she wanted her to go away—wanted no human being in sight.

Mrs. Alderly saw Hudson's glance follow Madge's, and she stepped quickly back into the shadow of the curtains. But it was too late—he had seen her.

"Who is that?" he asked. "I've seen her before—I know her face. Who is it, Madge?"

"It's Mrs. Alderly. She's been very good; but she's going now," Madge said, waving her hand impatiently toward the visitor. Will groaned aloud.

"She mustn't—she mustn't!" he cried, sharply. "It all comes to me; I wanted to say it when I woke up before, and I couldn't—but I know now. Tell her to come here!"

Mrs. Alderly moved forward, saying:

"You must keep quiet, Mr. Hudson—you are very ill. The doctor says you must not try to stir."

"I can't stir—only this arm!" he moaned. "I know—I know! It's the curse on me—it's the curse!"

"Oh, Will—Will!" cried Madge, in mingled misery and rage.

"Let me be!" he said. "If I don't tell, I shall die—I shall die! I gave way to you—you know I did—I was willing to—but it haunted me! I couldn't have no rest; so then I made up my mind how to manage."

"Oh, my man—my man! why do you bother about all that now?" groaned Madge.

"I must—I must! Let me tell you!" he pleaded.

"Do not oppose him," whispered Mrs. Alderly in Madge's ear. She felt confident that he had taken some step toward righting Elinor Stuart—she must know what it was. "Be careful not to excite him."

Madge only groaned again, and clung to her husband.

"So I wrote it all out—everything," Will went on, in a kind of desperate haste. "Hold me fast, Madge; don't let me go away again, till I've told. My head is clear now, but it won't last long."

Madge could only utter her old, despairing cry:

"Oh, my man—my man!"

"I wrote it out—I went to Elder Martin, and I swore on the Bible that what I had written was true, and he signed his affidavit that I had sworn to it!"

There was a sound in Mrs. Alderly's ears like the rush of a mighty wind—a chill at her heart like that of death; then one thought started up: It would be better that she should die then and there! The man had told—Elinor Stuart would come to her son, not only bringing the proofs of her own innocence, but the tale of his mother's treachery! Everything was lost—everything!

Then she heard Madge's voice, at once sullen and pleading:

"If you did that you can be satisfied—let it alone."

"No, no; I want to tell you before her," he cried. "I didn't let Martin read it—he thought it was a will. I kept the paper—I brought it here—it's in that square box of mine; you must get it, let her send it—then I shall get well. Promise, Madge, promise!"

Madge did not speak; for a moment Mrs. Alderly was so dizzy and faint from the reaction caused by this revelation that the two stood dumb—then the necessity for instant action nerved her anew.

"Of course Madge will promise," she said. "She will get me the paper now—the matter shall be attended to at once."

"That's good of you—I thank you," he said, his voice suddenly growing feebler. "Get the paper, Madge—it's in a long envelope—it's got my name outside."

With another inarticulate cry of misery and wrath Madge rose, went to a bureau, took a bunch of keys from a drawer and opened a box that stood in a corner of the room. Presently she came back, holding up a large, yellow envelope, saying: "Here it is."

"That's it, that's it! Send it, I shall get well then—send it!"

Mrs. Alderly stretched forth an eager hand to snatch the paper, but Madge held it back, whispering:

"You sha'n't touch it—nobody shall have it but me!"

"What are you saying?" Will asked, impatiently.

"Be quite at rest, I will do everything that can be done," Mrs. Alderly answered, soothingly; "don't think about it any more."

"That's right; I'll get well now," he sighed. "Madge, come here Madge! Oh, my head—it's getting dizzy again. I want to say—if I'm sick long you must sell the house——"

"You need not be troubled," Mrs. Alderly interrupted; "your wife has a faithful friend in me, and always will have. I am rich; do not think of these things."

"I hear—I hear! Hold my hand fast, Madge; it's all growing so far off, so dark," he murmured. "I hear—thank her, Madge! I've got over that, you know; it was a fair stand-up fight, tell young Alderly—no malice. Madge, where are you, Madge!"

His head sank back, the eyes lost their light, he muttered and moaned for a little, then lay still. Mrs. Alderly summoned Watkins, who administered the restoratives that had been left, but all efforts were useless; the stupor deepened, the lips ceased to move—even Madge's frantic shrieks, which she could no longer repress, failed to rouse him, and he lay there like a dead man, save for the slow heaving of his chest under that labored breathing.

"He will never speak again," a voice whispered in Mrs. Alderly's ear." She turned, and saw the doctor standing beside her; he had returned earlier than he had expected, and entered unnoticed. "He will last a few hours yet, but he will never rouse up or speak again."

(To be continued.)

BLOSSOMS OF THE CORNETO PALM.

The corneto palm, which grows on the slopes of the Andes, is a magnificent tree. Its trunk rises to the height of more than a hundred feet. It is fine, smooth and ringed, especially at the top. Its striking characteristic is the series of braces which it has at the base, and which enable it to stand the violent winds. These vigorous roots are reddish-brown in color, and are rough with small thorns. The part that enters the ground is curious. The foliage is singular. It consists of long, fern-like leaves, radiating like a crown to a width of six or seven yards. The blossom is a long pendant cluster of flowers, which are succeeded by strings of plum-like fruit, from four to six feet long. From the ground these clusters seem about the size of a bunch of grapes, but they really weigh a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds.

To get the fruit is not easy. You can scarcely hire an Indian to climb one of these trees; and if you try to cut them down, your ax is apt to break at the first blow you deal on the iron trunk. A *machete* of good temper will, however, gradually cut a channel around, and, as it deepens, the wood grows softer, and the giant of the Andes at last begins to totter.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

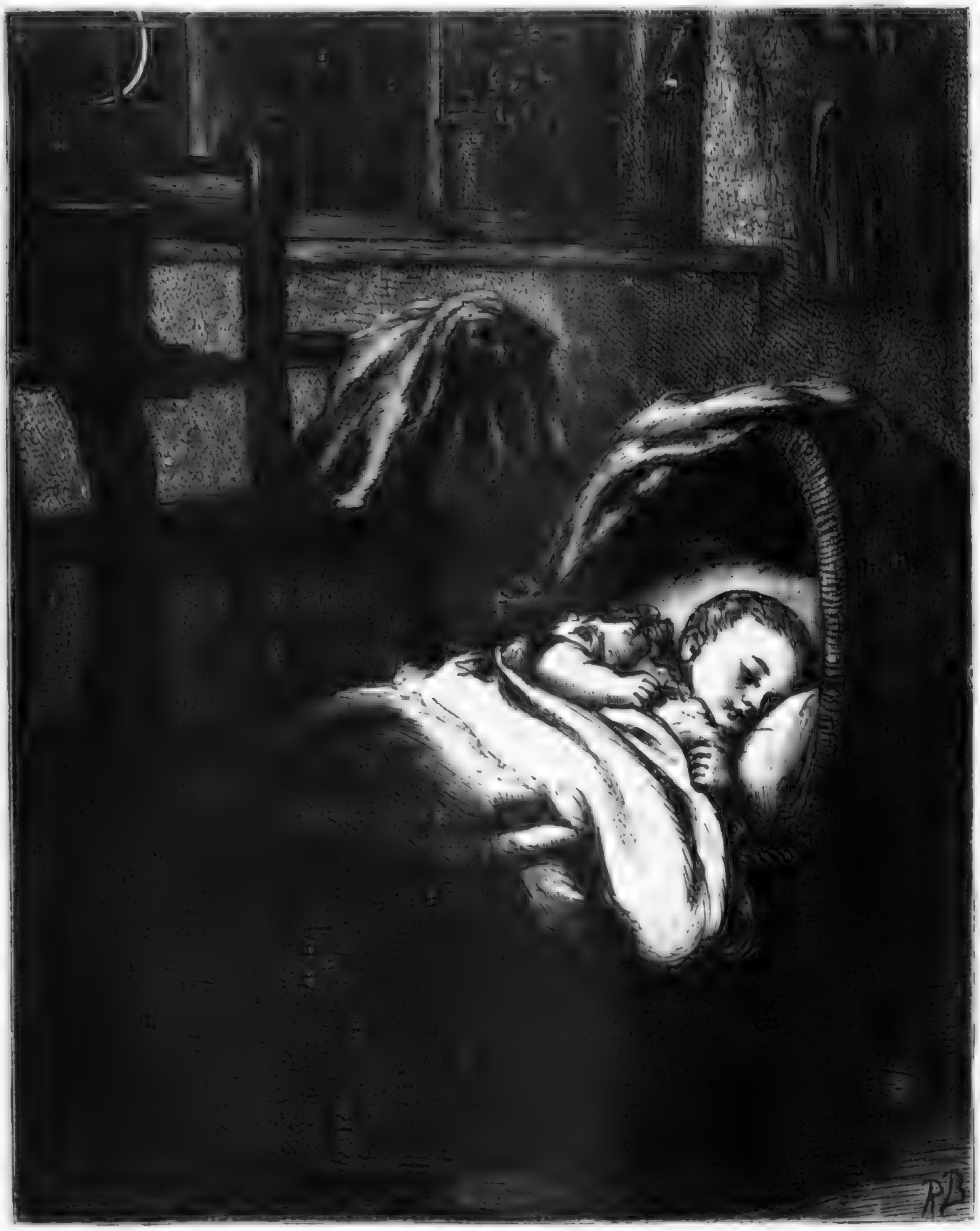
To think kindly one of another is good, to speak kindly of one another is better, but to act kindly one toward another is best of all.

THE PEACE OF NIGHT.

The strife is over, and the day
Fades into glorious night;
Earth with its teeming myriads sleeps,
Stars gleam with lambent light.

O heavenly host within the blue,
Your brightness seems to me
Reflected from some glorious band—
A far-off company.

A band that waged the fight of life
As we are waging now,
But since transfigured with the just—
Band of the radiant brow.



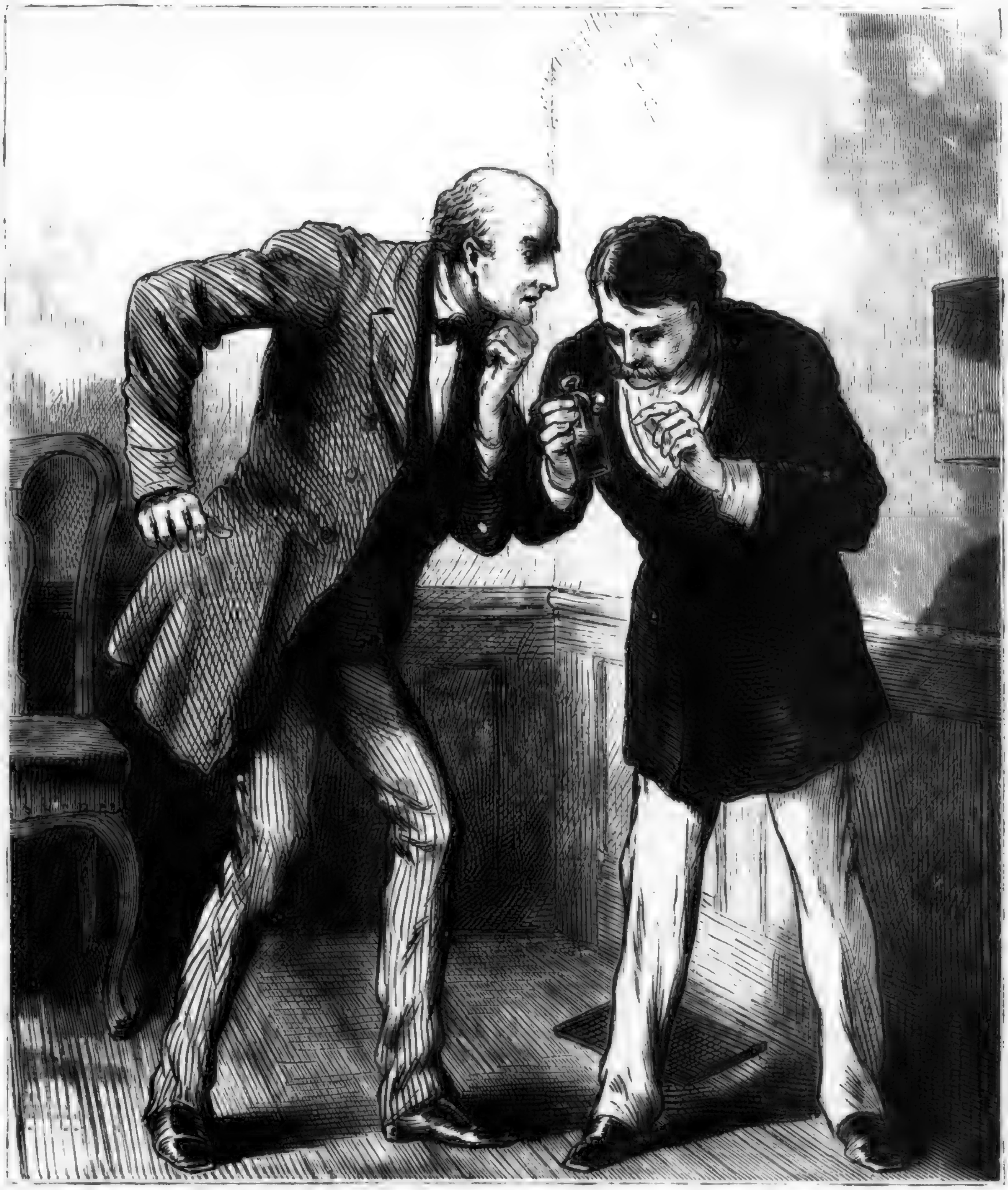
THE PEACE OF NIGHT.

And from your ranks one broods o'er us,
The messenger of peace,
Who whispers to an angry race,
And bids contentions cease.

O'er hill and wold sweet calm is borne,
The earth is lying still,
As sleeps an infant whose pure thought
No care or ruth can kill.

I had a vision of the time
When wars should be no more,
And men should with their fellow-men
Be brothers evermore.

Would that from yonder distant east
The morrow that shall rise,
Might with its flood of glory bring
An earthly Paradise!



A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE.—"WE CLOSELY EXAMINED THE BOTTLE, WHICH I STILL GRASPED. FLOATING IN THE CENTRE OF THE ALMOST COLORLESS LIQUID WITHIN, WE SAW A SLENDER, NEEDLE-SHAPED PIECE OF STEEL."

A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE.

If the strange and startling occurrences which followed had never happened, I could scarcely have forgotten my first meeting with Morris Handford, though thirty years have passed since that fateful hour. Neither the place nor time would have impressed themselves on my memory, for they were commonplace enough; but the man himself, and what he said to me, were such strange things, that nothing short of utter loss of memory would have sufficed to drive them from my mind.

My profession is that of a physician, and the meeting referred to took place in my office, during the usual hour in the evening when I was at home to receive patients. I was quite alone at the time, and was employed in reading a cheerful book, when my servant announced him. The man did that in such an unusual way, that my attention was at once arrested. He came into the room, looking pale and excited, as if he had been frightened.

"There's a queer-looking man wants to see you, doctor," said he, abruptly. "A very odd sort of a person; and he won't come in unless he is sure you are alone."

"I am quite alone, William, and likely to be so for the rest of the evening," I said, impatiently. "Tell him so, and show him in at once."

William shut the door, and came close up to my chair. There was an expression of genuine anxiety on his face, the cause of which I could not then fathom.

"Keep the little hand-bell close beside you on the table, sir," said he, in a half whisper, and very earnestly. "If you ring it once I'll be in the room in a twinkling."

"What, in the name of all that's crazy, do you mean?" I cried, staring at him.

"That's just it, sir," he returned, moving toward the door again. "It's crazy, I'm afraid, he is. But if you'll ring——"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, sharply. "Show him in, and go down-stairs to your work. Don't you suppose I can take care of myself?"

William retired, shaking his head, and, notwithstanding my boast, I confess that I felt some little uneasiness at the approach of a visitor who had been so ominously heralded. But that was nothing to the effect of his actual presence upon me. A moment afterward he was ushered in, and I fairly started to my feet in astonishment, no longer wondering that my servant should have been frightened.

If he had been a veritable ghost, I should not have been more astonished at his appearance, for I have never, before or since, seen a living man who was so near to being an actual skeleton. There was absolutely nothing to him but skin and bone, and it seemed positively supernatural to see him move, for he did not appear to have any muscles at all.

His face was ghastly to behold—dead white, with the skin drawn tight over the jaws, and the glittering teeth gleamed between the colorless lips after a fashion that would have scared a nervous woman into fits.

He wore no beard; his thin side-whiskers and scanty hair were as white as the driven snow; and his naturally small black eyes seemed now actually too large for their orbits, so wild and staring and full of fear was their expression.

He walked with difficulty, supporting himself with a stout stick; and by the peculiar twitching of his hands and lips, I perceived that I had before me a serious case of nervous prostration.

This professional view of the matter, coming into my head suddenly, restored my presence of mind, and I converted my start of surprise in a movement of welcome, drawing an easy-chair forward, and requesting him to be seated. He complied, without acknowledging my courtesy, and resting his hands and chin upon the head of his stick, stared at me for two or three minutes in perfect silence.

As he was evidently examining me in order to satisfy himself what manner of man I was, I endured this scrutiny with patience, though his singular appearance and the glassy fixedness of his look made me decidedly uncomfortable. In the meantime, I took the liberty of examining him in my turn, and before he spoke I had quite satisfied myself that he was suffering from a shattered nervous system, and that the probable cause of this was some sudden shock, because every movement and look of his expressed continual suspicion and fear.

Removing his eyes from my face at last, he slowly made with them the circuit of the chamber, and then, fixing them upon my own, he spoke:

"Are you certain that no one can overhear us?"

I could not forbear another start at this, for his voice was the very ghost of a whisper, but so impressive that every syllable was as distinct as if the words had been born in my mind.

The mystery of his manner and his cadaverous aspect combined were fast producing in me a feeling that I was a guilty criminal, and he a satanic messenger sent to cross-examine me into confession. Recovering myself with an effort, I signified that there was no possibility of any one overhearing what we said; and giving vent to a melancholy sigh, he spoke again.

"I think I can trust you," said he, in the same freezing whisper. "I have heard from many persons that you are skillful, shrewd, unlikely to betray confidence, and kind-hearted. You will need to be all these if you permit me to tell you my story, and undertake my case. I warn you that I have no hope whatever that you can do me any good personally. I am too far gone for that; but you *may* help me to solve the dreadful mystery which is killing me; and if you will do so, you may possibly benefit mankind, though you don't cure me."

It took him some time to say all this, for his utterance was broken, and occasionally he had to pause and gasp for breath. But I perfectly understood him, and when he had done, I assured him that he might rely on me, and if I could do anything to help him I would.

From this time he seemed more at his ease, and though he continued to cast suspicious glances about him, and often started quickly, in a frightened manner, as if something or somebody unseen had touched him, the remainder of our interview was much less constrained.

"I have heard," he went on to say, "that you have taken much pains to investigate the new phenomena of modern spiritualism, animal magnetism and kindred mysteries. If this is so, you are the very man that I want, for I have a mystery to offer you for investigation that transcends anything you have yet studied."

He paused here for a moment, and then went on more hurriedly, glancing about him, as if he dreaded a blow while he spoke.

"The fact is, doctor, I am haunted—haunted by the ghost of a murderer. You may laugh at me now, if you will; you may even jump to the conclusion that I am insane, and, therefore, troubled with hallucinations. But all I ask of you is to devote a few days of your time to the examination of my delusions. I don't ask much of you," he added, nervously—"nothing but what I am willing to pay you for amply. If I am insane, it is your business, as a physician, to find it out, and try to cure me. Will you do this for me? Will you come to my house, and stay there as long or as short a time as will suffice to convince you that I have really heard and seen what I think I have, or that I am crazy? It is your duty as a doctor——"

"My dear sir," I interrupted him, quickly, for his pleading look and tone made me feel very uncomfortable, "of course it's my duty. I'll go with you cheerfully; and let me tell you, my dear sir, that I never jump at conclusions. I've seen and heard too many wonderful things myself—things which I cannot pretend to explain by any other theory than that of supernatural agency—to doubt that you may have had a similar experience. Don't talk about being crazy yet, my dear sir; nor about dying, either. Just tell me what it is that troubles you, put yourself in my hands with confidence, and we'll probe this matter to the bottom, I assure you."

There is a great deal of humbug in this world. I certainly *did* think that my friend of the cadaverous aspect was a little touched in the upper story; but it would never have done to tell him so. My obvious course, if he were crazy, was to gain his confidence. I might hope to do him some good in that case; and, therefore, my conscience was quite at ease regarding any little equivocation I might have to use. I saw the effect of my judicious plan at once, for he brightened up immediately, and went on to tell his story without hesitation.

There is no necessity of repeating what he told me at that time, for, in relating my own subsequent experience, I shall have to go over the same ground.

He convinced me that there was a method in his madness which rendered it highly probable that he was not mad at all. In a word, I was persuaded that the matter was really worth investigation, if only to convince him that he was mistaken; and when he left me, it was with the understanding that I should journey to his residence the next day, prepared to make as long a stay with him as should answer to accomplish the purpose of my visit.

Next morning I finished the few visits to my patients that were absolutely necessary, gave parting instructions to my assistant, and deposited myself in a palace-car on the Hudson River Railroad, which, in the course of three hours, brought me to the quiet village near which Mr. Handford resided.

A few questions, courteously answered by the station-master, put me on the right road, and I was soon standing at the entrance of a shady lane, at the other end of which stood Thornapple Cottage.

This was the modest name of Handford's villa; but it really deserved a more pretentious title. Not that it was very imposing in size, but because its architecture, or, rather, want of it, was so striking. It seemed to have been built in defiance of all rules of art, and as if the builder had taken such parts as pleased him from many houses, and mixed them up together in an incongruous but exceedingly picturesque mass.

The central edifice was of stone, square and heavy of look, and constructed of that kind of masonry which is called rubble. Alone, this portion of the building would have resembled a jail, but on one side of it a small wing in the Elizabethan style, and on the other a larger extension, in the style known as Arabesque, relieved this sombreness, and imparted such quaint beauty to the whole structure, that even a quiet, unimpressionable man like myself might be pardoned a little excitement at first beholding it. Besides, it stood in the midst of a grove of magnificent elms, and was covered with a glorious vail of flowering-creepers—and trees and flowers are my passion.

So I *was* excited by my first view of my strange patient's home, and I walked slowly down the shady lane, inhaling the fragrance of the Spring blossoms, and feasting my city-wearied eyes upon the wealth of rural loveliness outspread before me; wondering, meanwhile, how any man could run crazy dwelling amid such peaceful joys—when my reverie was disturbed by my arrival at the garden gate, and the simultaneous growl and rush of a huge mastiff chained within.

I started back in some alarm at this salutation; but almost immediately the door under the porch facing the gate opened, and I heard a sweet female voice calling to the dog to be quiet. In the next moment the speaker appeared upon the threshold, and with the same musical voice, though now in a very different tone, invited me to enter.

That man would have been cold-hearted, indeed, who could have seen Marian Handford at this period of her history without intense admiration of her exceeding beauty, and a thrill of compassion at the strange expression of pain and sorrow that pervaded her whole being. Pale as a lily, with dark, wistful blue eyes, which seemed always ready to overflow with repressed tears, and a form of surpassing grace and delicacy, she appeared to my startled vision more like a spirit fresh from Paradise, mourning for her lost joys, than a mortal maiden depressed by mere earthly griefs. She was Morris Handford's only sister, and, as I soon learned, the only dweller except himself in Thornapple Cottage.

My surprise at beholding such loveliness in that sequestered spot confused me so, that I could scarcely reply connectedly to her kindly greeting. It was plain from her manner that she knew who I was, and that she had expected me. Doubtless Handford had explained everything to her, for her welcome to me expressed the idea that her pleasure at my coming was for his sake. That is to say, her words expressed this pleasure; but no smile chased away the settled sorrow from her pale face, no accent of joy intensified the music of her sad voice. She said that she was glad; but a sigh followed the word, and no gleam of hope lessened the despair that lurked within the blue depths of her wistful eyes.

Mechanically I followed her into a small room at the right of the hall, where I found her brother sitting in solitude, and without even a book by way of occupation. My professional instinct told me at once that this was the way he usually passed his time, and my professional wisdom as instantly decided that this sort of solitary brooding was just what had injured him, and must be stopped as quickly as possible.

His sister retired as soon as she had ushered me into the room, and, drawing a chair forward, I sat down in front of my patient, clearing my voice with a sonorous "ahem!" as I did so, preparatory to giving him a regular admonitory lecture. He anticipated me, however, before I could open my lips.

"I am glad you have come, doctor," said he, drearily, and without a trace of gladness in his tone. "You have placed me under obligations already by your promptness. But I have been thinking, since we met, that the journey will be a useless trouble to you; for I have no hope that you can do anything—no hope whatever."

"Nonsense, sir!" I exclaimed, sharply, for I really was disgusted with what appeared to me his perfectly unreasonable despair. "I expect to do you a great deal of good, or I shouldn't have come at all. But if you wish me to do you any good, you must obey my directions implicitly; and my first order is that you give over brooding, and make yourself cheerful directly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

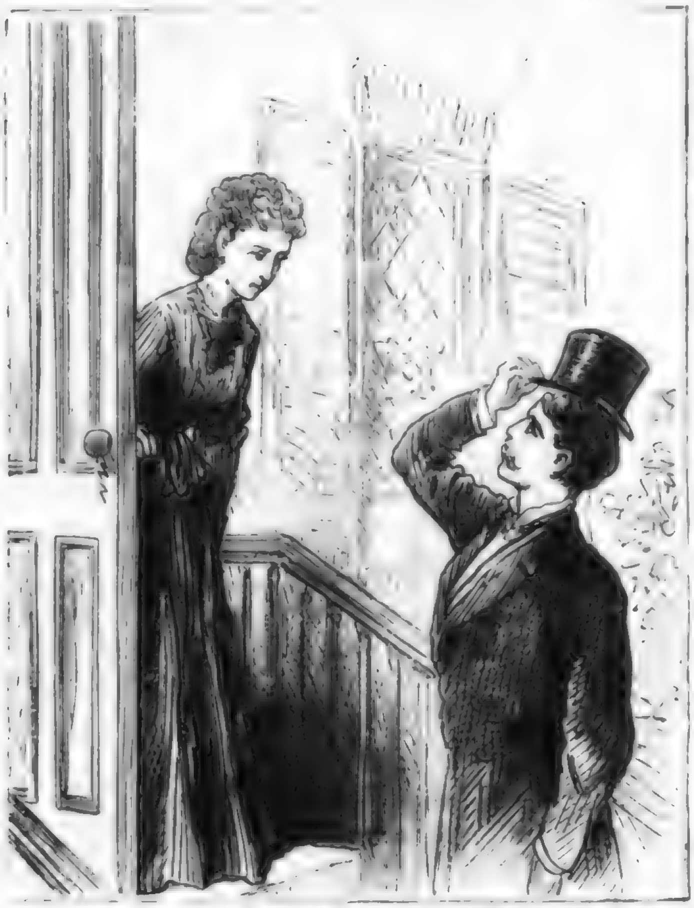
It was not my patient that laughed. Neither was it myself, and besides us two, there was not another mortal within that room. Yet, close at my ear—so close that I actually felt the breath of the laughter—somebody, *or something*, laughed—an eldritch laugh, that fairly froze the blood within my veins!

I started up in undisguised alarm, and stared wildly about me. For the first and last time, in all my intercourse with him, my patient smiled—a faint, wan smile, gone almost as soon as I saw it.

"That is nothing, doctor," he said, in a matter-of-course tone. "Compared with some other parts of the house, the manifestations are very faint in this room, and that laugh is one of the least fearful of them. Wait till you have visited the Red Room, and then laugh back at the laughers, if you can."

I sat down again, and stared at him in silence for some minutes. The meeting, so far, had not been one of the ordinary kind. No "How d'ye do?" or other salutation had passed between us, and we had commenced to talk as if I had just stepped back from the next room after a short absence.

I began to think now that it was growing more extraordinary, and that my patient was not quite so crazy as I



A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE.—"IN THE NEXT MOMENT THE SPEAKER APPEARED UPON THE THRESHOLD, AND, WITH THE SAME MUSICAL VOICE, INVITED ME TO ENTER."

had believed. Still, there *was* such a thing as ventriloquism. It would never do for a scientific man like myself to be frightened at a mere laugh, though I could not see the laugher. My self-possession gradually returned, and, to show that it had, I made another attempt to give him some good advice.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Handford," I began, sententiously, following up my thoughts rather than replying to anything he had said, "even if you are troubled by these manifestations, as you call them, it is your duty to be cheerful——"

The word died on my lips, for, gazing at him as I spoke, I saw a look of such unutterable horror come into his face, that it made me dumb. His chair was close to mine, and with a vise-like grip he seized my arm in the nervous fingers of his right hand. Then, stretching out his left arm, he pointed over my shoulder, staring like one in an epileptic fit, in the same direction. Without any volition of my own, I turned slowly round, still keeping my eyes on his, as if I were fascinated. But when my position was quite reversed, my glance followed the direction of his stare, and I beheld——

What did I behold? Can it be possible that heaven, for its own wise purposes, sometimes permits mortals to catch glimpses of the terrors of the nether pit, as well as to see visions of immortal bliss? I fear that I cannot describe what I beheld, so as to convey a tithe of the unspeakable horror of the sight. Yet I must at least attempt it, or fail to make this narrative a truthful record.

Lying upon the floor, in front of a small door in the wainscot, I saw the head, the throat, and a portion of the shoulders of a gray-haired old man. There was no body visible, for below the shoulders the form faded in nothingness. Around the throat were clinched the fingers of a pair of brawny hands, the arms of which were visible only to the elbows, and at no time could I perceive the slightest trace of the form to which they belonged.

But both head and hands were in a state of horrible action. The long, red fingers griped and kneaded into the helpless throat, and the strong arms pressed the hairy hands down upon it, until the knotted veins stood out like tangles of whipcord from the bony knuckles. The face of the aged head was livid and streaked with purple; the black tongue protruded from between the white teeth and the shrunken lips; and the frightened eyes started out from their sockets in a ghastly stare of awful agony!

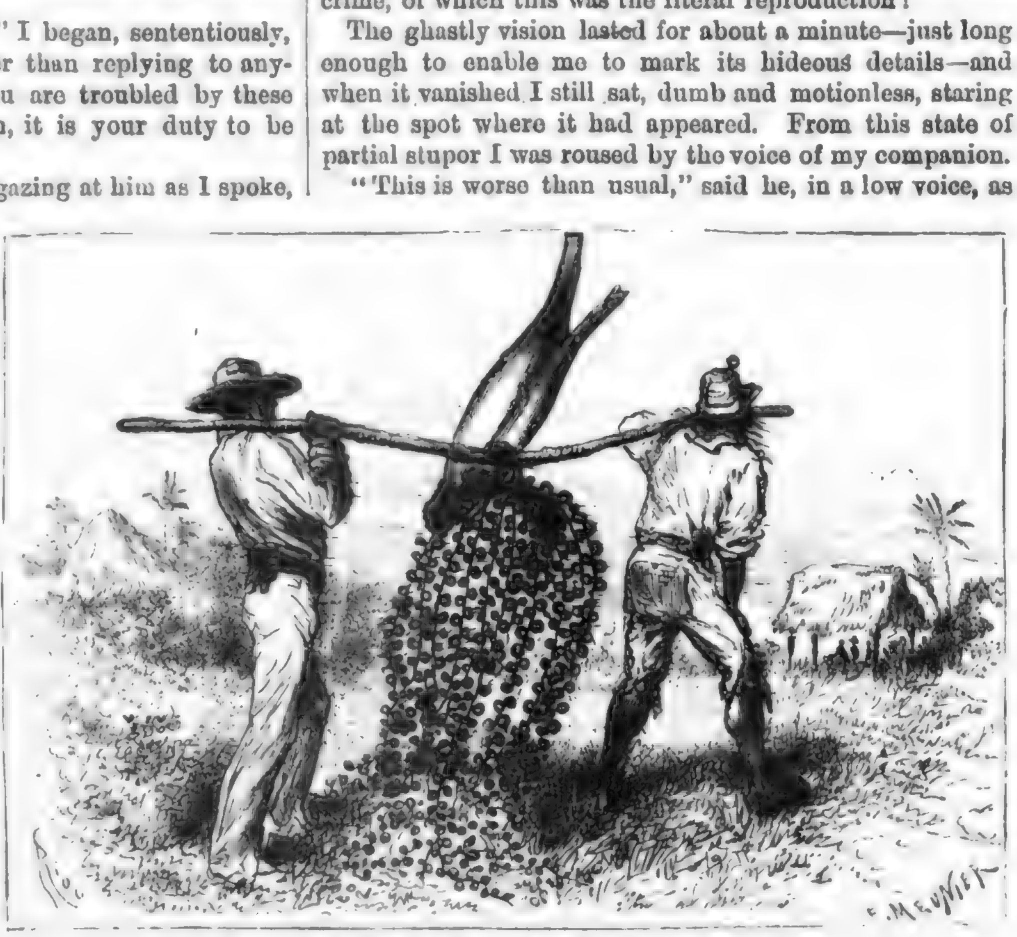
Not for a moment were either head or hands at rest. The former writhed and twisted and struggled to get free from the deadly grip upon the throat, and the sinewy hands followed its every motion, clutching it still more fiercely at each abortive throe, and kneading the lithe, snaky fingers into the livid flesh, as if they meant to sever the head from the shoulders by the mere force of their iron grasp.

No sound broke the awful stillness of that silent room. Paralyzed with horror, neither Handford nor myself seemed to breathe, and the frightful struggle going on before us caused no noise whatever.

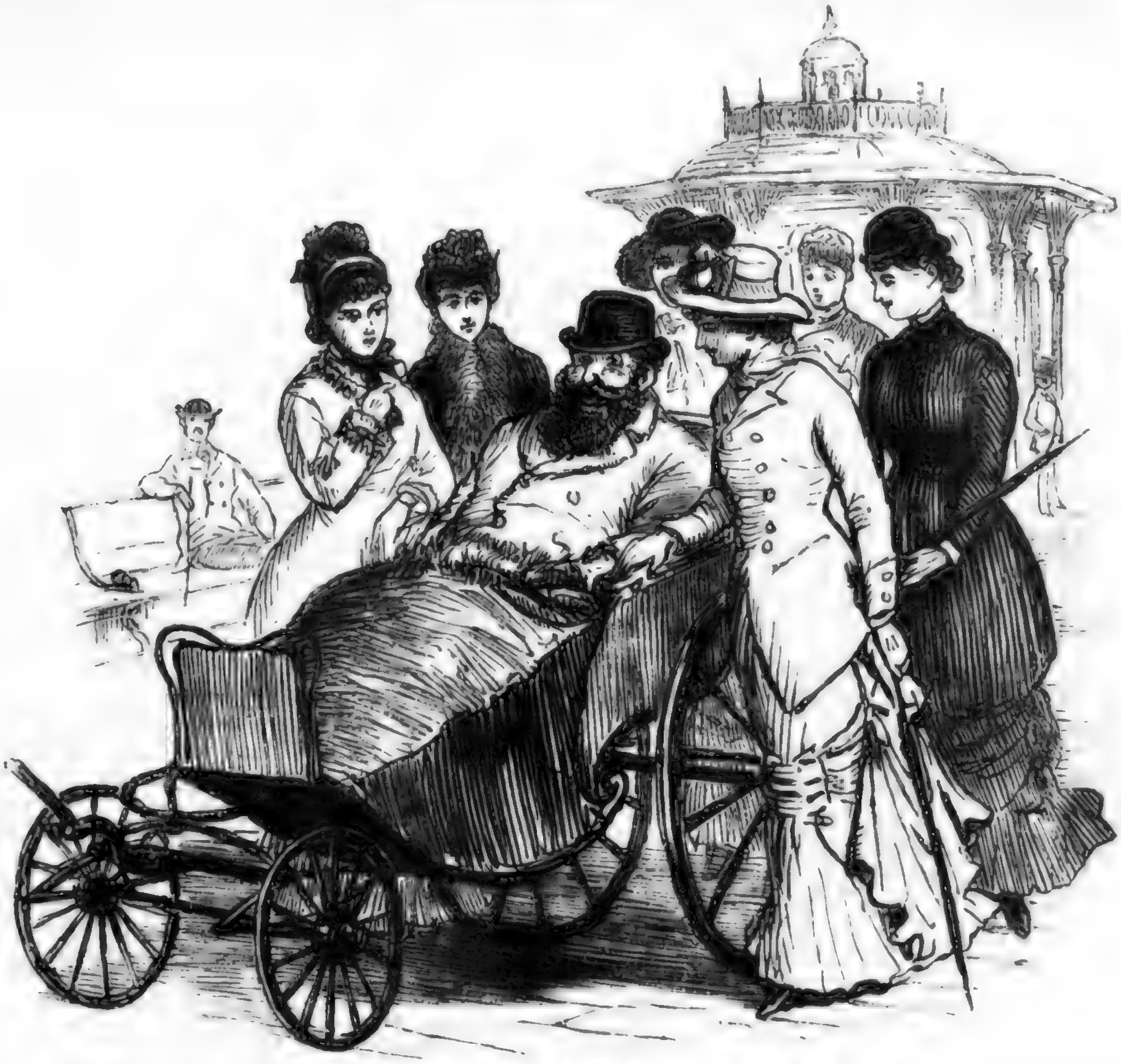
It was clear that the figures we saw were phantoms—ghosts of a head and hands; but the struggle itself was so real, so vivid, that I could not but believe that I beheld an actual murder, or, at least, the phantasm of an actual crime, of which this was the literal reproduction!

The ghastly vision lasted for about a minute—just long enough to enable me to mark its hideous details—and when it vanished I still sat, dumb and motionless, staring at the spot where it had appeared. From this state of partial stupor I was roused by the voice of my companion.

"This is worse than usual," said he, in a low voice, as



BLOSSOMS OF THE CORNETO PALM.—SEE PAGE 335.



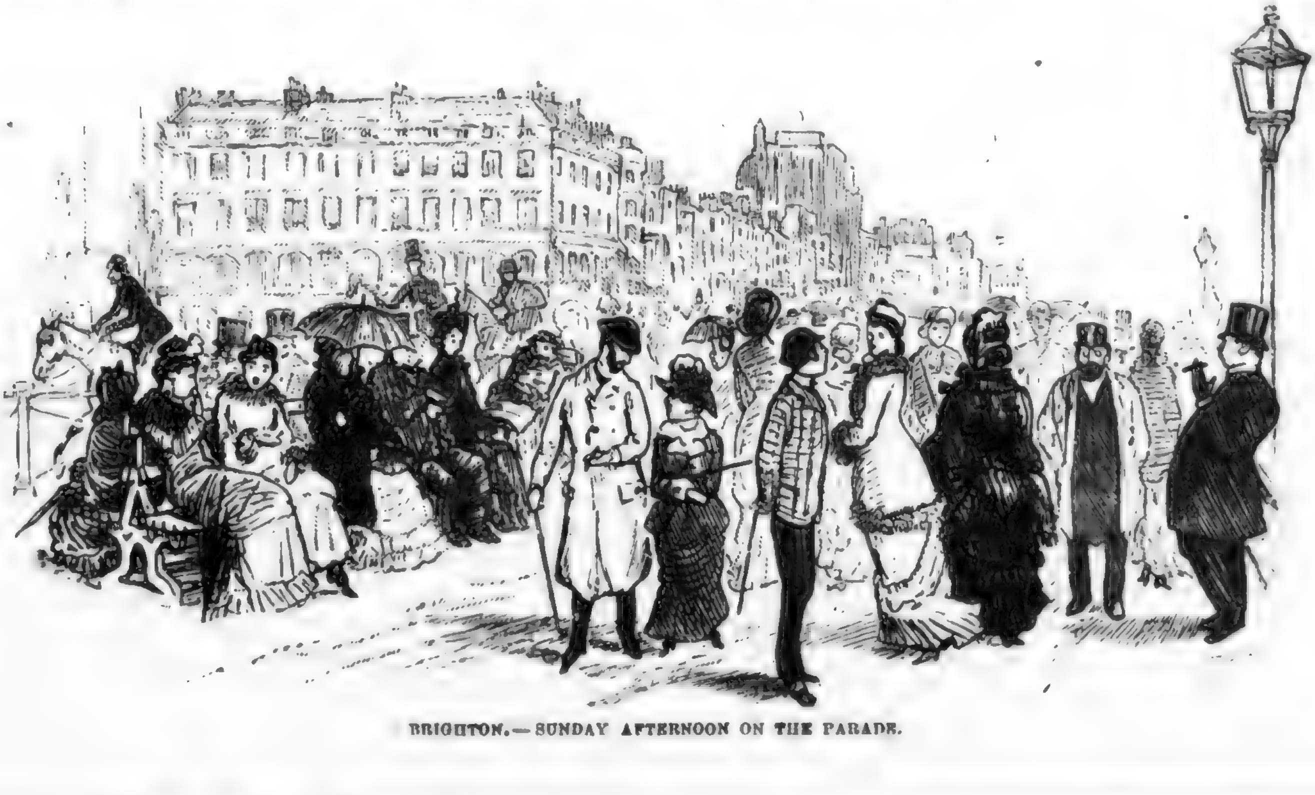
BRIGHTON.—AN INVALID ON THE PIER.—SEE PAGE 344.

if speaking to himself; and then, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, he added, aloud: "Do you think it possible, doctor, to be cheerful in the midst of such scenes?"

I was glad, afterward, that he spoke so scornfully; for the sting of his contempt was necessary to rouse me from the terror which had seized upon my soul. The petty anger that he unconsciously excited in my mind was the only thing that saved me from ignominious flight. I turned upon him wrathfully:

"No; it is not possible to witness such sights calmly," I cried, with vehemence. "But you are an arrant fool to remain here. These things do not follow you elsewhere, do they?"

"That is my curse, doctor," he answered, quietly,



BRIGHTON.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE PARADE.

unmoved by my foolish ire. "No, they do not follow me; but, whenever I leave here, they draw me back irresistibly—as the magnet draws the iron. Listen! This farm is my sole resource; I have no other where to turn for bread. I cannot sell it, because I will not doom any other man to the horrors I have suffered, and there is a power stronger than my will which forces me to stay here. When our servants left us, at the beginning of these troubles, I and my sister—she whom you saw just now—resolved to remain and solve the mystery. For two long years we have lived alone here, enduring terrors that have sapped the foundations of our lives, and you are the first mortal we have admitted to share our fearful secret——"

Hot with wrath, I interrupted him.

"And you have condemned that innocent young girl—coward that you are!—to live this life of terror——"

"Calm yourself, doctor," he interrupted in his turn, the thrilling whisper of his voice changing for an instant to a tone of proud command. "Hear me out before you condemn me so harshly. From the very first, both Marian and myself have perceived that there is a method and a meaning in these visitations. We firmly believe that they are intended to communicate something important to us. These spirits, or whatever they are, desire to disclose a secret to us; of that we have long been sure. But, with all our patience and courage, we cannot discover what they mean. It is for this reason solely that I resolved to appeal to you. If we had any hope left that we could solve the mystery unaided, you may be sure we never should have taken you, or any one else, into our confidence. The fact that you can see and hear that which we have seen and heard so long, proves that my sister and myself are not insane, as I had begun to fear, and that I have chosen wisely in asking you to share our burden."

There is no need further to detail our conversation on this occasion. Of course, after what I had witnessed, I had no longer any doubt of his perfect sanity; and, as we were not again disturbed that evening by sights or sounds of horror, my first terror gradually died out, giving place, as we continued to debate the matter, to a courageous and firm resolve that I would devote all my strength and skill to solving this strange riddle. At nightfall his sister joined us, bringing the materials for a simple meal, and when that was discussed, we three sat in council until a late hour—they telling me all that had happened to them, and I striving to find the clew which should guide me in my self-imposed task.

Now that the first shock was over, all my normal courage returned, and ere we parted for the night, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that I had restored something of hope to their wearied souls. Nothing of a startling nature occurred during the night, and I slept soundly, in a comfortable bed, till daybreak. At breakfast I met my hosts again, and my presence seemed to enliven them more than I could have deemed possible when I first saw them.

Marian especially appeared to have imbibed hope and joyousness from my coming. The more I saw of this devoted girl, the stronger grew my admiration and respect. When I reflected how bravely she had shared her brother's ghost-haunted life, and unflinchingly aided him in the terrible investigation which had so completely baffled them, it was not love that sprang up in my bosom—I had no idea *then* that I could love—but it was reverence, a worship mingled with strong compassion, that I felt for her; such a tender reverence as one must feel for a woman-martyr when she submits to torture, and yields up life and loveliness for the sake of the faith that makes her strong to endure.

But I must not linger on this sweet theme, for I have still many strange things to tell, and but little space in which to relate them. When the morning meal was ended, and Marian had completed her duties as housekeeper, we three again sat down together, and they gave me the entire history of the dreadful visitation to which they had been subjected.

I cross-examined them closely, and made them describe each fact accurately; as to localities, vividness in particular places, and intensity of action at different hours. I had not long previously formed a theory (which I will not now stop to explain), regarding the new wonder of spiritual manifestations just then rife, and I soon saw that the facts in this strange case would enable me to test my theory to the utmost. By the time they had finished their narrative I had made up my mind how to proceed, and when I disclosed my plan to them, I found them entirely willing to co-operate in every way.

One particular fact, in regard to the manifestations in this house, had impressed itself upon me very strongly. No part of the mansion, outside of the central stone building, was affected by them. In the wooden wings, on either side, no apparitions had been seen, and no sounds heard.

In the main building itself the manifestations were very unequal. Nothing except sounds occurred at either the extreme front or rear of the house, and these sounds grew louder and more varied as they approached the central part of the building.

From cellar to roof the mansion was divided in the centre, transversely, by a stone wall similar to the outer walls; this being pierced by arches, at convenient points on each floor, for doors and passage-ways. Close to this wall the apparitions always became visible, and they never were seen at a greater distance than five feet from it.

Acting on the theory to which I have alluded, I was soon satisfied that the unearthly agency at work in this house desired to call attention to that wall, and it now only remained to discover the precise spot therein to which this agency itself was most strongly attracted, or, to take the converse of the proposition, from whence it emanated.

Careful questioning soon convinced me that this spot was somewhere in that portion of the central wall which formed the east side of a large chamber on the second floor. In this room the most violent manifestations, in the shape of noise and movements, had always occurred, and the most startling visions had been seen. In this room, therefore, I determined to take up my residence, and begin my watch, and accordingly I transferred my valise to it, from the comfortable room in the north wing, where the care of my kind hostess had at first consigned me.

As Handford had informed me that the manifestations rarely began before five or six o'clock in the afternoon, gradually increasing in violence as the evening advanced, and culminating at midnight—after which hour, except on extraordinary occasions, they entirely ceased—I was led to believe, still following my theory, that electricity was the medium through which the spirits acted.

It would be tedious to explain why I came to this conclusion. The result of long and laborious research into the phenomena of spiritualism, I shall, perhaps, some day give my theory to the world. At present it is only necessary to say that my decision in this instance was founded upon my knowledge of the electric forces and currents in the body of the earth itself—which is, indeed, one great galvanic battery, storing and accumulating its electric power during certain periods, and discharging it at others, under certain fixed laws, the secret of which science has not yet entirely solved.

Therefore, after a quiet day spent in Marian's society (during which I was vain enough to think I had risen in her esteem, as she certainly had in mine), my first care on entering the Red Room—as Handford called the haunted chamber—at five o'clock of that eventful evening, was to examine the surface of the central wall thoroughly. This inspection was without result, as far as finding any wires, or conductors of any sort, was concerned, for the wall was as smooth as plaster and paint could make it, and it had no break in it save the arch which formed the doorway connecting it with the rear chamber.

But my examination was brought to an abrupt close by a startling occurrence, which shocked me more than it would have done otherwise, on account of this very uniformity of the wall, for that fact made it all the more unexpected, and apparently impossible.

Handford was standing at the hall doorway behind me as I moved along the wall, and at the instant I had reached the further corner, he uttered an exclamation of fear. Turning quickly toward him, I had the whole length of the east wall between us, and at the centre of this space I beheld a most astonishing spectacle.

At the height of my shoulder from the floor, the fleshless bones of the arm and hand of a human skeleton were thrust out into the air from the smooth surface of the wall! For a moment the hand beckoned imperiously, as if commanding us to approach. Then it moved out further into the open air, and a grinning skull became visible. Now followed the upper portion of the frame, next the other arm, and finally the legs. Thus, piece by piece, the whole ghastly skeleton emerged from the smooth surface of the wall, and stood threateningly between us while one might slowly count a score!

Then it fell asunder—each bone detaching itself from its fellow, and all mingling together in a confused mass as they descended with a rattling crash to the floor. The sound was as the rattle of real bones thus thrown together, and so strong was the impression produced upon me—notwithstanding the ghostly manner in which they had appeared—that they *were* real bones, that I started forward impulsively to pick up one of them. But as I bent over the pile, and my hand was about to touch the grinning skull, which lay uppermost, they vanished utterly, and we stood staring at each other in horror over the empty space where they had been!

But even in the midst of my profound dismay a sudden inspiration filled my soul. The spot whence the skeleton arm had protruded, and beckoned so commandingly—was not that the place to which my search must be directed? The idea banished all my terrors, and springing up, I began nervously to press and feel with my fingers in every direction near that spot. As I did so, there suddenly arose in the chamber a hideous din. The chairs and tables moved to and fro, as if endowed with life, and from the walls and floor and ceiling thunderous sounds, as if Cyclops, hammering on giant anvils, made the very air tremble with ponderous concussions. Had I been less excited, this hellish clamor must have driven me forth from the haunted chamber in terror; but as it was, I persevered in my quest, and at the very moment when I despaired of success, it was crowned with triumph!

One of my thumbs suddenly pressed with force upon a slight projection—so slight as to be quite imperceptible to the eye—and this pressure was instantly followed by a sharp click, as of the opening of a strong lock. This was succeeded by a whirring sound, like clock-work running down; the smooth surface of the wall cracked at right angles, forming a small square, and, forced out through the plastering which had so long and so effectually concealed it, an ebony panel of about a foot square fell down, amid a shower of dust, into my outstretched hand!

The instant that it fell the horrible din ceased, and in a short time Handford was sufficiently composed to assist me in examining the niche in the wall which the displacement of the panel had disclosed.

This niche was about a foot deep, and at the first glance all that we could perceive in it was a small flask of pure crystal, nearly filled with a similar liquid. Without a moment's reflection, I seized this bottle at once, and lifted it from the pan. A shock like that of a large Leyden jar fully charged thrilled through me from head to foot, and forced me back some paces from the wall. The whole house trembled, from foundation to rooftree, and with a hollow clang, the bottom of the niche—a single plate o polished steel—flew upward, and out upon the floor, carrying with it the zinc pan, and spilling its contents.

The earthquake-like tremor of the house quickly subsided, and after a breathless pause to recover our self-possession, we closely examined the bottle which I still grasped. Floating in the centre of the almost colorless liquid within, we saw a slender, needle-shaped piece of steel, about four inches long, and an eighth of an inch in diameter at its thickest part.

There was nothing else singular about the flask, and while the whole apparatus seemed to prove that my theory of electric agency was not far wrong, it gave us no clew to the main secret. Accordingly we ventured to examine the niche again, and now, indeed, the mystery was completely solved, while we were overwhelmed with a still greater surprise than any that had gone before!

Beneath the niche the wall was hollow for several feet each way, and this large cavity was completely filled with shining golden guineas! We afterward found that this store of wealth amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars, but, for the moment, we disregarded the gold to seize upon a yellow parchment resting on the top of the glittering heap. Quickly unfolding this, an inscription in scholarly Latin met my eye. A free translation of this writing would read thus:

"*St. John's Eve*, A.D. 1692.

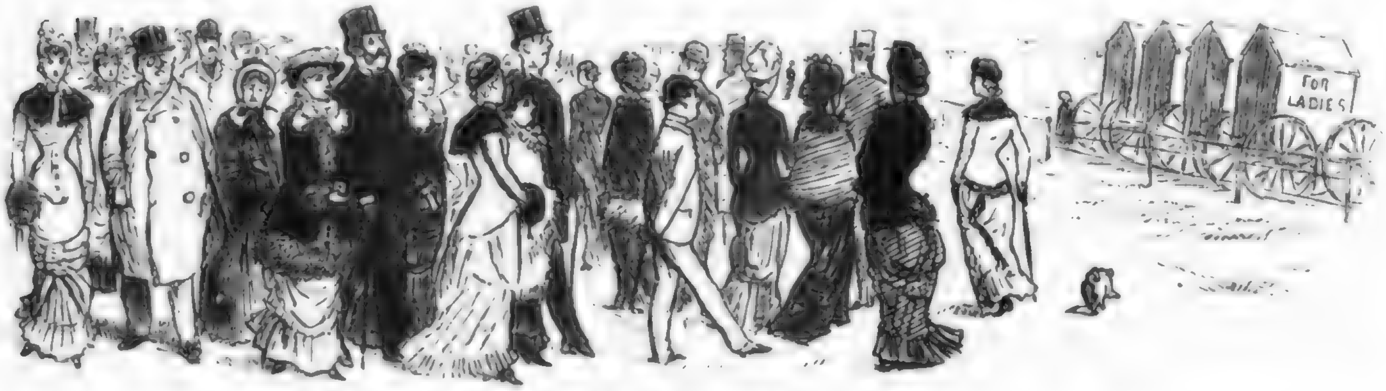
"In this chamber, on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, in the year of Our Lord, was murdered Marcus Allyn Handford, an English colonist, who built this house in 1684, and contrived the secret place where this parchment will be found, to conceal the treasure brought with him from his native land, and which will be found there also. For the sake of this treasure was he foully murdered while sleeping; but the holy angels who execute God's judgments purged his murderer's soul as with fire, and filled it with remorse, so that he hath confessed his deadly crime to me, an humble Brother of St. Francis.

"The secrets of the Confessional are sacred, so that I must not deliver my penitent to man's justice—his crime, and his sorrow therefor, will be judged by his Maker. But this wealth belongs to Marcus Handford's heirs. To disclose it to them now would be to betray my penitent. Now, therefore, I, Guilielmus the Franciscan, clerk, make use of the magic knowledge, which, in evil days, I gained in the country of the Chaldees, for a holy purpose. The steel needle, which was the instrument of the foul crime, will become the instrument to restore this wealth to the victim's descendants. I shall so place it that, after many years, the angels who forced the murderer to confession may communicate through it with those to whom the treasure rightfully belongs. The manner in which they will perform this task is unknown to me. I only know that it cannot fail. May heaven direct it aright. Pray for the souls of Marcus Handford and his murderer. Amen."

* * * * * * *

My narrative is ended, save to relate that from the moment of the disarrangement of the ancient friar's strange apparatus, the spirits ceased to haunt the old home of the Handfords. The wealth thus supernaturally restored to them gave them ease and luxury for the remainder of their days. Unfortunately, the health of poor Morris had been too much shattered by the tortures he had undergone, and he only lived for a few years.

I still can see in the sweet face of my beloved wife all the loveliness she once wore, though in her aged eyes there often comes that wistful look with which she greeted me, thirty years ago, in the porch of the haunted house.



BRIGHTON.—SUNDAY MORNING ON THE LAWN.

BRIGHTON,

THE QUEEN OF ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

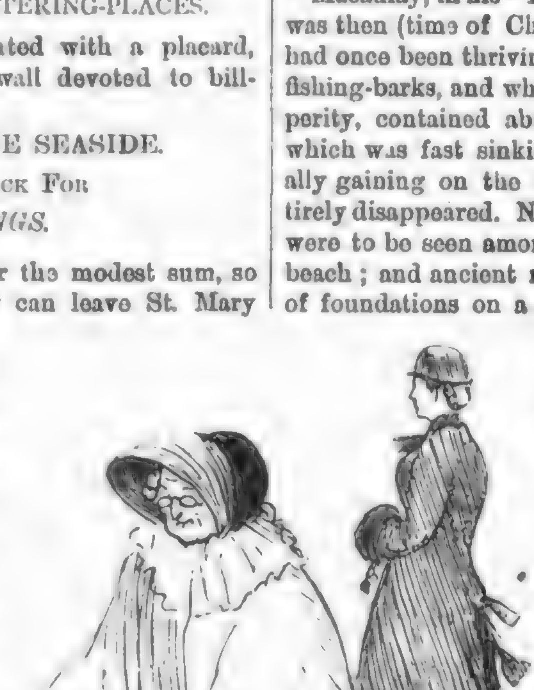
VISITORS to London are confronted with a placard, which stares at them from every wall devoted to bill-posting—

TWELVE HOURS AT THE SEASIDE.
TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR
THREE SHILLINGS.

This placard is truthful; and for the modest sum, so prominently set forth, the Cockney can leave St. Mary Axe at seven in the morning, arrive at Brighton at nine, suck in the ozone from the breezy pier for twelve hours, and return by the nine o'clock train, reaching home in time to hear Bow Bells peal out the witching hour.

Of course, for three shillings you ride third-class and without cushions, but the carriages are scrupulously clean, admirably cared for, and, as a rule, the travelers thereby, good-humored, civil, and of a class prepared to spend three times the money by the sad sea waves. The ride is a delightful one, since the line passes through the very garden of Merrie England, rich in lordly pleasances, baronial castles, quaint little towns, and idyllic villages.

Brighton was formerly called "Brightelmstone." It is situated fifty-one miles from London, and can be struck by the limited express, morning and evening, within an hour. Its population is estimated at 90,000. It extends for four miles along the coast, from Kempton on the east to Hove on the west. The eastern half of the town stands on the ridge of high chalk cliffs which stretches away to Beachy Head; the western half is seated on a low, pebbly beach, and is sheltered by Selsea Bill. "The first gentleman in Europe," alias "the biggest blackguard"—George IV.—of whose residence at Brighton more anon, made it fashionable. Brightelmstone is mentioned in Domesday Book. The French plundered and burned it in 1513; and during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Bess it was strongly fortified to protect it from its Gallic enemies across the water.

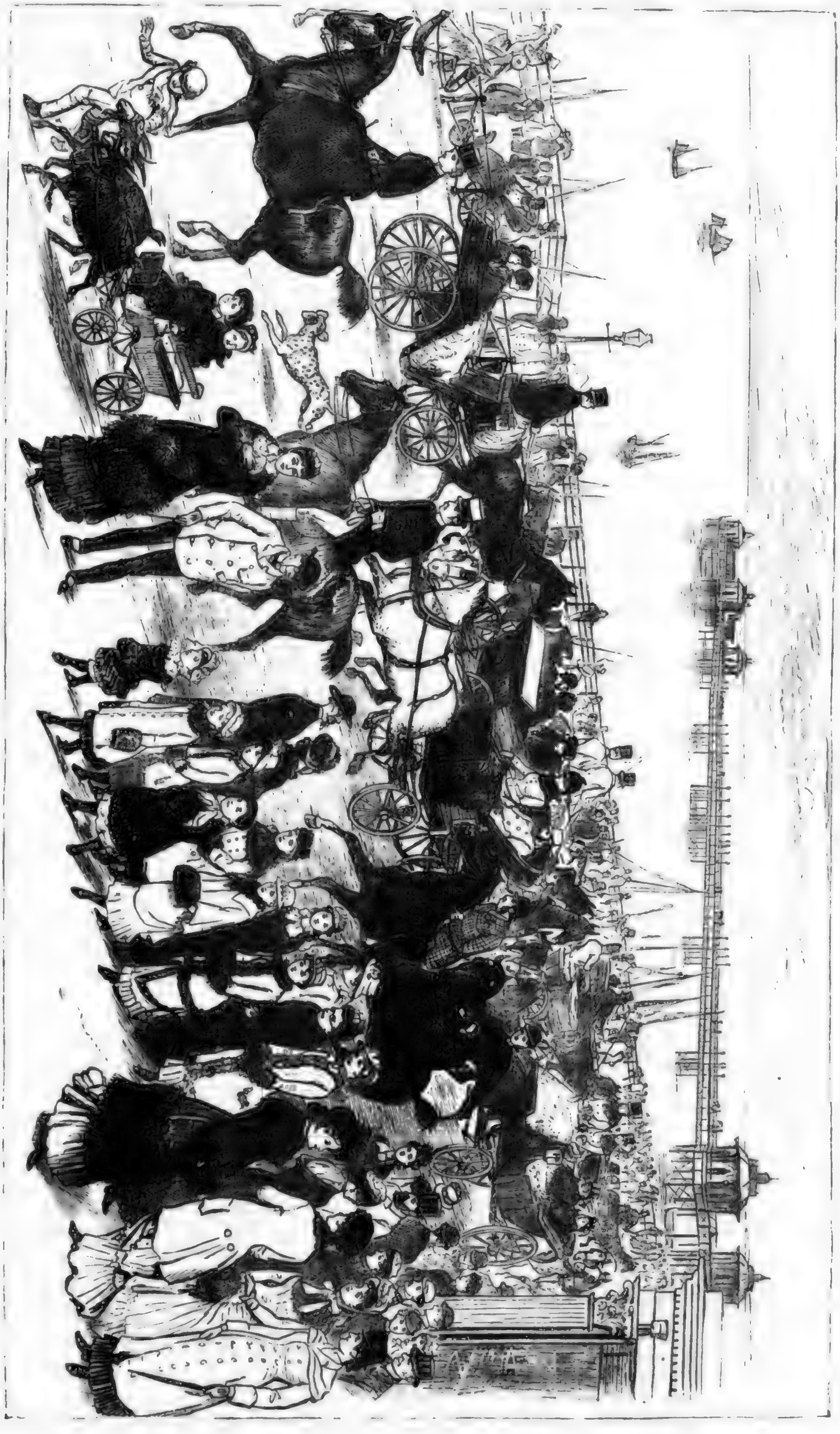


BRIGHTON.—HATS OF THE PEOPLE.

Macaulay, in his "History of England," says, "Brighton was then (time of Charles II.) described as a place which had once been thriving, which had possessed many small fishing-barks, and which had, when at the height of prosperity, contained about two thousand inhabitants; but which was fast sinking into decay. The sea was gradually gaining on the buildings, which at last almost entirely disappeared. Ninety years ago the ruins of an old fort were to be seen among the pebbles and sea-weed of the beach; and ancient men could still point out the traces of foundations on a spot where a street of more than a hundred huts had been swallowed up by the waves. So desolate was the place after this calamity, that the vicarage was thought scarcely worth having; a few poor fishermen, however, still continued to dry their nets on the cliffs."

Two hundred years ago, Brighton consisted of a small group of fishermen's huts, the foundations of which have long fallen to the dominion of the sea; a little over one hundred years ago, it was still a poor, squalid, straggling village. And to-day! what mighty enchanter has wrought the grand transformation?

You ask this of a native—one of the very old school—and he babbles of his green days and the bright days of his youth, when George III. was dead to the world and to Government, and his son George reigned, as regent, in his stead. The oldest inhabitant of Brighton would carve upon every stone of the town, "*Georgius fecit.*" The young generation has grown radical, has learned to talk of suffrage and ballot and reduced estimates, and generally to advocate political doctrines which, had



BRIGHTON.—AFTERNOON ON THE KING'S ROAD.

they been in vogue at the beginning of the present century, would have nipped the fortunes of Brighton in the bud, and perhaps left it what it had always been since the Saxons named it Brightelmstone—a fishing-village. The very old people, however, have still a kindly memory for the puffy gentleman in the curly brown wig, and his picture still holds a place of honor on the walls of Brighton parlors. But George was by no means the earliest or most respectable benefactor of Brighton. The truth of the matter lies—where it is proverbial that truth does lie—at the bottom of a well.

Nearly fifty years before the heir-apparent first visited Brighton, a certain Dr. Richard Russell popularized the place, by an account which he wrote of the marvelous medicinal properties of its chalybeate waters. Glandular complaints were prevalent at the time, owing, most probably, to the enfeebling influence of late hours and six-bottle bouts, and the Wick Spring, which the worthy doctor discovered, was said to furnish the means of cure. It was in consequence of the number of persons who flocked to consult Dr. Russell and drink the waters of his wonderful spring, that the scattered village of huts began to assume the aspect of a regular and well-built town. Dr. Russell's successor, Dr. Relham, still further spread the fame of Brighton. He found it, as he himself writes, in his short history of Brightelmstone, "consisting of six principal streets, a number of lanes, and some spaces surrounded with houses, and called by the inhabitants 'squares.'"

But in Dr. Relham's time the town improved greatly. It had "become a great resort of company, and the inhabitants seem disposed to spend the whole of what they acquire in the erection of new buildings, or in making old ones convenient." The doctor prophesied smooth things for Brighton. Referring to the new streets that were being built in every direction, he wrote: "Should the increase of these in the next seven years be equal to what it has been in the last, it is probable there will be but few towns in England that will excell this in commodious buildings."

People flocked to Brighton at this time—1768—not alone to drink at Dr. Russell's health-giving spring, but also to indulge in Dr. Aroister's hot salt-water baths. It was these baths that brought the Duke of Cumberland to Brighton, and it was to visit the duke, his uncle, that George, Prince of Wales, made his first journey to the same spot. Thus George found the ball rolling, and all that he did was to kick it rather more vigorously than any other individual who did not borrow his powers of propulsion from the national exchequer, was, or ever could be, in a position to do.

Up to this time, Brighton, though a place of long descent and lineage, had acquired small celebrity. It had few cherished memories and little historical association. Away in the dark and misty times of early English history, the Druids, it is said, were attracted to the spot by its salubrity; but that I don't believe. Where were the oak-trees to give acorns and mistletoe for their mysteries? No, Brighton was not known—at least favorably—to the ancients; and I feel convinced that Boadicea never drove her chariot along the King's Road. Of course, it is very commendable in local guide-book compilers to make out a good pedigree for their town, and to emblazon the scroll of its historical fame as brilliantly as possible; but when they have done their uttermost, Brighton seems to have been the scene of very few remarkable events. I am willing to admit that Ella may have landed there, if, indeed, Ella ever existed; also, that the Flemings "sore pestered" the inhabitants; also, that the "Merry Monarch" took ship for France under the east cliff in Nicholas Tattersall's lugger, *en route* to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Can I refrain from giving the lines in Byron's burlesque of that name?

> "And he sailed for Calais on the Sunday,
> But his sick transit spoiled his glorious Monday."

I also admit that Martha Gunne, who bathed George IV. when he was young, and had not learned to be the finest gentleman in Europe, lived and died at Brighton; and finally, that the old churchyard on the top of the hill, where the graves are thick as (dead) leaves in Vallombrosa, is the last resting-place of Phœbe Hessell, who was born at Stepsay in the year 1713, served for many years in the Fifth Regiment of Foot, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. I am willing to admit all this; but that the Brightonians, with six culverins and one cask of gunpowder, were the cause of the Spanish Armada steering off from the coast, and falling a prey to the winds and waves, is a guide-book assertion which I must be allowed to accept with reserve.

No; Brighton had better be content to pin its faith and pride upon Nicholas Tattersall, Dr. Russell, George IV., Phœbe Hessell and Tom Sayers. Yes; let it be forgotten that while a gray stone marks the last home of Nicholas and Phœbe, a swinging sign in Pimlico invites the pious pilgrim (of P. R. propensities) to drink beer in the natal chamber of the ex-champion. Pimlico is one of the sacred shrines of Brighton, lying close to the Pavilion, and the denizens thereabouts evince the greatest anxiety to point out to the stranger the hallowed spot where the mighty Tom drew his first breath.

The history of Brighton really begins with 1782, the red-letter year of its calendar, when the Prince of Wales first set foot within his uncle's home in the Steyne. The drowsy old town woke up immediately. On the Prince's birthday, a grand supper and ball were given by the Dukes of York and Clarence at the castle. In the day there was a military procession of the Javelin Men of Lewes, in blue coats, buff waistcoats, and buckskin breeches; and at night, when the grand folks were dancing, the townspeople were entertained with "a firework."

"Brighton," says a local journal, "was never so gay or joyous before." But a moralist of the day, who shook a grave head at these doings, sighed for the old quiet times. "We were happier then," he writes; "there were no discords among the inhabitants; at least no Crockfords." These last words were significant, for Crockfords' was a noted gambling house in St. James Street, London, now the Devonshire Club, of which the Marquis of Hartington is the figurehead. George had brought gayety, bustle and business, but he had also brought the vices of the fashionable life of the time.

In a very few years a sort of licentious garden sprang up in the Promenade Grove. Here dancing, drinking and gambling, and all sorts of wild pleasures, were carried on, under the special patronage of the Prince, whose illuminated portrait adorned the outer gate, with the legend "Brighton's Support," inscribed in letters of flame underneath.

There were brave doings then at Brighton. Grand reviews on the Downs, sham boat-fights out at sea, gala nights at the grove, balls and feasts at the castle, fireworks in the Steyne, while at all times raffling went on merrily at a *rendezvous* called Gregory's Library. This Gregory had such persuasive ways with him that none could resist his solicitations, and he had often a thousand names on his lists for guinea tickets. Brighton was becoming a very dissolute place about this time, and the moralist before referred to publicly recorded his impressions of the changes in the following epigram:

"Say, why on Brighton's church we see
A golden shark displayed?—
But that 'twas aptly meant to be
An emblem of its trade.
Nor could the thing so well be told
In any other way;
The town's a shark that lives on gold,
The company its prey."

"Brighton's Support" lived a very shameless life among the inhabitants, but the gain they reaped made them quite indifferent to the reproach. They were willing to pander to George's pleasures, whatever shape they might assume, and his open *liaison* with Mrs. Fitzherbert was certainly not the worst of them. When George built the Pavilion—his royal residence, to be described further on—he began by visiting Mrs. Fitzherbert stealthily, and it is well known that he had a subterranean passage cut between the Pavilion and her house in the Steyne. Afterward, however, Mrs. Fitzherbert openly visited the King, and on one occasion sat by his side when he received the Marchioness de Beaule, when that unfortunate lady, dressed in the clothes of a sailor, arrived from France in an open boat.

The orgies which took place at the Pavilion about this time were of the nature of the Lupercalian feasts. Their mysteries will scarcely bear revelation, and it is better that they should be buried and forgotten. The Brighton people—to do them justice—knew little about them, albeit in London they were the common talk, and it is pretty certain the stories they told lost nothing in traveling to town. After a time, however, George became more decorous, at least outwardly, and in the last year of the century, the wild delirium of pleasure which had possessed the town began to subside a little. Even a resident clergyman seems to have been satisfied with the improved state of things, for he wrote: "The change of society and manners which has taken place at the Pavilion gives the most heartfelt satisfaction to every lover of his country; it is now in every way worthy of the heir-apparent of the British throne."

It was lucky for Brighton that George remained constant in his attachment to the place so long. Had he grown weary of his toy and cast it aside after a few years, it is probable that Brighton would have relapsed into Brighthelmstone, and parted with its momentary glory as it had done a score of times since William the Conqueror presented it to his son-in-law, William de Warren. But George was constant to Brighton, if to nothing else; and by the time the Pavilion was finished, in 1820, or thereabouts, the little village which he had found nestling under the cliff thirty years before, had become a large and populous town. Brighton could hold its own now, both against the caprice of patronage and the fury of the sea. It had become a favorite with the upper classes, and Brighton's support was now the aggregate of moneyed visitors, who occupied its hotels and mansions.

William IV., "The Sailor King," did little for the place beyond building the northern entrance to the Pavilion; and Queen Victoria turned her back upon it because, when she walked on the chain pier, a certain portion of the populace would insist on following her, and kissing the hem of her royal garment. From that moment the Pavilion ceased to be a royal palace, and became the property of the town, and a more notable instance of alarming sacrifice was perhaps never known. The building cost $5,000,000, and was sold for $270,000.

The last census returns set down the native population of Brighton at somewhere about 90,000 persons; but it is estimated that the visitors during a year number about half a million. About 200,000 persons take up their residence in the place for periods varying from a week to three months. It is clear, therefore, that Brighton does not belong to the native inhabitants. It is just a huge marine villa of the London public, in which the Mile End milkman, who goes down third-class with his dinner in a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief, is joint proprietor with the millionaire marquis who rolls down in the express and puts up at a hotel where, if you sneeze, a charge of half a crown is added to the bill. The milkman, as he sits under the cliff, carving his pork-chop on a hunch of bread with his clasp-knife, is entitled to look at my lord sipping his claret at the bow-window of his hotel, and say:

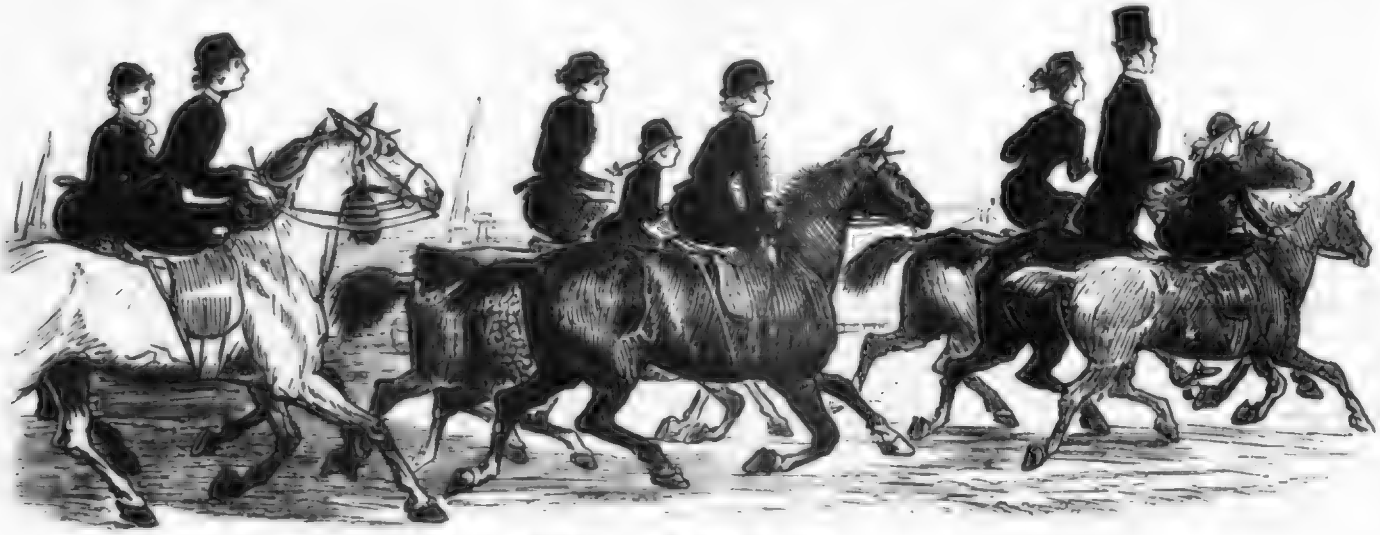
"This is *our* little box. What would the poor people do without *us?*"

What, indeed? Look at the mob—yes, the mob!—of dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses, counts and countesses, peers and peeresses—ay, even princes and princesses, that one encounters and jostles through on the esplanades in the height of the season, between November and January. You can scarcely rest your eye on anything commoner than a knight, and there are Commanders of the Bath enough to fill the entire pier.

As regards seasons, Brighton is like one of those favored countries in the tropical regions, where Spring is eternal, and where harvest-time comes at least twice a year. At one time, the fashionable season at Brighton began about the middle of June, and continued until the end of the year; now, however, the "swells" seldom arrive before November, and generally remain until Christmas. This is *the* season, *par excellence.* There is a much longer season in the Summer, beginning with the Whitsuntide excursion trains; but though the visitors are then more numerous, they are not so select, and as they only remain for a few hours in the town, their custom is of little advantage to any one but the publicans.

These visitors, who come down by thousands on Saturday and Sunday mornings, are not in the habit of resorting to the Delmonicos or Windsors, or even to the hostelries of an humbler order. They bring their dinners with them in baskets, in sheets of old newspapers, and in pocket-handkerchiefs, and they dine in company at the "London Ordinary," a magnificent apartment under the cliff, having for its carpet the countless pebbles of the seashore, and for its roof the vaulted sky. The *carte* here is substantial, if not *recherché.* It comprises pork chops, cold; brisket of beef, ditto, cut with a "hammy knife"; bacon, fried; knuckle of ham, and bread and cheese and onions. The liquors, chiefly ale and porter, are brought to the festive scene in stone bottles, which, when emptied of their contents, being made what is termed "cockshies" of, turn up in sea-worn fragments after many years, to attract the eyes of amateur collectors of curiosities, and find a place in some domestic museum of the treasures of the deep. The native inhabitants look down with supreme contempt upon these economical festivities, for all these delicacies of the season, even including the beer and the drop of "something short," are brought from London, and Brighton reaps no benefit, save from the extra pint or pot, or warm "go" that may be consumed as a supplementary treat in one of the numerous inferior houses of entertainment with which the town abounds.

One of the best sights in Brighton is the King's Road on an afternoon. Open carriages of all kinds—landaus, victorias, dog-carts, T carts, whitechapels, phaetons, donkey



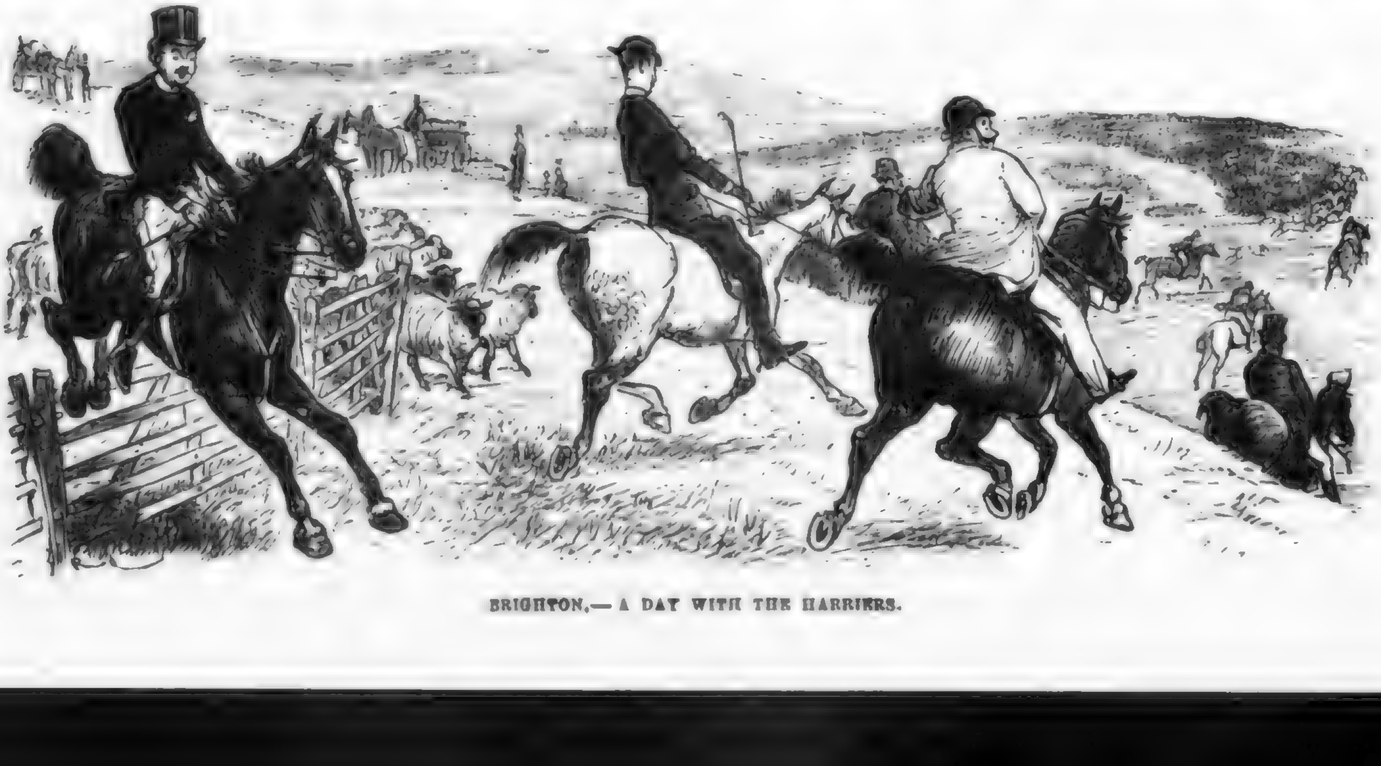
BRIGHTON.—THE RIDING-LESSON.

vehicles, tricycles and bicycles—roll along the middle of the road. Occasionally towers past the lordly drag, and frequently runs by us the humble goat-carriage. People make the most of the open air during the season at Brighton. Along the Parade near the sea move the bath-chairs and sit the loungers, even in November. Along the sidewalks, by the houses, and past the stores saunter crowds of fashionably dressed gentlemen and ladies. The clergy seem to like Brighton, and make a considerable percentage of the people one meets. Then, besides the carriages, you observe in the roadway a throng of horsemen and *equestriennes*. A gentleman of the Hebrew race prances by on a hired hack, getting well shaken up, and feeling himself to be doing quite the correct thing. A gentleman of Brighton, on one of his own thoroughbreds, passes more quietly by. Ladies who have already learned to ride add their graceful presence to the busy scene, and excite the envy of the younger ones, who are still pupils, and are taking their afternoon walks. Brighton is full of school-boys and girls. You cannot go out without meeting some of them in procession; and when you do meet them, you must step aside and allow them the middle of the sidewalk. It has been their right from time immemorial, and the young ladies are wont to tell of the joy they feel when opportunity comes for insisting upon this right. When two pretty faces head the procession, and bear down with pride and self-possession, and sometimes sauciness, upon a group of young gentlemen who are meeting them, what can the young gentlemen do but break into disorder and let the enemy through?

A series of extensive grass-plots between the road and the sea on the approach to Cliftonville is known as the Lawn, and there, upon Sunday mornings, can be seen much of the beauty and fashion, grace and affectation, pride and glory of Brighton. Saturday afternoon is a notable time, the arrivals from town are so exceedingly numerous, and a visit to the aquarium is considered "correct form."

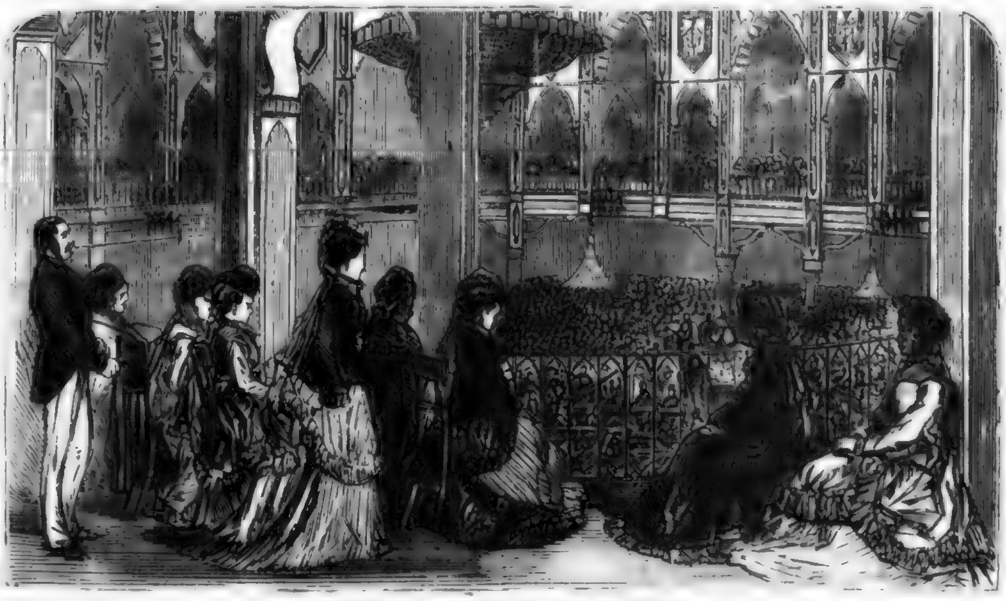
The celebrated Pavilion—the marine residence erected by George IV. when Prince Regent—is now a show place, and its arabesque appearance recalls the *façade* of the Turkish bath. It is now untenanted, its saloons, halls, and suites of luxuriously decorated apartments being occasionally let for concerts, lectures, balls, routs and festive gatherings.

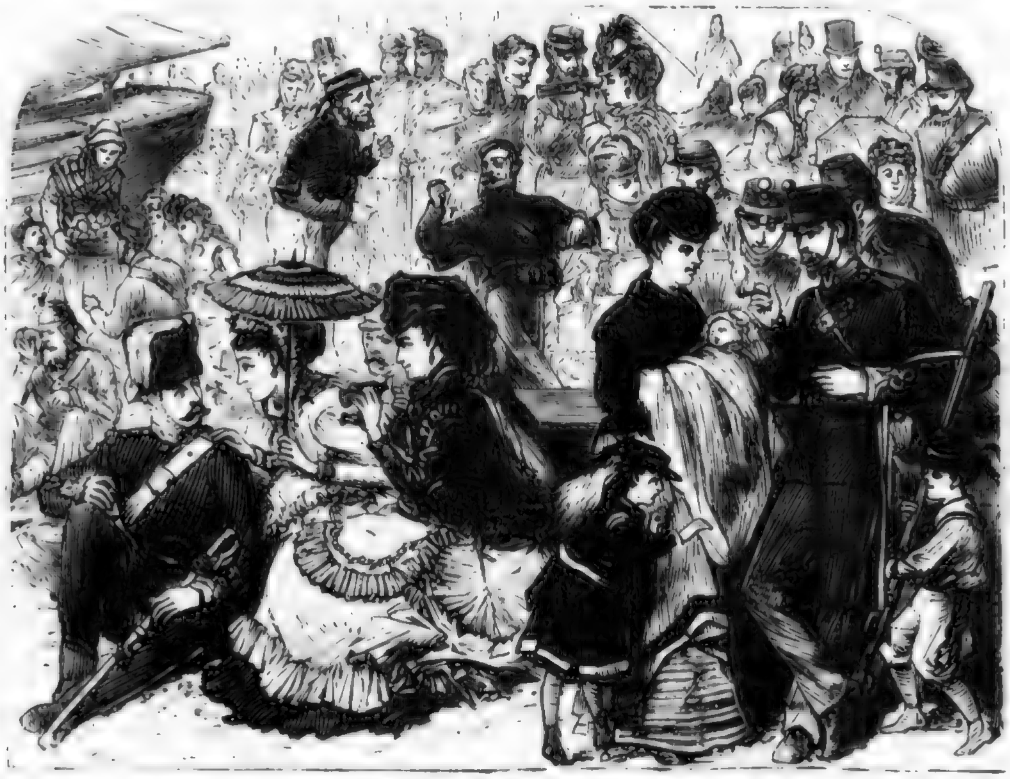
An institution of Brighton is the riding-lesson. The visitor will not be long in the town before he observes a cavalcade jogging along the King's Road, in a very business-like manner. Some dozen young ladies appear, mounted on horses of various sizes, but of about equal spirit, from very small-footed ponies to attenuated elderly chargers with flopping hoofs, and in their midst a man, very solemn and very long in the legs. The riding-masters have a busy time of it; they are busy jogging about all day long with little boys, little girls and grown-up young ladies. Indeed, there is a great deal of riding



BRIGHTON.—A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS.

at Brighton amongst all classes of the community; by some people because they ride every day when at home, by others because they never ride when they are at home; by some for exercise, by some for amusement, and by others because they experience a sporting feeling when in the saddle. These last occasionally have a day with the harriers on the Downs.


BRIGHTON.—SCENE IN THE PAVILION.


BRIGHTON IN REVIEW TIME.

Taking into consideration the great number of residents, and the vast crowd of visitors, Brighton Pier is not as thronged as "pier-loving" people could wish. I speak of the West Pier, which has quite superseded in importance and fashion the old chain pier, of which the town people were so proud.

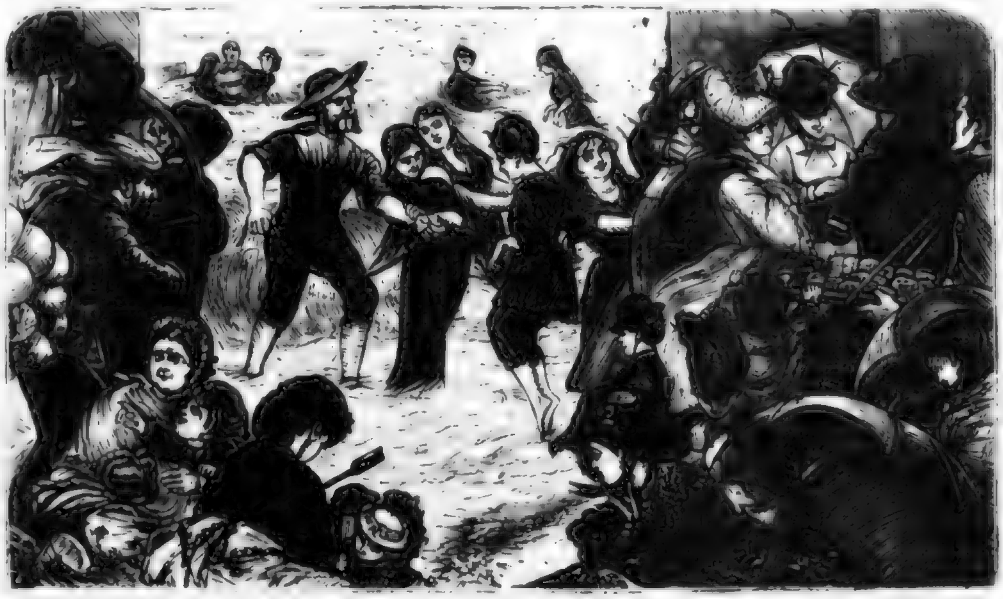
But Brighton is a place to visit, even for a few hours, and I would recommend every visitor to Merrie England to run down by the 12:50 express, and get back to town by the ten o'clock train.

A REMINISCENCE.

By Henry J. Byron.

Some thirteen years ago, whilst managing a theatre in Liverpool, I made arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean for a series of performances. This theatre, unfortunately, was built upon aristocratic principles, and aped the appearance of a London opera-house. There was no pit to speak of, and the occupants of the stalls preserved a frigid demeanor that utterly crushed the spirits of Charles Kean. The opening play was "Henry VIII.," with, of course, Mr. Kean as *Wolsey*.

Now, Charles Kean was one of the most sensitive actors I ever met, but, strange to say, this sensitiveness was only exhibited (or at all events only to any great degree) during the performance of certain parts. For instance, in *Wolsey*, a door slamming, an ill-timed cough, a crying infant, or an obtrusive nut-cracker, would drive him to despair; whereas in *Hamlet* you might bang the doors about with


BRIGHTON.—A BATHING SCENE.

XUM

impunity, and crack all Covent Garden, without upsetting him.

As *Wolsey* was to be the opening part, all the stage-men were put into slippers, and strict silence was enjoined "at the wings," and indeed everywhere else. The order that not the least noise should offend the delicate organization of *Wolsey* had been rather obtrusively promulgated in the morning by the "star's" able assistants, Messrs. G. Everett and James Cathcart, two gentlemen who traveled with Mr. Kean, had been with him all through his Princess's management, had accompanied him round the world, and knew his peculiarities, and (in the event of indisposition) his parts. Everybody was enjoined to be dumb. The entire establishment was, as it were, muffled. But one bold spirit rebelled; and this was how the bold spirit conducted, or rather misconducted, himself. A day or so before the production of the play, we found we were an actor short. The stage-manager, Mr. Burkenshaw—one of those invaluable men of experience who never know a difficulty, and who are (when they can be found) treasures to their lucky employers—went out and came back with the requisite article: an apparently dependable and certainly rather striking-looking "utility" gentleman. He rehearsed a somewhat important part who had to give the star tragedian "cues."

Something, however, which I could never rightly discover, interfered during the rehearsal with that feeling of satisfaction Mr. Kean's representatives should have experienced at the engagement of the recently joined utility gentleman. I did not pursue my inquiries, for there appeared to be a desire to vail an evident feeling of discomfort in mystery. Anxiety was stamped upon the faces of the two gentlemen who had superintended (for Mr. Kean) the lengthy rehearsal, and my stage-manager replied in grunts to my strong hints regarding the possibility of some coming annoyance.

The evening came, and with it *Wolsey.* People walked about on tip-toe, and those who had nothing else to do were sneaking about, muttering "Hush!" in a weirdlike and threatening manner; a property-man with a cold in his head was refused admittance, and a swing-door with a chronic creak had been nearly oiled off its hinges. All was going on quietly—*very* quietly. The audience was of that exclusive character calculated to "rile" an excitable artist who wants his proper applause as much as a whale wants air. The audience appreciated the master of his art, who was playing *Wolsey* magnificently, but their fish-like imperturbability and solemn sense of their own importance depressed Charles Kean terribly, and, at the close of the play, he ventilated his views regarding the new theatre as compared with the old Theatre Royal in a manner that would *not* have delighted the directors. The great scene came at length, where, if the utility gentleman had anything in him, now was the time to show it. Something, however, had put him out; at least, one could only imagine so, for his behavior was, to say the least, remarkable. He was silent. He, with the rest of the establishment, had been so warned about not making the least noise, etc., that he went to the other extreme, and, when his cues came, stared, but spoke not. The ever-ready gentlemen who were on the stage at the time covered over the silence of their comrade, and the scene came to a conclusion.

I will pass over Mr. Charles Kean's remarks regarding things in general, and the utility gentleman in particular; suffice it to say that they were emphatic and to the point. Probably in the indignant glances of the prompter and the smothered remonstrances of the stage-manager, the utility gentleman read his doom. He took a mean but effective revenge upon his detractors. Waiting till a portion of the play where extreme quiet was absolutely essential, the utility gentleman (who had now donned his private costume) stamped heavily down the wooden stairs close to the first entrance of the stage in a thick pair of boots, that I am still under an impression were clogs, and strode out at the stage-door making all the noise possible, while the agonized attendants at the wings writhed at the interruption they were powerless to suppress, and the moribund *Queen Katharine* winced again.

"*I'll* talk to him when he comes back!" said the stage-manager, with a look of malignant meaning.

"Ah," I replied, "he never *will* come back."

"But he *must*—he—he plays in the farce!" gasped the stage-manager.

"He won't come back, for all that," I rejoined.

And he never did.

THE "WATER-MARK" IN PAPER.

A recent number of the *Printer's Register* of London, England, gives the following interesting information in an article condensed from a lecture on "Paper and Paper-making," by Henry Pitman.

One feature of paper remains to be noticed, namely, the "water-mark," the origin of which explains some of the names by which papers are known. In the days when few persons could read, pictures and symbols were commonly used as signs or emblems of employment, such as the barber's "pole," the woolstapler's "fleece," the "checkers" on the tavern and inn signs generally. Every trade had its "trade-mark."

The new trades of printing and paper-making naturally followed the custom by inventing emblems for different makes of paper and the title-pages of books. The marks on paper used by the early printers consisted of an ox-head and star, a dog's head and collar, a crown, a shield, a jug, etc. The last mark originated the name of "pot" paper. The picture of a fool's head, with cap and bells, gave the name of "fool's-cap," often shortened into "cap" paper. "Post" and "Bath post" are supposed to have originated from the mark of a posthorn. A figure of Britannia, or a lion rampant supporting the cap of liberty, have replaced the fool's-cap and posthorn. The term "imperial" is supposed to have been derived from the ancient name given to the finest specimens of papyri. Modern water-marks are conspicuous on the paper used in printing the *Times*, banknotes, checks, bills and postage-stamps. The marks can be seen distinctly when the paper is held up to the light. The commonest marks are the paper-maker's name and the date. Ingenious water-marks have been contrived as preventives of frauds and forgeries. Bank and legal paper is sometimes treated chemically, so that any tampering with the ink can be instantly detected. The Shakespearean forgeries of Ireland, and Chatterton's pretended discoveries of old poems, would not have imposed so long upon the learned had not cunning been displayed in the use of ancient-looking paper. The mode of Ireland's deception is disclosed in his "Confessions." He says: "I discovered that a jug was the prevalent water-mark of the reign of Elizabeth, in consequence of which I inspected all the sheets of old paper in my possession, and having selected such as had the jug upon them, I produced the manuscript upon these."

Caxton's "Game of the Chesse," was printed on paper bearing an old English letter surmounted by a star. This book was reprinted some years ago as a tribute to Caxton's memory, and paper was made expressly for the purpose, imitating the original even to the water-mark. An old method of producing the water-marks was to fix a strong wire on the gauze of the hand-mold in the form of the object to be represented. The numbered water-marks on Bank of England notes are produced by a more complicated process. Any person who can afford so distinctive a luxury may have paper made expressly for him, bearing his name, crest, or any device in the form of water-marks.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

On, dear old friend! I come this way
Once more, once more to rest on thee,
While generous branch and leafy spray
A pleasant bower make for me.

It seems as only yesterday
That I was racing down the mead,
With young companions blithe and gay,
To mount the brave and bonny steed.

The blackbird pipes as cheerly now,
As gayly flaunts the butterfly,
As when we shook the pliant bough
By madly urging thee on high.

But scattered is that gamesome band
That filled with mirth the flying hours;
One sojourns in a distant land,
One sleeps beneath the daisy-flowers.

And others from my ken have passed;
But this I feel, where'er they be,
They'll not forget while life shall last
Our swing beneath the chestnut-tree.

LAYING THE GHOST.

WILL you try it?" said pretty Laura Wilbur to me. "Dare you sleep in the blue-room to-night?"

"Dare! There are few things I would not dare for you. I dare do anything that you ask."

"But I don't ask it. I only want to know what you think about this story of the ghost, for I confess it frightens me to death."

"Will you promise to run with your hartshorn-bottle to my rescue if you hear me scream?"

"No, indeed, I'll promise no such thing. I'm sure my knees would give way under me, and I should need all my hartshorn myself."

"Well, then, I suppose the ghost must get me, for I shall sleep in the blue-room to-night, and if I am carried off bodily or die of fright I'll leave my fortune to you."

"All right," cried Richard Wilbur, from his sofa in the corner. "Get that down in black and white, Cousin Laura. I'll draw your will, Fred; let's see the thing through."

And laughingly he went off to get his writing-desk.

"Now for it," said he. "Make your will, old fellow; I'll draw it up in good form."

The will was made, signed and witnessed, and Laura Wilbur was named as the heiress of my large fortune in case of my death ensuing that night.

"I don't half like it," said she, as Dick left the room to put away the document. "It's all well enough for a joke, but suppose something should happen to you accidentally, or suppose you should really see the ghost?"

And her blue eyes half filled with tears, and her sweet face expressed such horror, that I burst into one of my intolerable fits of laughter that always overtake me at the wrong moment.

"Don't laugh," begged Laura; "please don't. Indeed, I see no fun in such subjects. Death and ghosts are not to be laughed at; and besides, I am afraid of Dick; he is a wild kind of man; he has lived in South America all his life, nobody knows where, till he is but half civilized. Did you see how his eyes gleamed, and did you hear him laugh when you signed your name? It frightens me to joke about such things. Please don't laugh."

"Well, if I were to stop laughing every time you were frightened, I should soon be melancholy enough; but I won't talk about 'such things,' if you don't like the subjects."

"Burn that silly will, then," persisted she. "Why should you leave your fortune to me?"

And a twinkle in her eye told me she well knew why, but that being a woman, she must coquet.

"Why shouldn't I, Miss Laura? I beg leave to assure you I do not intend to die of fright, but live to enjoy my own money."

"Oh!" was all the answer she made to this somewhat rude reply, but her downcast eyes said rather more.

"Laura," I began, impetuously, "who should have my fortune if not you? Do you not know that you possess my heart and soul—then why should not my money follow?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, stop. Now you're worse than when you talked of death and ghosts. It's of no consequence, thankie. Good-evening."

And off she ran laughing, leaving me alone.

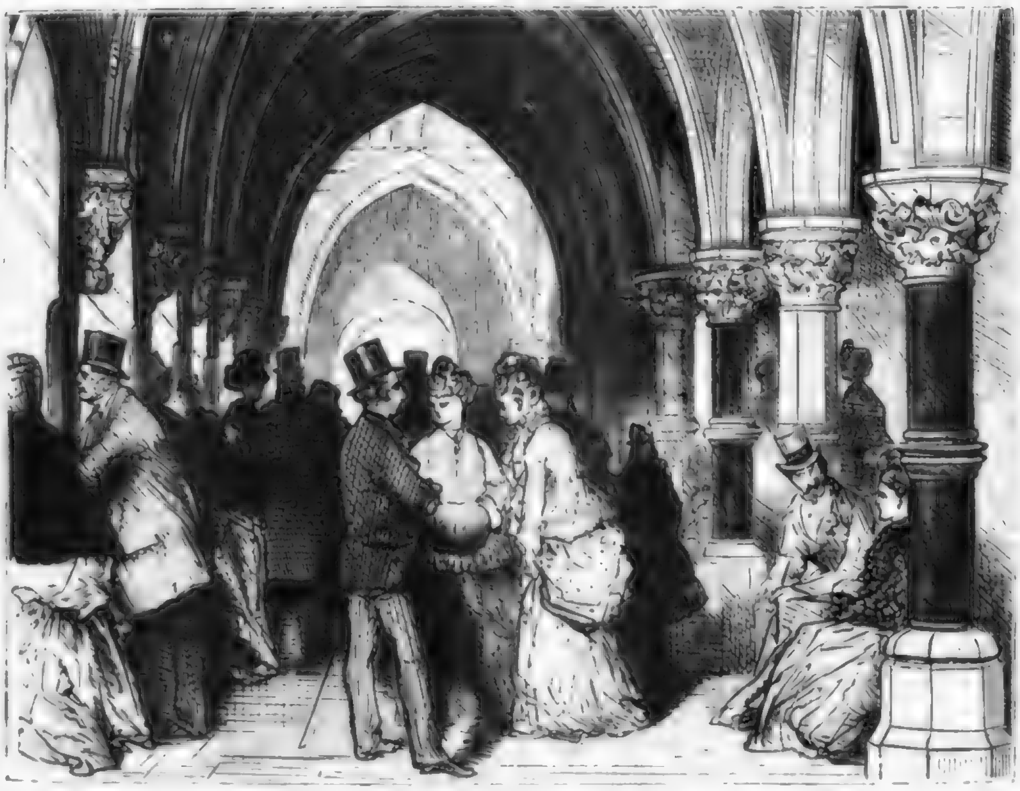
"Who on earth can account for a woman's whim?" I soliloquized. "Here is a girl as gentle as sunlight, as timid as a bird, full of love to all mankind, yet even she must try to flirt, even she will laugh at a fellow the minute he tries a little sentiment. Quoting Dickens, too. Never mind, Miss Laura; we've laughed together many a time, and we will do it again, in spite of ghosts, and Dicks—and Dickens. I don't like that Dick any better than she does, though. He is an impertinent fellow, and under all his assumed bonhomie there is concealed malice. I heard he wanted to marry Laura. Well, let him try. Who's afraid? Not I!"

With these thoughts occupying my mind, I went slowly up the old-fashioned stairway, which was one of the chief beauties to me of this old-fashioned house of the Wilburs, in which I had been a guest for three weeks. Robert Wilbur and I had been college chums, but this was my first visit to his home, and I had fallen in love with his pretty sister before I had been twenty minutes within its walls. I had made up my mind to write a formal offer of my hand that very night, and as I thought it likely that this all-important epistle would occupy me till the small hours, it mattered but little to me which room I sat in. So, making my way to my room, I gathered together my writing materials, and marched off to the haunted room.

It seemed that it had acquired its name about seventy years before the period of which I write, and immediately after the death of old Richard Wilbur, who, having lived a life of adventure, came home finally to settle on his estate, with a damaged reputation and digestion.

The two conspired to make his life a torment to himself and others, and he hung himself to his bed-post in the blue-room, where it was said his ghost walked for many years. It was rumored that he had killed a man in a duel, and that his spirit would not rest on that account.

The room had naturally been avoided, but the story



BRIGHTON.—THE AQUARIUM.—SEE PAGE 344.

had nearly died out, when suddenly strange noises were heard there at midnight, and one of the maids, who ventured in the room late one night, had been found in convulsions, and as soon as she was able to speak, declared that she had seen a figure leaning over the writing-desk. It was clothed in a long black cloak, she said, and had come toward her with menacing, angry gesticulations. She had screamed and fainted, and knew no more till she found the family around her.

The stable boy also declared that he had often seen a dim blue light burning in that room late at night, and that once he had seen the figure of a man in a long black cloak pass before the window.

All this terrified the household so that no one of the servants would ever venture into the room.

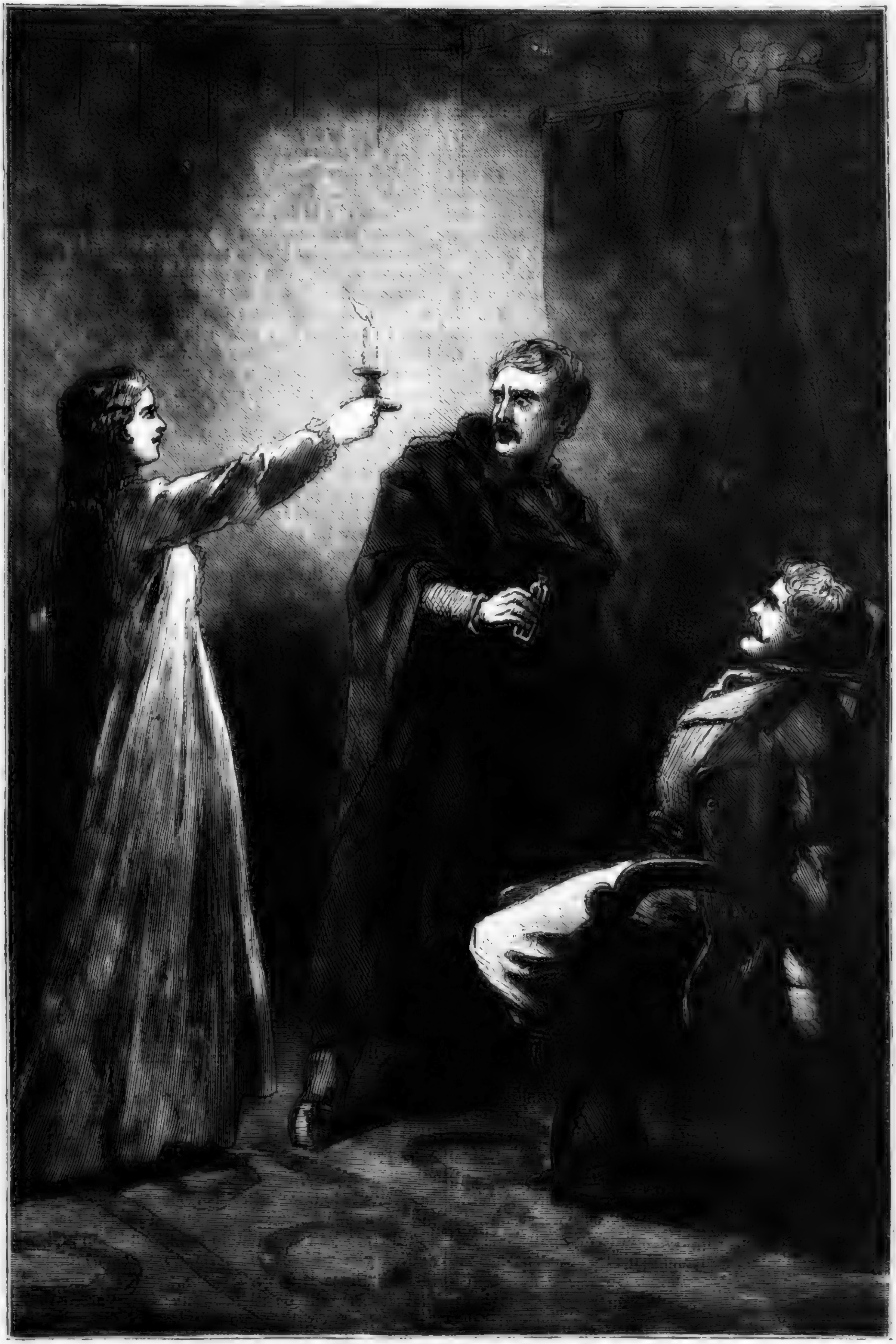
Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur laughed at the stories, but Laura was evidently secretly terrified, and it was to allay her fears that I had volunteered to sit up all night in the blue-room, and, if possible, to "lay the ghost."

As I entered the apartment I was somewhat struck with the desolate appearance of it, but my thoughts were so occupied with the letter I was about to compose, that I did not give the ghost a single thought.

Drawing my easy-chair to the table, I soon became completely absorbed in my occupation.

BRIGHTON.—THE GROTTO.

BRIGHTON.— A TANK IN THE AQUARIUM.



LAYING THE GHOST.—"'INDEED, COUSIN DICK!' SAID A SOFT VOICE BEHIND ME. TO MY INFINITE SURPRISE, LAURA HERSELF STOOD BEFORE US, HOLDING A LIGHT IN HER HAND."

Gradually the house became entirely still; the distant slamming of doors told of the final retirement of the family. The old clock on the stairs tolled out twelve in long, solemn strokes, and then nothing was to be heard but the scratching of my pen, as I sometimes hastily, sometimes slowly, filled page after page, only to be destroyed when written, for it was no easy matter to write this letter. Too much depended upon it to treat it lightly; every word must be weighed, every sentence duly considered; and what dictionary on earth can furnish the proper words for such a letter? And what man on earth can know what will suit the woman he loves, when she treats him forty different ways in as many minutes!

"Hang it!" I at last exclaimed. "I'll speak to her to-morrow; I can't write; it's best to speak; but no—she will laugh again as she did this evening. But then, again, her sweet eyes told some tales this evening, too! Yes, I'll risk it. I'll speak to-morrow, and go to sleep now. It's late; my light is nearly burned, and, to confess the truth, writing love-letters is a sleepy business."

So leaning back in my easy-chair, I began to think over the best way to offer myself.

Gradually a dreamy feeling overpowered me, and although I was desperately in love, I found I could sleep, which was, of course, out of all rule; but I was punished for it. I began to wander through the loveliest gardens in all dreamland, and Laura walked by my side. Her hand was in mine; I stopped to gather a rose, and gave it to her; but what a strange odor the flower had! Where had I ever perceived such before? It surely was not like a rose! Never mind. Oh, how soft Laura's hand was! I raised it to my lips. Hark! what noise was that!

Nothing—oh, nothing! How delicious the sunlight was! how lovely Laura's blue eyes! how soft the pressure of her arm within mine! But why did she suddenly grip me, as with hands of iron? Ha! I strangled! Help! help! oh, help! Struggling with an invisible power, I felt my strength depart; an overpowering pressure on my heart held me back; some subtle essence seemed to pervade my entire being, and controlled it; a dreamy recollection of the haunted room floated across my brain; I struggled again, sank back again and again, but still the dreamy languor that held my eyes closed kept me back, while the pressure on my chest, the throbbing in my head, and the wild beating of my pulses increased each minute. Gradually I began to collect my senses; I opened my eyes. There before me, standing motionless in the dim gray light, was a figure shrouded in long black garments! For an instant my senses reeled; the hair of my head stood up; I shivered as though in an ague; then, suddenly rallying, I called out:

"Who are you? Speak!" There was no answer. "Speak!" I cried again; "I know you are no ghost, but a fellow-mortal, trying to play upon my fears; do not think you will succeed," continued I, and with an intention of flinging myself upon the figure and discovering who it was, I made a spring forward.

But I was held back forcibly, and looking down, I saw in a moment that I was fastened into my chair; my hands and feet were tightly tied; a band around my waist, and another round my neck, completely secured me. A faint, sickly odor pervaded the room; my candle had burned out, but in the dim gray light of an early Summer's dawn, I saw the motionless figure still before me. Instantly a thought flashed through my mind.

"Richard Wilbur," said I, "I know you; you have drugged me with ether, in order to terrify me; you have carried your joke somewhat too far in fastening me to my chair; it was a coward's trick to prevent me from administering the chastisement that your insolence deserves. Release me instantly; it is time your play was over!"

Still no reply! The figure remained motionless and speechless before me.

"Do you think to terrify me?" I cried, in exasperation at my helpless state; "do you suppose that I am coward and fool enough to believe you a ghost? Let this end instantly, or by my soul you shall repent it."

The figure moved slightly, and held out its arm; so doing it uncovered its face, and I recognized the gleaming eyes of Richard Wilbur.

"Look!" said he, holding up a small bottle; "I have here what may, perhaps, be the means of introducing you to some *bona fide* ghosts, my friend, who may possibly be able to dismay your brave soul that you swear by. I *have* drugged you, and you are in my power, for I have but to hold this small bottle under your handsome nose, and in a minute you will be in hell. Now, listen to my terms, to which, if you agree, I will give you liberty again. Give up all idea of Laura; promise me not to see her again, or reveal the transactions of this night, and you are free; but swear on this Bible to keep your word, or else take a whiff of my smelling-bottle to refresh your soul."

"Insolent fool!" I cried, "you have not even wit enough to play the villain; do you think that we are living in the dark ages, or in the Castle of Otranto, where a man may be murdered and done away with mysteriously, and no questions asked! Why, I have but to raise my voice, and the family would be around us in an instant. Mysteries are scarcely the order of the day in a jolly old house like this. I am inclined to think you forget that we are civilized human beings in this part of the world." And I laughed as the absurdity of the position struck me.

"I don't see the joke," returned Richard; "there is no mystery about the matter. You are well known to have disease of the heart; any sudden fright might easily kill you; my bottle tells no tales. I shall confess to playing ghost, as a joke, not anticipating the fatal effect. I shall be frantic with despair at the thought of what I had innocently occasioned, and it will be all that pretty Laura can do to comfort me. But she shall; yes, by George! and your fortune shall be the salve that will heal my wound. Come, now, you see you are helpless; agree to my terms, and away with you!"

"Never!" I exclaimed, struggling violently, but hopelessly. "I despise your terms and you, and I will never consent to your cowardly proposal."

"Take the consequences, then," said he, calmly advancing toward me. "I don't object, my boy; your money is mine, for Laura shall be my wife."

"Indeed, Cousin Dick!" said a soft voice behind me; "did you ever hear that it took two to make a bargain?"

And to my infinite surprise Laura herself stood before us, holding a light in her hand.

"Be kind enough to release your friend," she continued; "it would scarcely be possible to murder two of us before the household could be roused—would it, cousin?" Then, suddenly changing her manner, "Away!" said she—"away, before I follow my impulse and call on the servants to seize you. Oh," she cried, her eyes gleaming fire as she fastened them on his faltering face—"oh, I could see you dragged to jail like a felon, and witness against you without mercy, were you not of my own blood! Since it is so, I spare you. But do not think that Robert will be so merciful. The papers that you have stolen from this room have been missed; the ghost's errand is clear to me now. Away, instantly, and never see my face again!"

As Laura stood thus, in her white dress, her golden hair unbound, her lithe figure raised to its full height, and her graceful arm outstretched, she looked like a beautiful angel of justice. Richard glanced at her, and his eyes glared like those of a wild beast; but he saw his game was up, and drawing his cloak around him, he stealthily but swiftly glided from the room and crept down-stairs; the house door closed softly, and we heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs die away.

But Laura did not wait to hear all this before she released me. Her little white fingers had a hard time with the rough knots; but she untied them with wonderful speed.

As she loosened my hands lastly, I clasped hers within them, and in a moment all was said that I had so vainly tried to write, and all was answered that I had so fondly hoped.

We agreed that it was best not to mention the night's adventure, "for Dick's sake," said Laura, and added, "I can easily get the papers from his desk, and no one need know it. I only suspected him, and I don't want mother to know I sat up all night waiting to hear you scream, and ran in when I did hear your voice."

"Oh, indeed!" said I; "*that's* the secret, is it? Well, I'll promise secrecy on that point."

And I never did mention it before; but yesterday, Laura told me, laughingly, that I might write the story of how, ten years ago, she and I laid the ghost.

THE PLUNDER OF LIBRARIES.

It is astonishing how many libraries have been plundered. Picture galleries have not suffered more in this respect. The troops of Napoleon occupied no capital from which they did not carry away art treasures of some kind; and invading armies have frequently marched off with wagon-loads of books. In ancient, and, indeed, in comparatively modern times, up to at least the end of the last century, books, and indeed everything else, seem to have been looked upon as lawful prize of war. Mark Antony, in the course of his campaigns, seized a library and presented it to one who was, at all events, capable of appreciating the gift. As much may be said of that Northern Cleopatra—"Semiramis of the North" was the name given to her by Voltaire—the Empress Catherine II., to whom the humorous but ferocious Souvaroff bore, as one of the most acceptable of trophies, the contents of the Zaluski library at Warsaw. The Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains, besides the library carried off by Souvaroff from Poland, two highly interesting and valuable collections of books, acquired legitimately and in the most liberal spirit by the same Catherine II., who had accepted the literary treasures of which Warsaw had been despoiled.

When the Empress Catherine desired at the same time to enrich Diderot and to attach him to her person, she gave him a large sum for his library, and, inviting him to St. Petersburg, appointed him custodian of his own books. Voltaire's library she seems to have acquired partly on account of its intrinsic value, though principally, no doubt, with the view of having in her possession the very books which Voltaire had got together, and which in many instances he had annotated. In one respect she rendered the writer whom she so much admired a doubtful service; for when, not many years after the removal of Voltaire's library to St. Petersburg, Count Joseph de Maistre arrived at the Russian Court as Minister of Sardinia, he made a careful study of the volumes which the man whose genius fascinated him but whose opinions filled him with horror, had been in the habit of consulting, and came to the conclusion that Voltaire was indifferent about his books, reading the good with the bad, the authentic with the inauthentic, editions of value and editions so inaccurate as to be practically worthless.

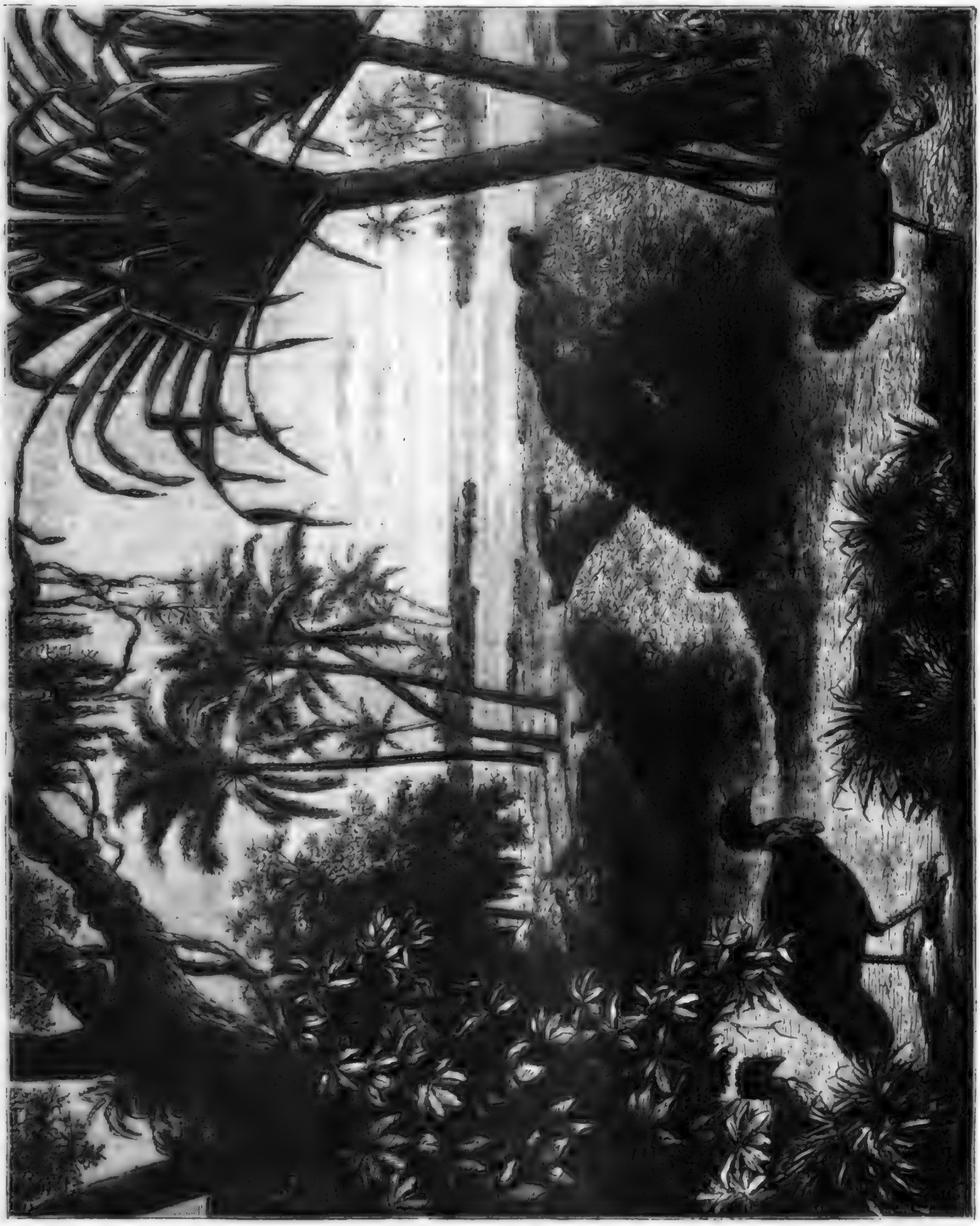
THE TALLEGALLA, OR BRUSH TURKEY, OF AUSTRALIA.

The turkey, adopted as one of the best of our domestic fowls, was found only in America and Australia. The wild turkey of America we all know; but the Australian bird has peculiarities. The *Weelah*, as the natives also call it, inhabits the densest bushes of that country. Like the *Leipoa*, when pursued it endeavors to effect its escape by running through the tangled brush, a feat which it can perform very adroitly; but it is not so silly as to allow itself to be taken by hand, as in the case of the preceding species. When very closely pursued, and unable to escape by speed, it jumps into the lowest branch of some tree, leaps from bough to bough until it has reached the top, and either perches there or flies off to another part of the brush.

The brush turkey is a gregarious bird, living in small companies, and, like the true turkey, is vary wary and suspicious. The great enemy of this bird is the *dingo*, or native dog, which persecutes the flocks sadly, and often hunts them down. From this foe they are safe by flying into a tree; but this elevated position only makes them the more subject to the colonist's gun; and, as the birds seem stunned or bewildered by the report, they will suffer several rounds to be fired before they will fly away.

The food of the brush turkey mostly consists of seeds and vegetable substances, though insects of various kinds have been found in its stomach, which is exceedingly muscular. Like other gallinaceous birds, it is fond of dusting itself, and as it loves to resort to the same spot, it scrapes considerable depressions in the earth, which lead the practiced hunter to its residence. The voice of the brush turkey is a rather loud, clucking sound. Its flesh is particularly excellent, and there are hopes that this fine bird may also be in time added to our list of domesticated poultry.

The egg mound—for it cannot rightly be called a nest—of this bird is extremely large, containing, according to Mr. Gould, several cartloads of materials, and being formed into a conical or pyramidal shape. It is not made by a single pair of birds, but is the result of united labor, and is used from year to year, fresh materials being supplied each season in order to make up the deficiency caused by the decomposition of the vegetable matter below. Mr. Gould, to whom we are indebted for the greatest part of our knowledge respecting these curious birds, gives the following account of the nidification of the brush turkey: "The mode in which the materials composing these mounds are accumulated is very singular, the bird never using its bill, but always grasping a quantity in its foot, throwing it backward to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance so completely that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side as is usually the case, but *planted* at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's depth, perfectly upright, with the large end upward; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. I have been credibly informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and, as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after. Some of the natives state that the females are constantly in the neighborhood of the heap about the time the young are likely to be hatched, and frequently uncover and cover them up again, apparently for the purpose of assisting those that may have appeared; while others have informed me that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young allowed to force their way unassisted. In all probability, as nature has adopted this mode of reproduction, she has also furnished the tender birds with the power of sustaining themselves from the earliest period; and the great size of the egg would equally lead to this conclusion, since in so large a space it is reasonable to suppose that the bird would be much more developed than is usually found in eggs of smaller dimensions. In further confirmation of this point, I may add that in searching for eggs in one of the mounds, I discovered the remains of a young bird, apparently just excluded from the shell, and which was clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case."

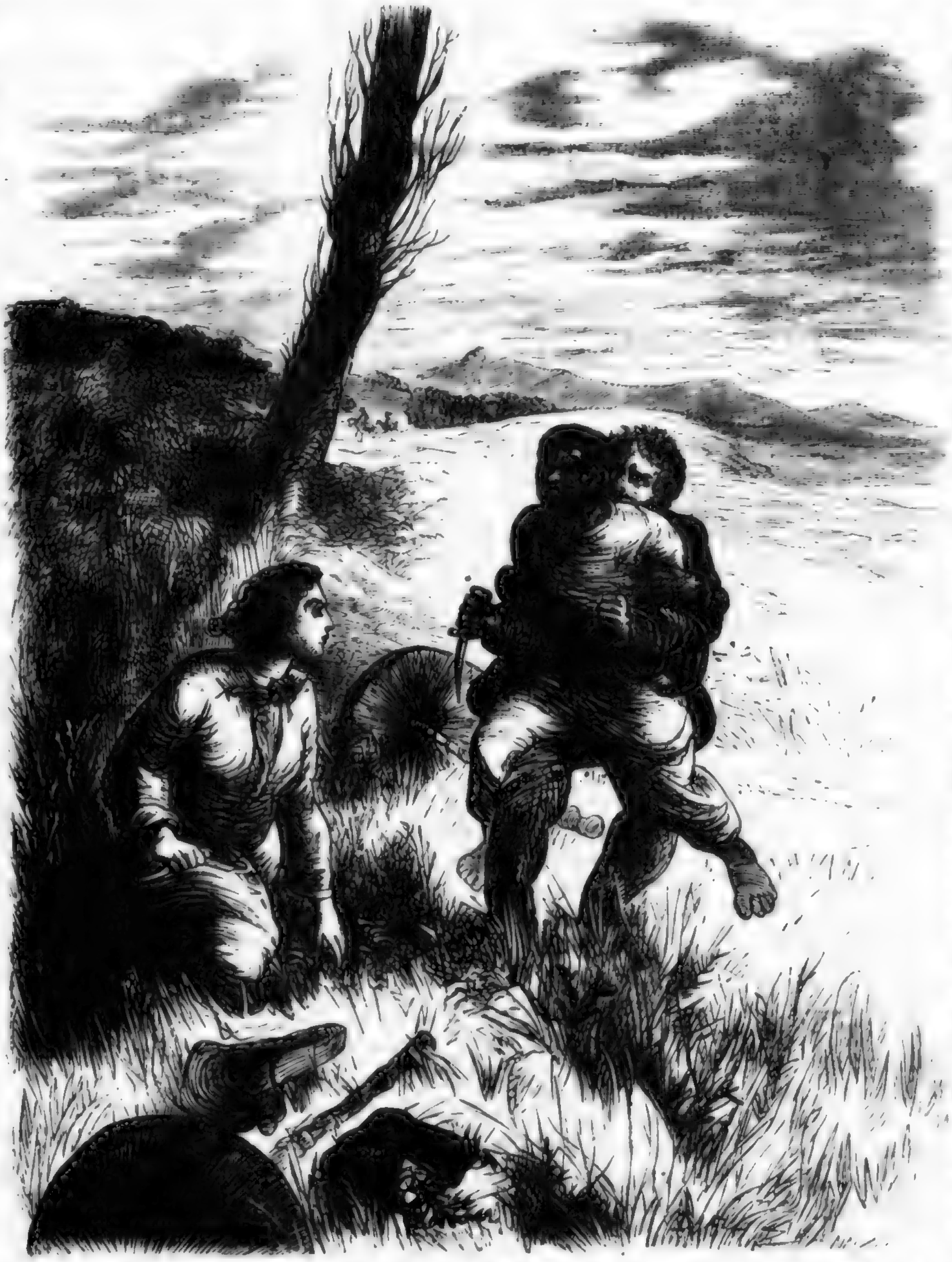


THE TALLEGALLA, OR BRUSH TURKEY, OF AUSTRALIA.

THE mold of every man's fortune is in his own hands.

MADAME PFEIFFER AND THE NEGRO.

The honors of successful enterprise have not been entirely monopolized by the male sex; but few women travelers have undertaken distant and perilous journeys on sea and land with such courage and perseverance as were displayed by the heroic Anna Pfeiffer, a Viennese lady. This extraordinary woman appears to have been inspired with an insatiable thirst for visiting foreign lands, and for exploring countries unknown or little civilized. The wife of a Polish advocate, it was not until she had reached the age of forty-five years that she found herself, by the completion of the education of her children and their establishment in life, free to undertake her long-cherished designs. It was then that she began to mature the plan for her first long journey, which she determined to accomplish alone.



MADAME PFEIFFER AND THE NEGRO.—"THE COUNT SPRANG FORWARD, AND, SEIZING THE MAN FROM BEHIND, AFFORDED HIS COMPANION AN OPPORTUNITY OF RISING."

Her means were exceedingly small, but she says in her diary: "I resolved to practice the strictest economy. Privation and discomforts had no terrors for me. I had endured them long enough compulsorily, and I reflected that they would be much easier to bear if I encountered them voluntarily, and with an object in view."

When she imparted to her friends her intention of visiting Jerusalem, she was regarded as simply a crazy enthusiast, and few thought her to be in earnest in the matter.

Nevertheless, she kept her resolution, and in the year 1842 visited Jerusalem and other principal cities of the Holy Land; and, having journeyed as far as the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea, returned by way of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and Italy, to Vienna, where she was induced to publish her diary, under the title of "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land." Though as yet Madame Pfeiffer's travels related only to well-trodden paths, the work attracted much attention, and, what was more important to her, provided her with a moderate sum with which to undertake new journeys.

Madame Pfeiffer now began to study languages, and to endeavor to obtain such an acquaintance with botany as would render her observations of foreign countries useful to the world. In 1845 she landed on the coast of Iceland, and traversed the island in every direction, visiting the Geysers and other hot springs, and ascending Mount Hecla, which shortly afterward broke out into eruption. Her narrative of this journey was published in two volumes, under the title of "A Voyage to the Scandinavian North and the Island of Iceland"; and the copies of the copyright, and of the sale of the geological and botanical specimens collected during this tour, again furnishing her with funds, she resolved to make a voyage round the world, a feat probably never before undertaken by a European lady alone.

"Greater privations and fatigues than I had encountered in Syria and Iceland," she remarks in her diary, "I could scarcely have to encounter. The expense did not alarm me, for I knew from experience how little is necessary if the traveler will but practice the strictest economy. My savings amounted to a sum barely sufficient, perhaps, to serve such travelers as Chateaubriand or Lamartine for a fortnight's excursion; but it appeared to me ample for a journey of two or three years, and the result showed that I had calculated correctly."

Madame Pfeiffer embarked from Hamburg in a sailing-vessel, in June, 1846, and reached Rio Janeiro after a voyage of three months. From that port she made many excursions into the interior of the country, on one of which she met with an adventure which had nearly brought her wanderings to a premature close. Having arrived at Porta d'Estrella, she was anxious to visit Petropolis, a colony founded by Germans, of which she had heard much, and which was situated at only twenty-seven leagues' distance. The journey was generally performed upon mules, but, as she had been informed in Rio that the roads afforded a beautiful walk, traversing magnificent woods, she determined to go on foot, accompanied by Count Berchtold, a traveling companion who had taken a part in these excursions, particularly as the count was desirous of collecting botanical specimens, while Madame Pfeiffer was equally bent upon collecting insects. The first eight miles lay through a broad valley, covered with thick brambles and shrubs, and surrounded with lofty mountains.

After passing through this valley they reached the serra, as the Brazilians term the summit of each mountain that they cross, the present one being three thousand feet high. They now entered the luxuriant virgin forest, where they obtained an abundant harvest of flowers, plants and insects, and loitered along, enchanted with the magnificent woods and not less beautiful views which stretched over hill and dale toward the sea and its innumerable bays. Frequent troops of mules driven by blacks, as well as occasional pedestrians, which they met, eased their minds of every fear, and prevented their regarding it as at all remarkable that they were being continually followed by a negro. Suddenly, however, as they arrived at a lonely spot, the man sprang forward, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other a lasso, or cord, with which the South Americans are in the habit of catching wild cattle, and by gestures and words made the travelers understand that he intended to murder, and then drag them into the forest.

Unfortunately, the travelers had no arms, for they had been assured that the road was perfectly safe; and the only weapons they possessed were their cumbrous sunshades, or parasols, and a small clasp-knife, which Madame Pfeiffer instantly drew out of her pocket and opened, fully determined to sell her life as dearly as possible. They parried their adversary's blows as long as they could. In the struggle he dropped his knife, which rolled a few steps from him. Madame Pfeiffer instantly made a dash, and thought she had grasped it, when the negro, more quick than she, thrust her away with his feet and hands, and once more obtained possession of the weapon. He then waved it furiously over his head, and dealt her two wounds, a thrust and a deep gash, both in the upper part of the left arm. She now thought she was lost; despair alone gave her the courage to use her own knife. She made a thrust at her adversary's breast, which he warded off, and she only succeeded in wounding him severely in the hand, but at the same time falling herself to the ground. At this point the count, who was entirely unarmed, sprang forward, and seizing the man from behind, afforded his companion an opportunity of rising.

The affair had occupied but a few seconds, and the fury of their assailant was now roused to the highest pitch by the wounds he had received. He gnashed his teeth at them like a wild beast, and flourished his knife with terrible rapidity. Meanwhile the count had received a serious cut across the hand, and the travelers were beginning to regard themselves as lost, when happily the tramp of horses' hoofs met their ear, and the negro left them, and sprang into the wood.

Immediately afterward two horsemen turned a corner of the road, and hastened toward them. Their wounds, which were bleeding freely, and the hacked condition of their sunshades, soon made the horsemen understand the position of affairs. They asked which direction the fugitive had taken, and springing to their horses, hurried after him. The man was soon captured, though not without a struggle, and carried bound to Petropolis, where his crime met its due punishment. Madame Pfeiffer and her companion were enabled, by the assistance of their deliverers, to get their wounds dressed, and afterward continued their journey.

From Rio the adventurous lady sailed round Cape Horn, and landed at Valparaiso. From thence she visited the Island of Otaheite, and was presented to the celebrated Queen Pomare. While here she made excursions over the entire island, and ascended some of its loftiest mountains, being attired for her journeys in men's shoes without any stockings, trousers, and a blouse fastened up at the hips. From Otaheite, or Tahiti, as it is now called, she sailed for Canton, and spent much time in observing the manners of the Chinese, into whose country she penetrated with a daring, perhaps, never before displayed by a European lady.

Her next places of visit were the Island of Ceylon and Bombay, from which latter country she set out on an arduous journey through Persia and Mesopotamia, an account of which was published in her third work, entitled "A Woman's Journey Round the World." She had now determined to settle down in Vienna; but the sale of her journal and collections, and a grant of about £150 from the Austrian Government, having furnished her again with funds, her restless love of adventure soon revived, and she set out on a third ocean journey. This time she visited the Cape of Good Hope, Australia and Singapore, and landed on the coast of Borneo, where she made an excursion among the savage Dyaks. Subsequently she visited a number of islands in the Indian Archipelago, and once more traversed the Pacific for more than ten thousand miles, to California.

Her next travels were in Peru, the United States and Canada. The experiences of this great tour were narrated in her "Second Journey Round the World," published in Vienna in 1856. Her last journey was to Madagascar, where she met with some singular adventures, having become accidentally involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the power of the infamous Queen Ranavola, for which she was banished from the island. This journey unfortunately proved fatal to her, for the Madagascan intermittent fever, which she caught in the island, pursued her after her return to Vienna, in which city she died, on the 27th of October, 1858.

NEVER read in bed or in a reclining attitude; it provokes a tension of the optic nerve very fatiguing to the eyesight. An exchange says: "Bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough, though, to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening, and we have known several persons who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eye-sight to read or work in insufficient or too broad light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is mortally injurious to the eyes."

A CHEAP common table-cover ingenious fingers can make by taking gray canton flannel, and cutting the cloth large enough to cover the table and form a deep drapery. Then procure some red velveteen or canton flannel, and cut out the leaves of a rose or other flower, place them in shape around the edge, and overcast the edges with silk. The stem or foliage may be cut of some green velveteen similarly treated, and then the veins and hearts may be worked with light-brown crewels.

A SEA-WAIF.

By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.

"My Archie come, for whom I yearned,
Come with a sea-won prize;
A box by dusky natives turned,
A pearl of royal size?"

"Yea, lass, I've brought a gleaming pearl,
Some queenly breast might grace;
See there, a living, laughing girl,
Blue eyes and dimpled face.

"Abandoned by the far Seychelles,
We picked her up one morn,
Before the mighty azure swells
To coral reefs were borne;

"Before the leagues of whitening spray,
By heated trade-winds fanned,
Ran up the palm-fringed land-locked bay,
To thunder on the strand.

"A relic of some hapless bark,
Or burnt or wrecked, we found
Her father lying stiff and stark
Beside her, outward bound.

"We gave him to the ocean, took
His little daughter. There!
She's mine, and therefore thine; so look
She meet a mother's care.

"A heaven-sent waif, she well may come
With joy and gladness fraught;
Pray that her presence bless our home
Beyond or wish or thought!

"Our jewel opes her trustful eyes;
No wickedness I'd dare
Before her sight; and would despise
Myself if I could swear

"Before her ears so innocent,
And shock this gracious child,
To me, a hardened sinner, sent—
I'll keep her undefiled.

"And she shall play with little Bess,
And daily go to school;
She's made me tender; none would guess
Me such a whimpering fool!

"Yet doing all the good we can,
And hating evil ways,
Is best, the Bible says, for man,
And gives God endless praise.

"So take the comely lassie, wife,
The treasure of the sea;
With sunshine may she flood our life,
In death a comfort be!"

THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

A Biographical Sketch.

On the 8th of September, 1749, while the Princess of Savoy-Carignan was attiring herself to attend a ball at the palace of the King of Sardinia, in commemoration of the raising of the siege of Turin by the French in 1706, heaven blessed her with a lovely little daughter.

This princess, who was named Maria Theresa Louisa, was born in the midst of public acclamations, and her first cries were, so to speak, stifled by those of the joyous populace. The sympathy and compassion which her last moments excited were stilled by the horror and fear which her cruel executioners inspired.

From her earliest years Louisa was remarkable for her exceeding physical and mental beauty, while her noble, generous qualities and extreme amiability rendered her the idol of all around her. She was the pride of her mother. The Court of France was even then renowned for its elegance and polish; and it was upon this theatre, therefore, that the maternal heart of the Princess of Carignan designed that her daughter should some day figure.

"Louisa," said she, to her husband, "has all the style and elegance of a French girl; she is born to shine in the Court of our ally, the King of the French. Since our children are obliged to be separated from us on marrying, I must admit that there, above all other places, would I wish to see her settled."

Poor mother! alas, could she only have looked into futurity!

The wishes of the Prince and Princess of Carignan were soon realized. The Duke of Penthièvre, grandson of the Duke of Maine, had a young and handsome son, who was a cause of pride and yet of uneasiness to his father. The duke, a man of extreme goodness and exemplary piety, feared, and not without reason, the influence over his son of his immoral associates. He fancied that the companionship of a young, beautiful and accomplished woman would have a beneficial effect upon the morals of his idolized son. The King manifested much interest in the views of the duke. In spite of his own licentious life, Louis XV. appreciated the virtues of his cousin. He designated Louisa of Savoy as a suitable bride, and sent his ambassador, M. de Choiseul-Gouffier, to ask her hand of the King of Sardinia. The proposition, as may be supposed, was joyfully accepted. If the house of Savoy was proud of the honor of being allied with Henry IV. and Louis XIV., the Bourbons might none the less feel pride in being connected with Duke Emanuel the Great and Prince Eugene, the first general of his age. Mademoiselle de Carignan's lot seemed an enviable one. She was to find in France a second father, and relatives who would adore her, princesses who would become her companions and friends, taste, magnificence, Parisian gayety, and, perhaps, liberty also, which she knew was enjoyed by women to a larger extent in France than elsewhere.

"Oh! I am sure that I shall love him!" she exclaimed, to her mother, as she contemplated the handsome portrait of the Prince Lamballe.

Nevertheless, when the princess reached France and stood on Beauvoisin Bridge, which separates the two kingdoms, she experienced a terrible sinking of the heart, and, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them, a few tears fell from her eyes as she looked toward the high mountains which appeared to be barriers interposed between herself and her memories of childhood.

At Montereau a most agreeable diversion served to efface this impression. As the princess was about to take her seat at table a messenger was heard approaching. It was a page, bearing her a bouquet from her future husband. This attention flattered her, and she received it at the hands of the page, whom she regarded with the liveliest emotion; his appearance had deeply impressed her.

"What a resemblance this page bears to M. de Lamballe's picture!" she whispered to Madame Guibriant.

"True," replied that lady, without apparently attaching particular importance to the remark; "it is on that account that the Duke Penthièvre admits him to so great an intimacy."

Louisa, who carried the prince's miniature with her, drew it from her bosom secretly, and found that it bore so striking a resemblance to the page that she had no longer any doubts as to his identity with the prince himself.

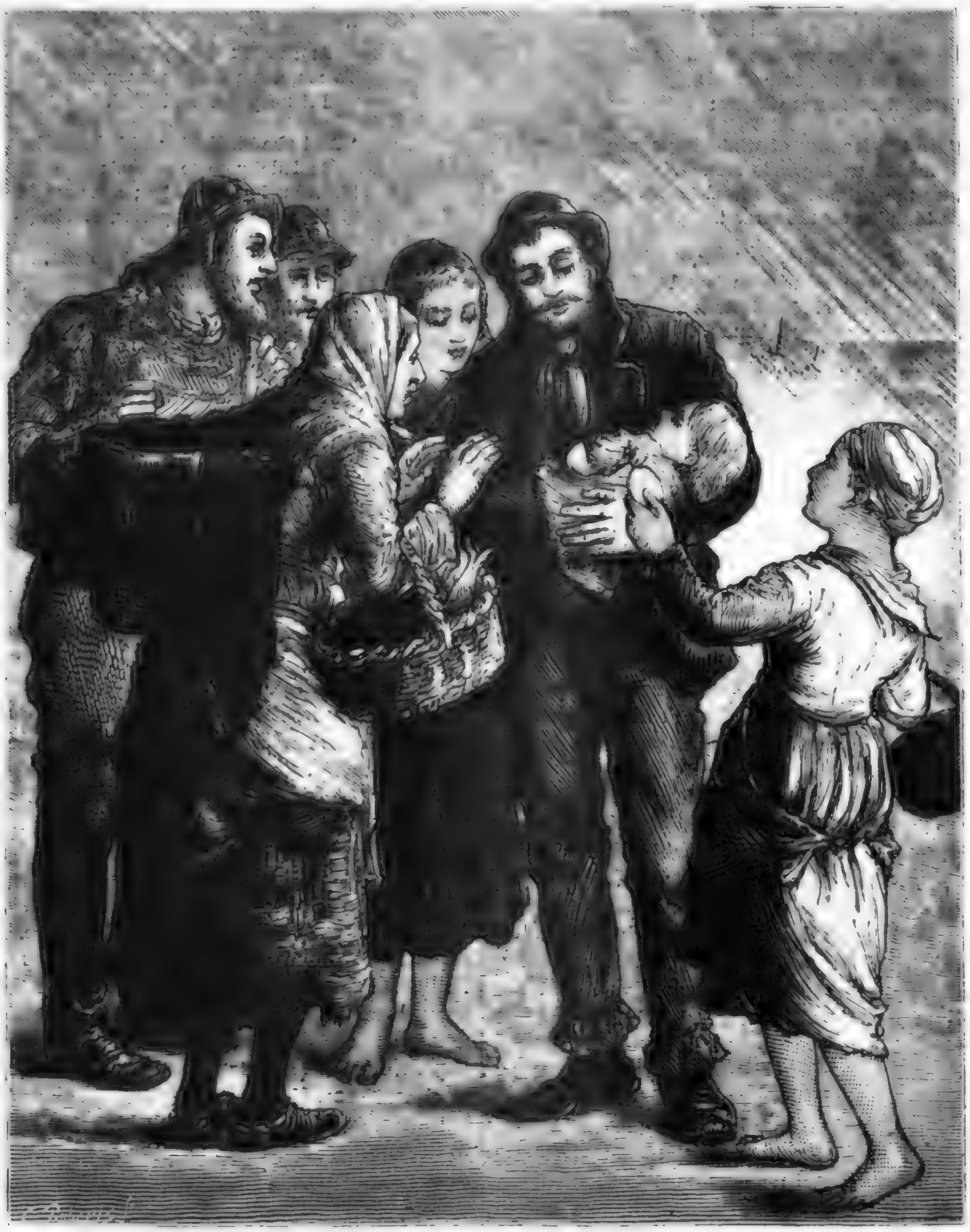
Deeply touched and flattered by his assiduity and ardor, but supposing that he desired to preserve his *incognito*, she did her utmost to avoid making her recognition of him apparent; but she remarked with pleasure that his picture had not been flattered.

The prince, for it was indeed he, stood opposite to her during the whole meal; he could not remove his eyes from her face. The princess was much agitated, and timidly bent her glance upon her plate; she raised it from time to time, however, to obtain a look at her future husband, but the flame which darted from the eyes of the young prince soon caused her to lower her own.

Supper over, the page, after taking leave of the princess, without delay remounted his horse and returned to Nangis, where the meeting was to take place the day following. The princess's forebodings were dissipated. The favorable impression with which the presence of the page had inspired her had filled her mind with brightest hopes.

The princess arrived next day at Nangis, where the Duke de Penthièvre and the prince were awaiting her. The marriage was celebrated quietly, and the bridal party immediately afterward set out for Paris. Madame de Lamballe wrote at once to her mother, to make her a sharer in her joy:

> "Your daughter will be happy. M. de Lamballe pleases me better even than I anticipated. He appears to be of a most affectionate nature, and manifests the utmost tenderness toward me. How sweet thus to find our deepest happiness in accord with our duty!"



A SEA-WAIF.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 359.

A short-lived happiness, alas! For the same hand soon after wrote:

"Oh, my mother! where now is the happiness of which I wrote you? Are tears and memories of the past all that remain to console me? Why did M. de Lamballe so fill my heart with the love which he manifested for me, only to change so cruelly and so soon? Vainly do I pass in review my every action, to discover some cause for his coldness, but I can find none. Still another cause have I for unhappiness—the dissipated life led by M. de Lamballe is making sad inroads on his health. A thousand wretched presentiments overwhelm me! My God! my mother, I am so young to suffer thus! Give me your sympathy in my grief, and it will be less hard to bear."

By the advice of his physicians, M. de Lamballe was taken to Luciennes. His father accompanied him, and his wife, moved by his pitiable condition, forgot, while ministering to his sufferings, the cause which had produced them, and never left his side. But neither her tender care nor his father's fervent prayers could arrest the progress of the disease.

"Your tenderness is very dear to me," he said, in his dying moments; "it eases my passage to the tomb. I bless the hand which has smitten me, since it recalls me to myself, and I die beloved by you and my father. Promise me never to abandon him."

"No," cried Madame de Lamballe; "I will never leave a country where I have passed such happy days. I will never separate myself from my husband's father; he shall always be mine!"

Happiness only came to the sad young widow with the friendship of Marie Antoinette. The fair dauphiness had introduced into France the German custom of sleighing. During the year 1771 this amusement was greatly in vogue. Madame de Lamballe, whose disposition pleased her greatly, was often invited to bear the dauphiness company in these rides; and thus was fostered a tender friendship which only ended with life.

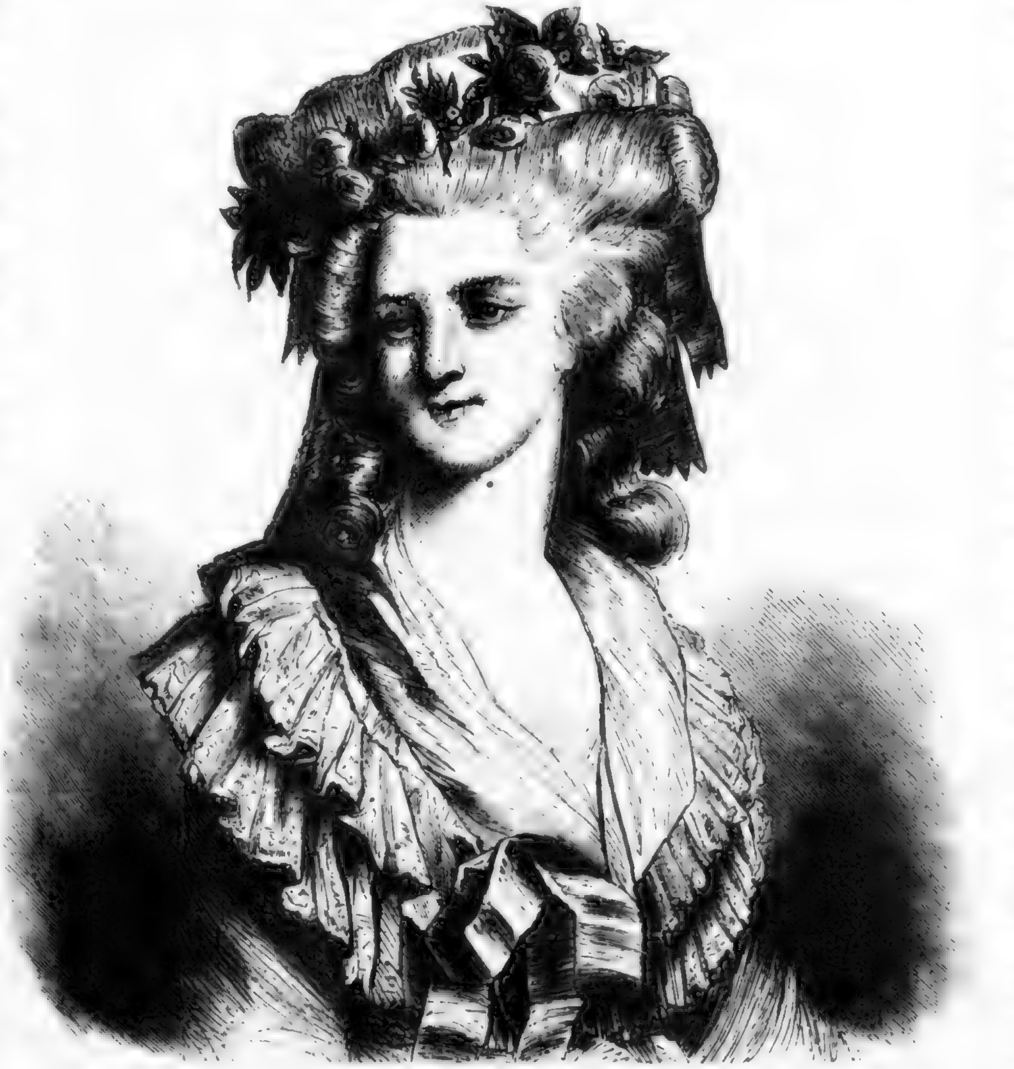
After she became Queen, the princess and herself were more closely united than ever. And had the latter been ambitious she could have controlled the most important affairs of state, but her only desire was to use her influence in favor of the unfortunate. The Queen, whenever she saw her enter her presence at an early hour, being so accustomed to listen to her charitable appeals, would smilingly inquire:

"Well, dear Lamballe, is it to-day for a desolate widow, an infirm old man, or some poor young girl, that I have the pleasure of seeing you so early? They do well to appeal to you, for they know that I can refuse you nothing."

Sometimes the Queen delayed granting the princess's petitions, in order to detain her at Versailles, for she knew that she would not leave the palace until she obtained what she wished for her *protégés*.

The Queen at last succeeded in retaining her at her side, by appointing her mistress of the household.

The court was all gayety, even while the revolution was slowly but surely gathering strength. The Queen sought in pleasure and amusement a relief from the sinister forebodings which presaged the coming storm. She enjoyed, above all things, to sojourn among the shades of Trianon, and there found rest from the whirl and excitement of Versailles. She used frequently to walk out without attendants, wearing a simple muslin dress, and almost mixing with the public, whom she issued orders to have admitted to the grounds.



THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

One day she was sitting alone with Madame de Lamballe on a mossy bank, near the railing which inclosed her private garden, when a man who was botanizing stopped at the gate. Finding it open, he entered, and passed so near the two ladies that he was obliged to bow. The Queen, certain that she was not recognized, ventured to speak.

"You are endeavoring, sir, to put your walk to some useful purpose," she said; "this spot, although the work of art, presents all the illusions of the country."

"Yes, madame," he replied; "I prefer these rustic gardens to formal parks; the vast parterres, the gushing fountains, all the embellishments designed to ornament them for royal enjoyment, do but remind me that I am only permitted to look on them by sufferance; whereas, in gardens like these, I amuse myself by imagining that I am the possessor of them, and build many bright castles in the air."

"You do not appear to like great folks, sir ; yet they are human like others, and by this title merit your indulgence at least."

"Kings are always feared, madame, and love and fear never go hand-in-hand."

"You speak like a republican, sir," said the Queen, hastily ; "and this explains why you do not like kings."

"I hate no one, madame ; on the contrary, I love my fellow-creatures, notwithstanding the harm they have done me."

"They have done you harm ? I pity you, sir, for you do not appear to me wicked."

"Yes, madame, they have hunted and persecuted me, the wretches ! I, who only sought to ameliorate their condition."

The Queen appeared puzzled ; this strange man had excited her curiosity. She inquired his name.

"My name !" he replied, as if surprised that he was not known ; "you have perhaps heard it before. I am Jean Jacques Rousseau—Rousseau of Geneva."

Marie Antoinette started at hearing this.

"Rousseau of the world, say rather," she replied, with a gracious smile.

The philosopher appeared much flattered by this compliment from the mouth of a pretty woman.

"You are too kind, madame," said he ; "I am only a poor, obscure man."

"Not so ; you are only a little unjust toward royalty."

These words, warmly spoken, seemed to afford a ray of light to Rousseau ; he started, and looked darkly at Marie Antoinette.

"I thought," said he, "that this walk was free. I was told that the Queen was not here."

"She does not wish to be here."

"Well, well, I shall never forget this day ; it will dispel some of my prejudices ; I now feel that it is possible to love a Queen, at least."

"Monsieur Rousseau, this partakes of flattery."

"Ah, madame, frankness is my principal virtue ; do not deprive me of this merit. However, sincerity so rarely finds its way to Court, that I am not surprised that you fail to recognize it."

He bowed, and passed on. The Queen made no effort to detain him ; she was completely overwhelmed by this meeting. When he was out of hearing she remarked :

"These philosophers are past all endurance ; it is thus that they teach our subjects to dislike us ; and yet we have such need of their love !"

"A few encounters like this would do them good," replied the princess ; "your eloquence is more powerful than theirs."

The revolution was marching onward with gigantic strides. It was during the year 1789, at the time of the opening of the States-General ; Madame de Lamballe, whom the Polignac party had succeeded in separating from the Queen, was residing in Paris with her father-in-law, and rarely went to Versailles ; nevertheless, her unalterable affection for Marie Antoinette induced her, as an act of duty, to be near the unfortunate Queen.

The events of the 5th and 6th of October brought the royal family to Paris. The Princess Lamballe, being apprised of the Queen's arrival, hastened to the Tuileries, and Marie Antoinette, as soon as she saw her, threw herself into her arms.

"All is lost, my friend !" said she. "This palace is a prison, which we shall only leave for the scaffold !"

Vainly the princess thought to reassure her. Alas ! she shared the Queen's fears too strongly to be able to inspire her with a security which she did not feel herself.

From the time of his entry into the Tuileries, Louis XVI. was a king only in name. Courageous after his own fashion, instead of after that of Henry IV., he dared that death which was hovering over him ; and on perceiving that it was near at hand, he resigned himself to it, and submitted with Christian fortitude.

After this Madame de Lamballe could not be induced to leave the Queen. The more imminent the danger, the more constant was she in attendance upon her royal friend. From the palace of the Tuileries she accompanied her to the National Assembly, and from thence she followed her to the Temple, consoling her griefs and sympathizing with them like a sister.

"You have wished to share my fortune," said the Queen, extending her hand to the princess, as she entered the prison ; "see what remains to me of my former grandeur—irons ; perhaps death !'

"Ah ! I only trembled when we were separated," replied the princess ; "now that I am assured that I shall never be forced to leave you, I am happy !"

The consolation of being united, however, did not long remain to them. Under pretext that she was carrying on a secret correspondence, Madame de Lamballe was shortly afterward transferred to the prison of La Force. One night, at eleven, she was warned that she was to be interrogated by the members of the Commune, and was scarcely allowed time to embrace the Queen and bid her adieu It was their last farewell.

The princess was condemned ; the Queen's affection for her sealed her fate. But how bring to the scaffold a woman whose virtues and whose tranquil and irreproachable life sheltered her from a judicial condemnation ? She could not be given up alone to the steel of mercenary assassins ; it was resolved that thousands of victims should perish with her.

It is well known how the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September took place in the Abbaye and other prisons.

From the time of the King's arrest the Duke de Penthièvre had been confined to his bed, overwhelmed by grief and suffering. Madame de Lamballe's danger crowned the climax of his anguish. Some prisoners had already been set at liberty ; Mirabeau had saved them ; it is known at what price !

"Spare nothing ! Take my whole fortune—anything to save my daughter !"

Not a moment was lost ; they hasten to Mirabeau. This man usually kept his promises faithfully. Besides, the beauty of Madame de Lamballe had struck him—she should be saved. Mirabeau answered for her life.

This joyous intelligence was communicated to the duke, whose next anxiety was to reassure his daughter in her dreary prison.

While Madame de Lamballe, completely overwhelmed with grief, was opening her heart to a faithful servant, who had never left her in her affliction, a prisoner entered her cell. He slipped a paper into the hand of her devoted companion and disappeared.

"God be praised, madame ! you will be saved ! This paper tells me so !"

Madame de Lamballe seized the note and read these words :

> "Mirabeau has guaranteed the life of one who is dear to you ; tell her, happen what may, to remain in her room, and by no means to venture below."

Madame de Lamballe raised her eyes to heaven and thanked God.

Blood was flowing freely from the Abbaye. The impassive populace remained mute spectators of the cruel massacre ; indifferent or fearful, they contented themselves with applauding the triumphs of those who escaped the general carnage. For twenty-four hours the waters of the Seine had been reddened by the blood of those who had been butchered.

Mirabeau, faithful to his promise, had saved the princess from being among the first victims of La Force. Following out the instructions which she had received, she remained in her room, in spite of the general call. Only the shrieks of the dying, which wrung her very heart, disturbed her solitude. The nights of the 2d and 3d of September were dreadful to her. Vainly had she hoped that sleep would dispel those terrific images—it did but present them to her in still more terrific colors. Suddenly she awoke with a start.

"O God!" she cried, "what a fearful dream! I fancied myself summoned before that awful tribunal; the people looked on me without anger; I was just about to escape from the executioners, when, suddenly, one of those monsters seized me, and dragging me by my hair, threw me on a heap of dead bodies, when he plunged his poignard into my breast, and while I still lived the wretch tore out my heart and devoured it before my eyes."

As the princess finished relating her dream she fainted.

A few hours subsequently cries of "La Lamballe! La Lamballe!" rang through the prison.

"O God!" exclaimed the prisoner, falling on her knees, "my hour has come! May heaven preserve the Queen and the royal family!"

After a few moments she was awakened from her stupor by the bursting open of her door. A number of men in masks, with bare arms, made their appearance in her room.

"Come, they are waiting for you," said one of their number.

"Who are you?" inquired the Princess.

"What is that to you? Obey, or we will force you to do so."

Without a murmur she followed these strange messengers to the spot where Ceyrac presided over the committee, and was thus interrogated:

"Who are you?"

"Maria Theresa Louisa, of Savoy, Princess of Lamballe."

"Your rank?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Were you connected with the plots of the 10th of August?"

"I was ignorant of there being plots—much less was I connected with them."

"Swear to liberty, equality, hatred to the King and Queen, and death to royalty."

"I will willingly take the first two oaths; the others I cannot conscientiously take."

As she uttered these words a voice whispered in her ear: "If you would live, swear."

She turned, and perceived, in the costume of a bandit, a face which was not unknown to her. Hope revived in her heart. But she was incapable of purchasing her life by such blasphemy. She shaded her eyes with her hand and continued silent.

"Let madame be released" (*Qu'on élargisse madame*), cried the judge, "immediately."

This was the fatal phrase which signified condemnation.

Nevertheless, the mysterious being who interested himself in her fate followed her, and the voice repeated:

"Swear! or you are lost!"

She heard these words, and was troubled. What was she to do? She hesitated, she did not know what course to adopt. By a fatal coincidence, as she was leaving the hall, her eye fell on the still palpitating remains of some victims who had just been immolated. Her first step forward was in blood.

"Swear!" again urged the voice.

But, terrified and bewildered by the fearful spectacle before her eyes, she did not heed the voice, and her indignation overcame every other feeling.

"How horrible!" exclaimed the noble woman.

The multitude, always ready to become excited and indignant when it considers itself attacked, attached to this exclamation the idea that it was indicative of the contempt of the princess. All pity for her then ceased. Her death was resolved upon. The wretched woman perceived this and exclaimed:

"I am lost!"

In another moment the impatient executioners seized and dragged her to the scaffold; but nature had got before them; it was only a block of marble—an inanimate corpse—which remained in their power.

A few cries of "Pardon!" were heard, but so dense was the crowd that they were not heeded.

Every one knows the rest—of the death, the mutilation, the infamous procession—of her bloody head carried on a pole to the windows of the Temple and the Palais Royal. Let us draw a vail over this foul, this eternal blot on the honor of France.

The dream of the princess was fulfilled. Her death, by preceding that of the royal family, spared her, at least, the agony of witnessing the sacrifice of her well-beloved Queen.

* * * * * *

Some years since a visitor at the Trianon might inquire for the old keeper, who witnessed the murder of Madame de Lamballe. He would give, respecting this crime, details too frightful to relate here. He would tell how her fair body was dragged through the mire, attached to a ragpicker's hook. How it was roasted, and some portions of it devoured; how he himself refused, at the peril of his life, to take a bite from the hand of the victim.

"That hand, so delicate and so white," said the old man, with a shudder of horror.

* * * * * * *

Many years since we had the pleasure of meeting, at the house of M. Colart, M. Feuilles de Conches, then at the head of Foreign Affairs, afterwards Chamberlain at the Tuileries. This learned collector, who possesses the most precious autographs in the world, informed us that when the Princess Lamballe received the first blow from her executioners, a sealed letter, concealed in her hair, fell to the ground, stained with her noble blood.

"Here is that letter," added M. de Conches, unfolding it and displaying the red stains which still remain upon it.

And with eyes dimmed with tears we read the most touching words addressed to Marie Antoinette.

We shall never forget our feelings on that occasion—feelings which, some day, all will sympathize with, for M. de Conches will doubtless insert Madame de Lamballe's letter in his interesting and curious publications.

M. F. L.

In ancient Greece laws were passed restricting the number of wedding guests to thirty. The bride's mother had the special duty of carrying a lighted torch behind the carriage, while the bridegroom's mother received the guests, torch in hand, at his door. The bride arrived furnished with household utensils, and was presented with sweetmeats when she reached her bridegroom's house.

The great thinker is seldom a disputant. He answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it.

THERE'S BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE.

By Chandos Fulton.

The other night I was aroused from a profound slumber and blissful dream of an epicurean feast by my wife vigorously poking my arm with her doubled fist.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, testily.

"There are robbers in the house," she answered, in bated breath.

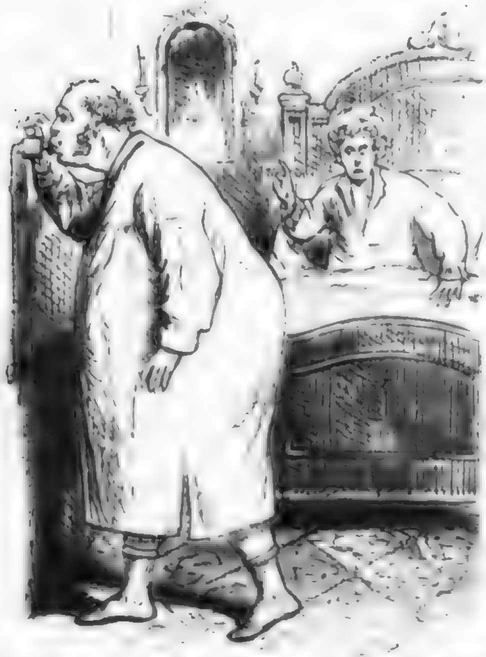
"Nonsense! Go to sleep," I responded, edging away to avoid the second thrust, which I felt intuitively was coming. I did not escape, however, and received a punch which completely awakened me.

"I tell you there's some one in the house!" she reiterated, emphatically.

"Of course there is—all of us," I retorted, gruffly, with a mental imprecation, and closing my eyes.

"I tell you there are burglars in the house!" she said, earnestly, with a perceptible tremor of alarm.

"Nonsense; you've been dreaming. Go to sleep," I said, carelessly, turning away and composing myself to get asleep.



"I AROSE AND WENT TO THE SPEAKING-TUBE WHICH COMMUNICATED WITH THE PARLOR, AND CALLED DOWN: 'WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?'"

"Very well, sir," she retorted, with asperity—"very well. I have been listening to them; and they may carry off everything in the house—I'll not disturb you again!" and she moved away in a pique to the opposite edge of the bed.

I closed my eyes and endeavored to go to sleep again; and would probably have soon succeeded in doing so, had I not been disturbed by her involuntary exclamation:

"There it is again! Listen!"

"Pshaw!" I ejaculated, angrily.

But I did listen, and distinctly heard a stealthy, careful, subdued step, as if some one were walking on the floor below.

"Don't you hear it?" inquired my wife, breathlessly.

"Yes—I hear something," I admitted, straining now my hearing to catch every sound.

"It's a man in rubber shoes, perhaps—a masked burglar!" my wife whispered, thoroughly alarmed.

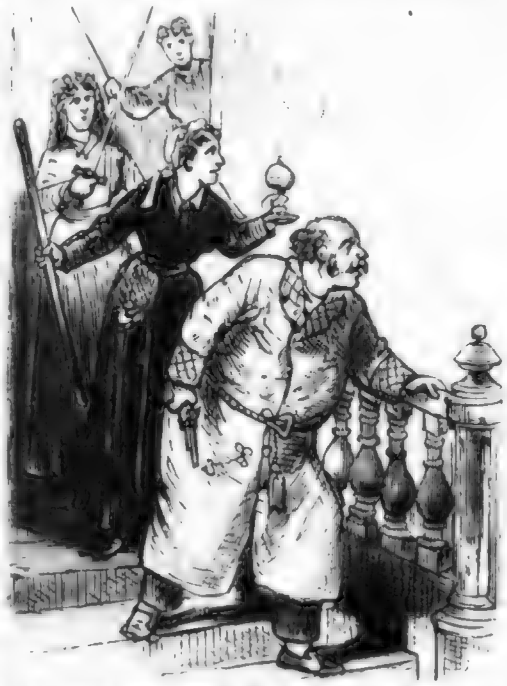
"H'm! How long have you heard this noise?" I inquired, uneasily, becoming suddenly interested in the subject.

"For some time," she replied. "I have not been asleep at all."

"Oh, yes, you have! You were snoring a little while ago," I interrupted her to say.

"No; I have been awake the whole time," my wife answered, firmly.

"Well, I'll not dispute the point with you," I said, knowing that it was useless.



"MY WIFE FOLLOWED ON MY HEELS, IMPLORING ME IN AN UNDERTONE TO 'BE CAREFUL.' MY TWO DAUGHTERS FOLLOWED AT A SAFE DISTANCE, BRANDISHING SWORD AND CANE."

"My attention," she resumed, "was attracted a little while ago by a noise as if of a careful footstep on the basement stairs, sounding more on the oilcloth thereon than it does now on the carpets of the parlors. Listen—it's a human step!" I listened, and the sounds—it could not be called a noise—though quite distinct, continued, and soon convinced me that some one on burglary intent, perhaps with murderous designs, was in the house.

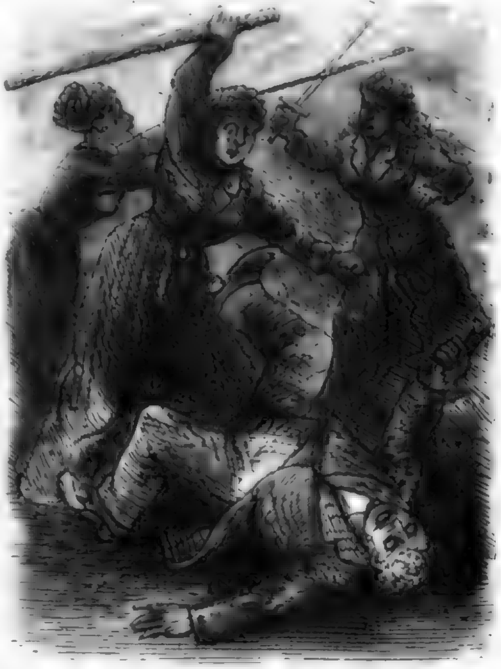
"He is quite bold, whoever he is," I said to my wife, trying to be facetious; but I have an idea that I failed miserably.

There was no misinterpreting the sound—that of a muffled footstep stealthily moving about on the soft carpets in the parlors.

I arose and went to the speaking-tube which communicated with the parlor, and boldly called down: "Who are you, and what do you want?"

I placed my ear to the tube to catch the effect of this bold interrogation on the intruder.

I merely heard, however, the same noise, slightly increased, as if the footsteps were in flight.



"I GOT RAPPED ON THE HEAD WITH THE BROOM IN MY WIFE'S HANDS, AND DODGED A BLOW FROM THE CANE CARRIED BY MY ELDEST DAUGHTER."

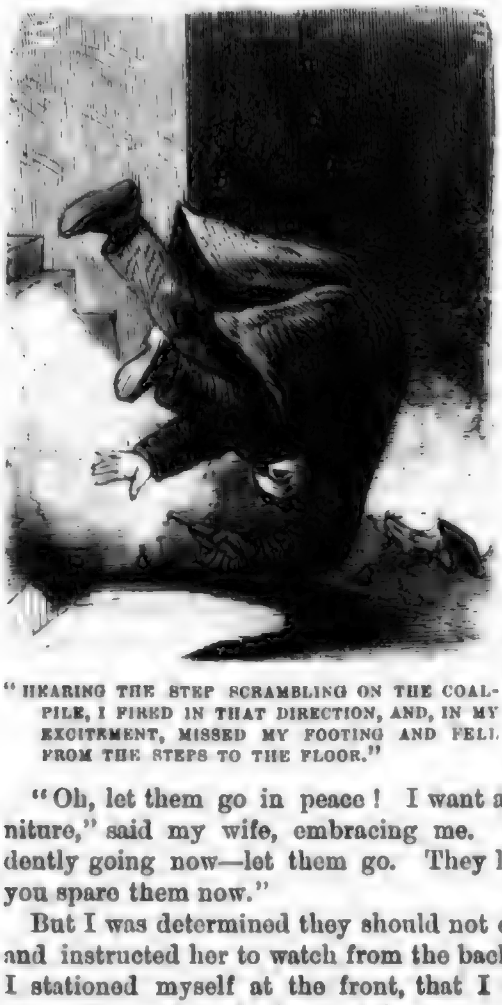
I do not think that I moved toward the door, though I may have done so, for my wife said:

"Don't seek them; let them take everything in the house—but don't risk your life!"

Touched by her affectionate appeal, I promised her I should not expose myself to their departing shots; but declared heroically that I could not quietly submit to the imposition, and asked her counsel in devising means to capture or discover the intruders. The embarrassment of my position was increased by the fact that I was the only man in the house; in the next room slept my two daughters, both quite young girls, while in the rooms overhead reposed the cook and serving-maid; and my wife agreed with me that it was advisable not to alarm either of them.

The more I deliberated, the fiercer did I become in my determination to have satisfaction; my cheeks burned with shame at the thought of the comments my friends would make on my courage and manhood, when the particulars of my remaining quiet under such an imposition (not to use a stronger word) were made public by the papers, as they must be when the daring robbery became known.

We listened attentively. The sound proceeded from the hall, up-stairs—traversed the hall; it came down on our floor, even approached our door, then went, it seemed to me, very unconcernedly down-stairs, and continued its movements about the parlors with the same disregard for the comfort of others.



"HEARING THE STEP SCRAMBLING ON THE COAL-PILE, I FIRED IN THAT DIRECTION, AND, IN MY EXCITEMENT, MISSED MY FOOTING AND FELL FROM THE STEPS TO THE FLOOR."

"They are evidently prepared to leave," whispered my wife. "We have been spared."

"But they shall not escape so easily as they imagine!" I exclaimed—I mean I said "easily" in a whisper, hurrying on my clothes. "I've an idea—I'll fix them!" I continued, taking up my revolver.

"Oh, let them go in peace! I want a new set of furniture," said my wife, embracing me. "They are evidently going now—let them go. They have spared us; you spare them now."

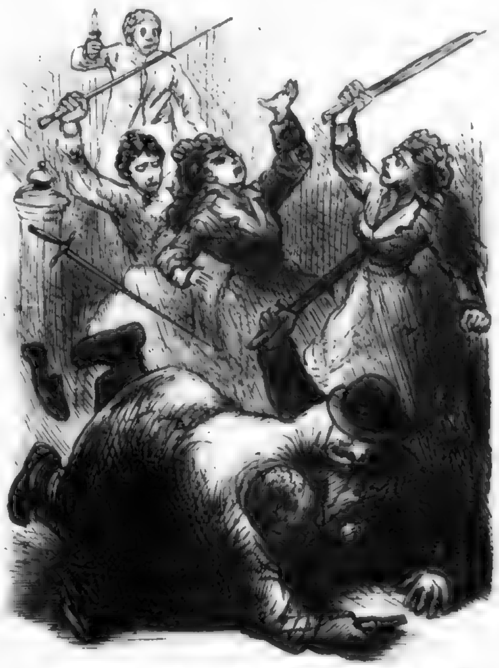
But I was determined they should not escape so easily, and instructed her to watch from the back window, while I stationed myself at the front, that I might see them when they left, and shoot at least one of them in his tracks.

We accordingly took our stations at the windows, and watched patiently and silently.

Probably through magnetic influence—for I kept as quiet as a mouse—my daughters awoke, and would have screamed at my apparition if I had not hastily informed them of the facts of the case.

My daughters appreciated the situation, and controlled their nerves and remained perfectly quiet, declaring to each other in undertones that they thought they heard the burglars trying the drawers of an antique escritoire in the front parlor.

I do not know how long it was that I kept up my watch. I remained by the window till I was benumbed with the cold and tired of standing.



"I GRAPPLED WITH A STALWART MAN, WHO EASILY THREW ME, AND STRUCK ME ON THE HEAD WITH A STICK."

I returned tiptoe to the next room to consult with my wife, whom I found trembling from the cold and excitement.

"They cannot have left the house, or we should have seen them," said my wife.

"Yes, they must still be in the house," I responded. "I wonder what they are doing, that they keep so quiet?"

"Assorting the silver," suggested my wife.

"More likely having supper in the kitchen," I observed.

Quick as thought she opened the window—what a cold gust came in!—to see if there was a light in the kitchen window; but there was not.

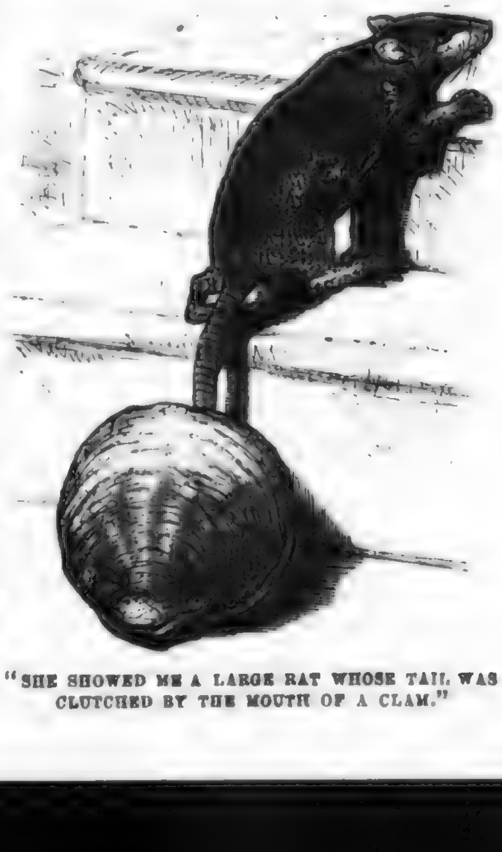
As soon as I had left their room, my daughters arose and joined our conclave, evincing a courage and self-possession that inspired me with valor.

The youngest and most mischievous asked through the speaking-tube if they had found the wine. She also told them to stir up the fire, and endeavored to engage them in conversation; but I soon checked this tendency to levity by impressing her with the terrors of the situation, which she did not until then thoroughly appreciate.

The most attentive listening could not detect any sounds down-stairs, and we agreed that the burglars could not be in the kitchen, and were concluding that they had mysteriously left—probably avoided our sight by keeping close to the wall under the window—when the steps were again heard in the parlors, but this time more distinctly and less cautious. My wife suggested they were in the parlor making bundles of their trophies.

Careful listening through the tube convinced all of us that there was only one step.

If there was only one, I felt equal to an encounter with him—



"SHE SHOWED ME A LARGE RAT WHOSE TAIL WAS CLUTCHED BY THE MOUTH OF A CLAM."

that is to say, that I could shoot him before he could me—for I did not propose a hand-to-hand encounter, if I could avoid it.

I announced my intention of seeking him, pistol in hand. At first my wife and daughters demurred at my leaving them unprotected, but finally decided to follow me at a safe distance.

My wife armed herself with a broom; one of my daughters seized my Knight-Templar sword, while the other appropriated my ivory-headed cane.

My wife, wishing to avoid, if possible, a conflict—evidently not rating very highly my combative powers—shouted through the tube:

"We are coming, armed to the teeth! Fly, if you value your life!"

And there was a bustle of sound down-stairs, as if of accelerated steps across the room, then perfect silence again.

I unlocked the door and boldly sallied forth, holding a small kerosene-lamp overhead in my left hand, while in my right I carried my revolver primed and in position for a shot.

My wife followed on my heels, imploring me in an undertone to "Be careful."

My two daughters followed at a safe distance, brandishing sword and cane.

The noise of unlocking the door aroused the servants overhead, and Bridget opened her door and called down: "Anything the matthur?"

Before I could reply, my youngest daughter thoughtlessly answered:

"Yes; there are burglars down-stairs! Come help us!"

"The Lord have mercy on us!" groaned the terror-stricken girl.

"There is no danger—be quiet!" I said, sternly; but the girl had run in and locked her door.

I proceeded cautiously down-stairs, and peered about the parlor with my light, my wife nervously poking under the sofa, under the tables, the piano, the easy-chairs, with her broom, while my daughters speared at the curtains and in the corners with the cane and sword they respectively carried.

We searched and researched every nook and corner without discovering anybody; examined and found every window fastened.

"Most mysterious!" I exclaimed, as we all gathered, shivering, over the heater in the back palor.

"Perhaps it was a ghost!" exclaimed my youngest daughter.

"Nonsense!" observed her mother, contemptuously. "Sh—sh! What's that?" and she clutched my arm.

A soft, measured, sliding step fled the length of the hall, from the front door. We listened with bated breaths.

"How fortunate I closed that door!" exclaimed my eldest daughter—she having on entering closed the door, which prevented our seeing the ruffian as he passed down the hall.

"What a pity we did not think of looking in the vestibule! We should have found him!" said her sister, thrusting the air with her sword.

"Let him depart in peace," pleaded my wife, perceiving the ferocious expression on my face.

"He shall not escape me now!" I exclaimed, rushing forward and opening the door, with a thoughtless disregard that makes me shudder now when I think of it—of the possibility of an accidental discharge of my revolver.

There was a hasty pat—the pat of a retreating footstep down the stairs leading to the basement.

I pursued hotly, leaving my wife and daughters to remain in the parlor in the darkness, or follow as best they could the trail of my light.

The mysterious footsteps proceeded from the lower hall to the dining-room, front; thence through the passage-way between the closets to the kitchen, after closing the second door in my face—at least, I found it nearly shut; so that, thoughtlessly pushing it open with my "pistol-arm," my revolver was discharged into the floor; the lamp fell from my hand, but miraculously did not explode, the light being extinguished by the velocity with which it passed through the air; and the halls echoed with feminine screams and jangling of sword and cane against the banisters and walls.

I rushed to the hall through the kitchen-door, grappled with my youngest daughter, who came near running her sword into my eye, pushed her aside as soon as I found my assailant was she; got rapped on the head with the broom in my wife's hands, dodged a blow from the cane carried by my eldest daughter, and pursued the steps to the head of the stairs—the women, I believe, exchanging blows before they recognized each other.

Determined to pursue and capture the burglar, or die in the attempt, I pursued him half-way down the cellar-steps; I paused then, satisfied I had him caged, and hesitating to penetrate the Egyptian darkness that prevailed below-stairs.

I heard him distinctly groping about.

I called for a light as hastily as Richard called for his horse; my wife, creeping along the hallway, and suffering from a blow from the cane, angrily said I was foolish to expect any light at such a time; but Bridget had descended to the parlor-floor, and called over the banisters that a light would soon be coming.

I was nearly distracted, for my daughters were clashing and hitting things about in the hallway and kitchen with the sword and cane in the most reckless manner, screaming and laughing hysterically.

Hearing the step scrambling on the coal-pile, I fired in that direction, and in my excitement, missed my footing, and fell from the steps to the floor, receiving a momentary stun.

I scrambled to my feet, and was about groping my way out, but hearing a step on the stairs, I exclaimed:

"I defy you! Show yourself if you dare!"

"There he is! there he is!" exclaimed Bridget's voice.

Groping about in the darkness, my hand came in contact with another's, and, closing in, I grappled with a stalwart man, who easily and in a very business-like way threw me, struck me on the head with a stick, and then placed a revolver at my temple, observing that if I did not keep quiet, he would blow my brains out.

I kept quiet, satisfied that the house was infested by a band of masked robbers, and that resistance would be useless.

"Here! here!" exclaimed my assailant.

"Oh, spare my wife and daughters!" I exclaimed, piteously.

"Spare no one!" my captor replied, laconically, pressing his knee upon my chest.

I distinctly heard the voices of my daughters uttering words of encouragement to my wife up-stairs; but it seemed to me an age before the radiance of a light was discovered at the head of the steps.

It was the bull's-eye of a dark-lantern. Visions of men in black crape masks, armed to the teeth, with a coil of rope on their arms to bind captives with, and gags in their hands to close their voices with, flitted across my mind.

"You stay here with the ladies," said a gruff voice behind the bull's-eye, which proceeded to come down the steps.

My captor released his hold on me, and I instinctively got up and was about dealing him a blow, when he collared me and almost shook the life out of me.

"Hit me, will you?" said my captor, angrily; and a renewal of the vigorous shaking—I was as helpless as a baby in his hands—robbed me of breath, and I fainted.

* * * * * *

When I returned to consciousness, I was lying in bed, and acutely conscious of a painful sensation in the head, which was bandaged with a towel saturated with vinegar and water. My wife and daughters were seated around the bed.

"Where am I?" I inquired (whereat all laughed). "Have I been dreaming?"

"I don't know!" laughingly replied my youngest daughter.

"The burglar——"

"Was a rat that had been nipped by the tail by a clam in the cellar. The rat aforesaid, dragging him around on his customary nocturnal depredatory excursion, made the pat-a-pat noise like a smothered footstep that so alarmed us."

"Here he is," said Bridget, whom I had not observed before, and she showed me in a basket a large rat whose tail was clutched by the mouth of a clam, which, doubtless, had it open for a breath of fresh air when it (the tail) passed athwart its obscured vision, and which evidently regarded the movement too tempting to readily loosen its hold—for it even now held on like grim death. (This is a fact—no invention).

"But the man I fought with?"

"Was a private watchman from the next block whom Bridget summoned from her window, and who grappled with you in the dark under the impression you were a burglar. The one with the dark-lantern was his comrade."

"Ah!" and the truth flashed across my mind.

THOUGHT-READING.

London society has been entertained recently by examples of thought-reading, given by a gentleman named Bishop. The experiments at Prof. Croom Robertson's house are thus described:

"First, Mr. Bishop was taken out of the room by me to the hall down-stairs, where I blindfolded him with a handkerchief; and, in order to do so securely, I thrust pieces of cotton wool beneath the handkerchief below the eyes. In all the subsequent experiments Mr. Bishop was blindfolded, and in the same manner. While I was doing this Mr. Sidgwick was hiding a small object beneath one of the several rugs in the drawing-room; it having been previously arranged that he was to choose any object he liked for this purpose, and to conceal it in any part of the drawing-room which his fancy might select. When he had done this the drawing-room door was opened and the word 'Ready' called. I then led Mr. Bishop up-stairs, and handed him over to Mr. Sidgwick, who at that moment was standing in the middle line between the two drawing-rooms, with his back to the rug in question, and at a distance from it of about fifteen feet. Mr. Bishop then took the left hand of Mr. Sidgwick, placed it on his (Mr. Bishop's) forehead, and requested him to think continuously of the place where the object was concealed. After standing motionless for about ten seconds, Mr. Bishop suddenly faced around, walked briskly with Mr. Sidgwick in a direct line to the rug, stooped down, raised the corner of the rug, and picked up the object. In doing all this there was not the slightest hesitation, so that to all appearance it seemed as if Mr. Bishop knew as well as Mr. Sidgwick the precise spot where the object was lying.

"This is Mr. Bishop's favorite experiment; so I may give some of our other observations relating to it before passing on to the variations which we introduced. It was soon found that he succeeded much better with some of us than with others, so at the second meeting, in order to make a numerical comparison, he was requested to try two experiments with each of the four persons who were present. With Mr. Galton, Prof. Robertson and Prof. Lankester he failed utterly, while with myself he succeeded once perfectly and the second time approximately. For on the first occasion I concealed a pocket matchbox upon the top of a book behind the leather lap of a book-shelf. After feeling along the rows of books for some time he drew out the one on which the matchbox was lying. In the second experiment I placed a visiting-card on the keyboard of a grand piano, and closed the cover. After going about the room in various directions for a considerable time, he eventually localized the piano, and brought his finger to rest upon its upper surface, about six inches from the place where the card was lying. It will thus be seen that his success with me, although so much better than with any of the other three persons present that evening, was not so immediate and precise as it had been with Mr. Sidgwick the evening before.

"It has also to be mentioned that in one of the experiments which he tried with Prof. Robertson the evening before, he was, after a good deal of feeling about, successful in localizing a particular spot on an ordinary chair which Prof. Robertson had selected as the spot to be found. From this it will be seen that it made no difference whether a particular article or a particular spot was thought of; for if the subject thought of was a certain square inch of surface upon any table, chair, or other object in the room, Mr. Bishop, in his successful experiments, would place his finger upon that spot. Neither did it make any difference whether the article or place thought of was at a high or low elevation. Thus, for instance, in one of the experiments I placed a small pencil-case high up in the chandelier of one of the drawing-rooms. There was first a great deal of walking about in various directions, examining tables, book-shelves, etc., so that it was thought that the experiment was about to prove a failure. (It may here be mentioned parenthetically, that in all the experiments tracings were taken of the routes which Mr. Bishop traversed, but it seems needless to occupy space with recording the analysis of these results.) Then, while feeling over the surface of a table in the other drawing-room, and not far from the corresponding chandelier, Mr. Bishop suddenly pointed at arm's length vertically to the ceiling. He remained motionless in this position for a few seconds, and then set off at a brisk pace in a straight line to the other drawing-room, until he came beneath the other chandelier. As his finger was all this time pointing to the ceiling, it touched this chandelier on his coming beneath it. He then stopped and pointed as high as he could, but not being a tall man, was not able to touch the pencil-case, which had been purposely placed above his reach. After satisfying ourselves that his determination to reach up at that particular spot could not be attributed to accident, but, rather, that his finger appeared to be smelling the object of his search, the experiment was concluded.

XUM

"As a rule, unless success is achieved within the first two or three minutes, it is never achieved at all; but in some cases, as in the one just quoted, after several minutes of feeling about in various places and directions, a new point of departure seems suddenly to be taken, and Mr. Bishop starts off straight to the right spot. As an instance of this I may quote another experiment, in which I placed a shilling beneath a sheet of paper lying on a table which was crowded with other articles. After going about the room in various directions for a considerable time, this table was reached, apparently by accident, and just at the time when I was thinking that the experiment would certainly prove a failure, Mr. Bishop suddenly became more animated in his movements, and exclaiming 'Now I am within two feet of it,' began to hover the point of his finger over the table, and eventually brought it down upon the sheet of paper just where the shilling was lying beneath."

CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY.

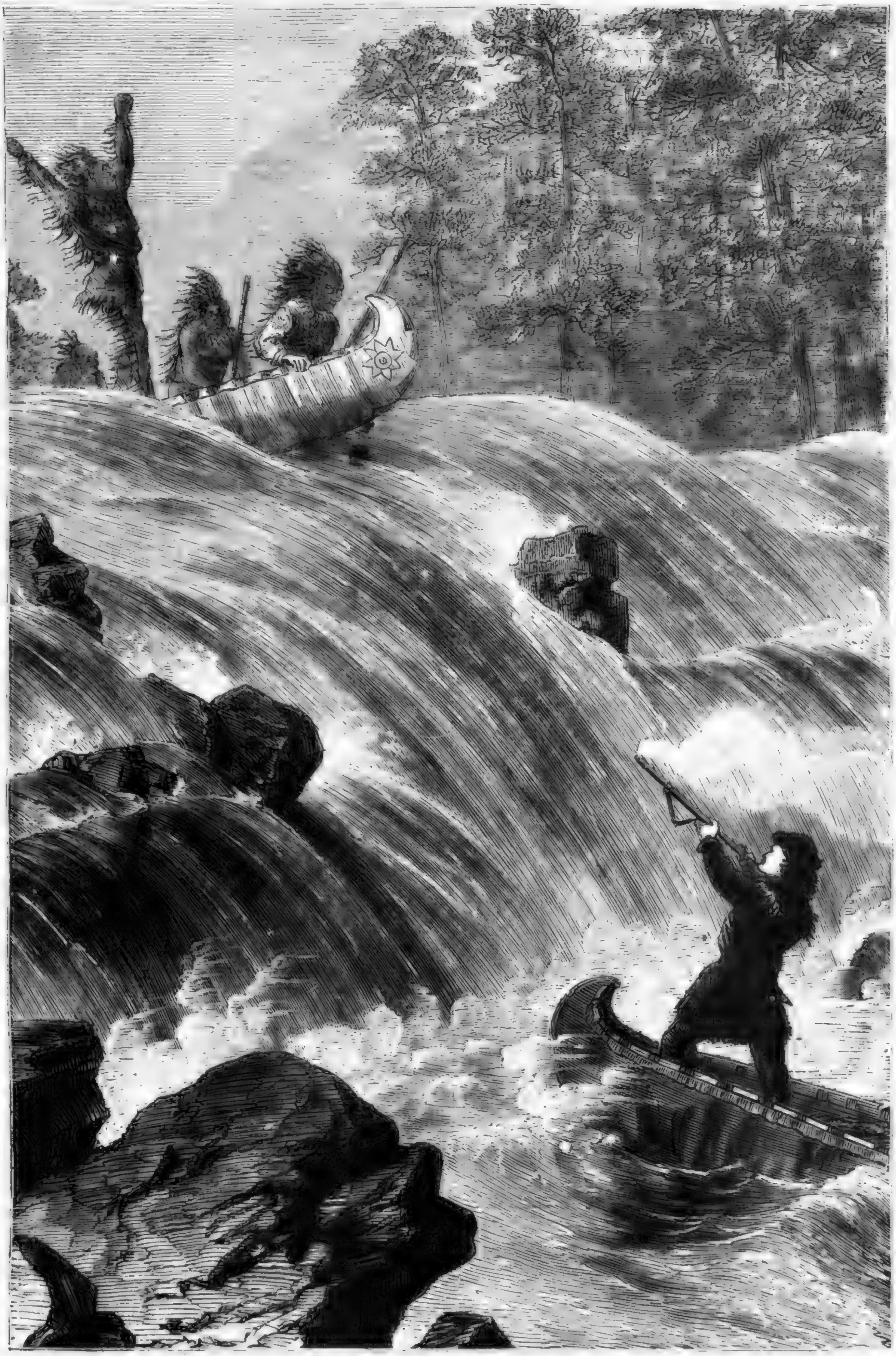
Some maintain that thought-reading is in no way essentially different from the well-known "game" of "wishing" often played by young ladies. It consists of the following procedure: One person goes out of the room, while others arrange upon what she is to do. She enters blindfolded, and in the particular instance now alluded to, was turned round several times, so as to be quite unconscious of the direction in which she was facing. Two persons now place their hands on either side of each shoulder, making their fingers meet at the back of the neck and under the chin; or they may be placed round the waist; but as the forehead appears to be equally sensitive, perhaps it is immaterial where the hands be situated. After standing still a moment or two, the lady moved slowly round in the direction of a sofa, under the impression, as she afterward said, that she was walking in quite another way. Having reached it, she sat down (not even knowing the sofa was close by), and deliberately put out her hand, took up an antimacassar which lay upon the sofa, and raised it, asking, "Is this what I was to do?" This was perfectly correct, the antimacassar having been expressly laid there for the purpose.

It was settled that another lady should walk into the conservatory. To do this she had to pull up a blind, lift an iron bar and open the shutters, then undo the glass door behind them which led into the conservatory. All this she did unhesitatingly, and walked straight into it. I could describe several other instances where ornaments and other things had to be selected out of various groups of objects, etc.; but the above will illustrate the process.

In another case the operators sat in a circle, silent, but determinedly "willing" that a certain lady should do what they had resolved upon. She stood in the centre, and was not blindfolded or touched by any one. In every case she did it correctly. One thing that was agreed upon was for her to take a bottle of wine from one table, carry it to another, and pour out a definite quantity of wine This she did, not exceeding the amount predetermined. On a second occasion she had to find a key hidden away behind some books. As she approached the place she became very excited and hysterical, but at once extracted the key.

ALONG with a helping hand there should ever go a helping sympathy.

XUM



AN OLD HUNTER'S STORY.—"I HELD MY RIFLE UNTIL SURE OF MY AIM, AND THEN FIRED."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE TELEPHONE.

You can turn on the telephone just when you please,
  As you turn on the gas at the main;
You can talk over continents, islands and seas,
  If there's aught that you wish to explain;
You utter whatever you choose at one end,
And 'tis heard as a whisper—miles off, by your friend.

You can stay in the city and learn from your home
  Of whatever may chance to befall—
If your wife from her duties should happen to roam,
  And you'll know when the water-rates call.
You'll hear when the butcher delivers his book,
And you'll know when the policeman makes love to the cook.

You can fly to the lawyer when right makes you bold
  To get wrong, from the law, through the wire:
And your doctor prescribes for a fever or cold,
  While you neither stir out from the fire.
And your medical man won't know what you've been at,
When the pills and the mixture prove death to the cat.

You can list to a concert and never go out,
  But can hear every song that is sung;
You can easily know what a play is about,
  From the time when the curtain's uprung.
You can hear the debates in the House if you like,
But that twaddle might make many Telephones strike

Here's the Telephone taking the words that we say,
  And the Telegraph's marvelous flight;
There's the light that's electric turns darkness to day
  And the Photophone sounds through the night;
While the Phonograph keeps for historical page
All the tale of the wonder of Edison's age.

AN OLD HUNTER'S STORY.

THERE is something about an American Indian that always reminds me of the brute creation. I do not refer particularly to their well-known savage dispositions and their frequent total lack of mercy to innocent persons, but to certain characteristics which seem born with them, and which I have never observed in my own race.

In my experience in the early settlement of Missouri and Iowa, I certainly have had abundant opportunity to study these peculiar people, whose history is so interwoven with our own. It has been my fortune to encounter the red man in every mood, and under every imaginable circumstance. My habit of limping when I walk, and numerous aches and pains that frequently rack my limbs, and which my friends generally attribute to rheumatism, are the results of many a grievous wound received long years ago. Few persons live to carry more scars than I do; and there are few, I can honestly say, who can give a more varied experience than mine; but at the present I can only illustrate my observations with a single incident that happened nearly fifty years ago.

When a white man is shot mortally, he frequently gives utterance to some gasping exclamation, and as frequently succumbs without a word; but I never saw an Indian winged without a yell and a frenzied leap in the air, just as a wild animal does when struck to death.

The unrelenting passion of revenge is more characteristic of the same race than of our own, and the sullen, melancholy disposition, which for a lifetime in some of their race is never thawed into a smile or evidence of pleasure, is the same as that shown in the feline species, that seem to live only to prey upon the weaker and unresisting portion of the animal creation.

When I went to Iowa Territory, in 1818, I made my home with an old acquaintance, by the name of Green, who went from Western Pennsylvania, where he had led a pretty eventful life, his house having been burned twice over his head by Indians, during the early settlement of that State. He had lost two of his children by the same means, so that he had cause enough to emigrate.

He settled on Manson's River, or rather Creek, which flowed just by his door, and which a mile or two below descended fully a hundred feet by a series of rapids which were sure death for any man to attempt to shoot who was not a perfect master in guiding a canoe. Green could never summon courage to attempt it in his birch canoe until he had seen me do it; but he gained courage after awhile, and learned to do it with an ease and confidence equal to my own. When we engaged in fishing we frequently performed the feat, until it became a matter of amusement with both of us.

Green had a wife, and one child of about six years, who was as interesting a little girl as I ever saw. I was much attached to her, as I never had a family of my own, and she appeared to regard me with an affection second only to that which she entertained for her parents.

Shortly after I took up my quarters with them, in the Autumn of 1818, I was seized with the chills and fever, and did not entirely recover until Spring. I was nursed and treated so well by the entire family, that, when I became well again, I agreed to remain through the season, and to assist him in clearing his land, and getting his scanty seed under ground.

At that time there were Indians all round us, and some of them were of the very worst kind. They hated a white man like poison, and I was sure we should have trouble with them. It was that, more than anything else, that made me anxious ~~to~~ remain with them until the country became more settled.

The season was pretty well advanced, when a man called at our house one day, and told us that a party of Indians had attacked the settlers further up the creek, and after massacring several families, were descending the creek in a large canoe, for the purpose of serving us in the same manner.

This was alarming news, indeed, and we decided to change our quarters at once, while there was a prospect of escape. Green proposed that we should start through the woods for the settlement; but as that was twenty miles distant, and I knew they would follow our trail with the speed and certainty of the bloodhound, he took my advice, which was to embark in the canoe, leaving everything behind us. By this means we could effectually cover our trail; and as the shores were both lined with a luxuriant, overhanging undergrowth, we could glide under cover, and remain concealed until the danger had passed.

This was a good plan, and would have succeeded admirably had it been adopted an hour sooner. The hunter who had given us the intelligence started at once down the stream, in the hopes that he might be able to warn some of the other settlers in time. The light canoe comfortably seated us four, including the little girl, and within fifteen minutes after the alarm reached us we shoved out from the bank; Green took the paddle, and we started on our perilous descent of the creek, which, however, was large enough to deserve the name of river.

We had scarcely shoved out from the shore when a whoop reached our ears, and looking back, we saw, to our dismay, that the Indian canoe was in sight. The redskins had discovered us, and naturally enough, determined that we should not elude them in this manner. I glanced at the miscreants, as they came dashing down the stream, almost with the speed of the wind, and saw that the canoe was occupied by five of them.

"Now, Green," said I, "use the paddle, for all depends on that."

I never saw him use the oar with such skill. He had seen enough of Indians to understand that it was now a case of life and death, and with his wife and only child depending upon his exertions, it need not be said that every particle of strength and skill that he possessed were needed and put into use.

Every moment or two the Indians uttered one of their frightful yells—so frightful, indeed, that the little girl began crying through terror. However, I persuaded her to lie down in the boat, and her mother soon soothed her fears, although she still shivered every time the fearful sound reached her ears.

My great fear was that the Indians would fire at us, which would be pretty certain to result fatally, as we were within easy gunshot distance. But they evidently considered this unnecessary, as it looked as though we must inevitably fall into their hands.

Despite the utmost exertions of Green, the savages gained steadily upon us, a fact which was as apparent to them as to us, and which their repeated yells were intended to signalize.

When we embarked in our canoe I don't think either of us thought of the rapids below. We started in such haste that we had little time to think of anything except as to how we could get away as speedily as possible. But when the roar began to rise in our ears, my friend looked inquiringly at me. I nodded my head.

"The best thing that could be for us."

I offered to take the paddle several times, but he was not willing. The changing of places would involve a moment or two of delay, and there was no time for that. However, as we approached the rapids, I could see that he was a little uneasy, and he made no objection to my taking the paddle in hand.

Our hopes now centred upon the inability of our enemies to guide their craft through these rapids. There was no question but that the Indians could manage their canoe with a skill equal, if not superior, to that with which we controlled ours; but in going through this dangerous place there were perils which might easily shipwreck the most skillful of their number, as many of them were hidden.

Before I attempted to shoot these rapids, I had spent several hours in surveying them from the shore, a proceeding which, I am well satisfied, proved my salvation in the exploit afterward performed.

I steered straight for the rapids. As we neared them, the roar became deafening, the mist filled the air, and the sight of the plunging, lashing waters was so appalling that Mrs. Green covered her face to shut out the dreadful sight, and the father was compelled to grasp his shrieking little girl, who was fairly wild at the sight.

The canoe danced and spun around like an egg-shell, and the blinding mist so covered us, and the foaming waters so surrounded us, that more than once I feared it was all over with us; but I guided the canoe with all the coolness I could summon, and, thanks to Providence, we shortly reached the comparatively calmer water below.

"Dare they follow us?" inquired Green.

"Yes; it's too late to retreat."

The Indian canoe was at this time close on to the rapids, and anxiously watching their movements, I saw the occupants stop using their paddles, while one of their number took his position in the stern.

"That looks as though *he* understood it," I remarked, as I ceased paddling, and we all gazed back at them.

So it proved. The savage soon demonstrated that he had been through this channel before. He followed precisely the course I had taken, and which was the only one that offered the least chance of safety.

"There is only one who can bring them through," I added, "and he won't be there long!"

I held my rifle until sure of my aim, and then fired. The Indian who held the guiding oar uttered a shriek that sounded far above the roar of the rapids, and springing several feet in the air, disappeared in the foaming abyss of waters.

The canoe, left without a controlling power, was seen to spin around as if in the maelstrom, and then striking a projecting rock, was shattered to fragments, the Indians struggling frantically for life.

I reloaded my gun as quickly as possible, and Green and I managed to send a bullet through a couple of the shaven crowns, which were tossed hither and thither like corks. The others needed no such treatment. They were so mangled by the furious waters, that when they floated out of their grasp, not a particle of life remained.

We made our way down the creek to the nearest neighbor's, where we remained several days, when we returned to our home, and found that it had not been disturbed in the least during our absence.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

ONCE upon a time there were three brother-mice named Hickory, Dickory, and Dock, who lived together behind a carved oak cabinet in the hall of a large, rambling house. Not far from them stood an old-fashioned cuckoo clock, and under it there lived a beautiful lady-mouse, named Glossyfur. Now, all three of the brothers, Hickory, Dickory, and Dock, wanted to marry Glossyfur. And when they found that they could not make up their minds which of them should have her, they agreed to fight about it.

But it so happened that Glossyfur was just then taking a walk past the oak cabinet, and when she heard what Hickory, Dickory, and Dock were talking about, she called them to her and said:

"You must not fight, for it is very wrong and very silly. If you do, not one of you shall marry me."

"But we cannot agree about it," said the brothers.

"I will tell you how it shall be settled," said Glossyfur. "You know that the old clock under whom I live is a great friend of mine, and he has promised to give me a home inside his case when I marry. But he has been in very low spirits lately, because the last time that Master Tom came home from school he tied up the cuckoo with a needleful of sewing-cotton, so that she can neither sing nor clap her wings. This naturally annoys the clock very much; and I propose that whichever of you will go up and bite away the cotton and set the cuckoo free, shall be my husband and live with me in the clock-case."

All three of the brothers said they were ready to do it.

"Then," said Glossyfur, "Hickory shall have the first turn, because he is the eldest."

"Oh, but that is not fair at all!" cried Dickory and Dock. "That gives us no chance, for it is so easy, he is sure to do it."

Glossyfur replied that they must either do her way or not at all. The mice still grumbled, and how long the discussion might have gone on it is hard to say, if the clock himself had not interrupted it.

"Crrp! Only two minutes to twelve," he said. "Now is your time, if one of you means to come."

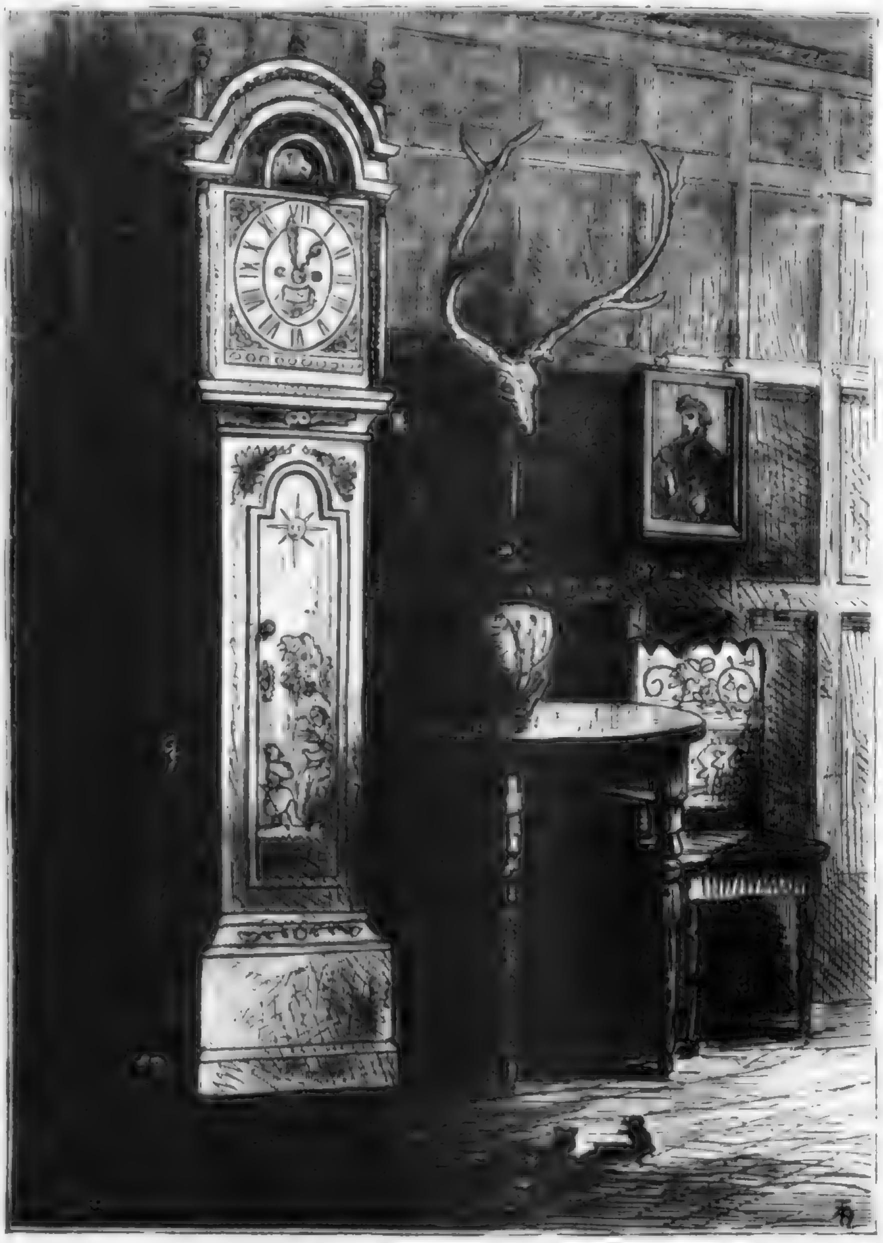
For you know the cuckoo only came out of her little house once every hour, just before the clock was going to strike.

Up ran Hickory as fast as he could, and as he got to the top of the clock, out came the cuckoo. Hickory saw the cotton that tied her plainly enough, and lost no time in beginning to gnaw it. But he had scarcely begun, when there came a great whirring and rattling, as if all the world were coming to pieces, and then such a great clanging noise that he was almost frightened out of his wits.

"Scrrrrr—One, two, three, four, five, six—" that was what he heard. But when it came to the sixth stroke Hickory could stand it no longer. Down he ran, a great deal faster than he had run up, and only discovered when he was safe at the bottom that it was nothing but his old friend striking the hour that had made such a terrible banging up there.

He felt very much ashamed when he had to confess that he had not done what he went up to do; and how Dickory and Dock did laugh at him!

"Well, to be frightened at the striking of a clock which you have heard hundreds of times before!"



HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

"It does seem very silly," said Hickory; "but you cannot think what a great noise it made up there. I thought it was Master Tom coming to kill me for meddling with the cuckoo."

"Was it afraid, poor dear?" said Dock. "Never mind, it has got safe down again."

"And now it is my turn," said Dickory.

"I suppose you will go up the next time the clock strikes," observed Dock.

"Well, I am not sure about that," said Dickory. "You see there are so many people about in the middle of the day, and if some great two-legged wretch were to come by just when I was at the top, they might spoil my chance. Besides, I have not dined yet, and I think I could bite the cotton faster after dinner. So suppose we say six o'clock this evening."

But the truth was, that although Dickory had laughed at Hickory as much as Dock did, in his own heart he felt very much alarmed at Hickory's account of the terrible noise, and so nervous at the idea of going up, that he thought he would wait a little, in order to screw up his courage for the attempt.

But waiting never screwed up any one's courage yet; and so when they met again at a few minutes before six, Dickory felt a great deal more nervous than he had felt at a few minutes after twelve. However, he tried to put a good face on the matter, sharpened his claws ready for action, made a low bow to Glossyfur, and then looked up at the clock to see whether it was time to begin.

"Crrp!" said the clock. "Only two minutes to six, so come along, if you are coming."

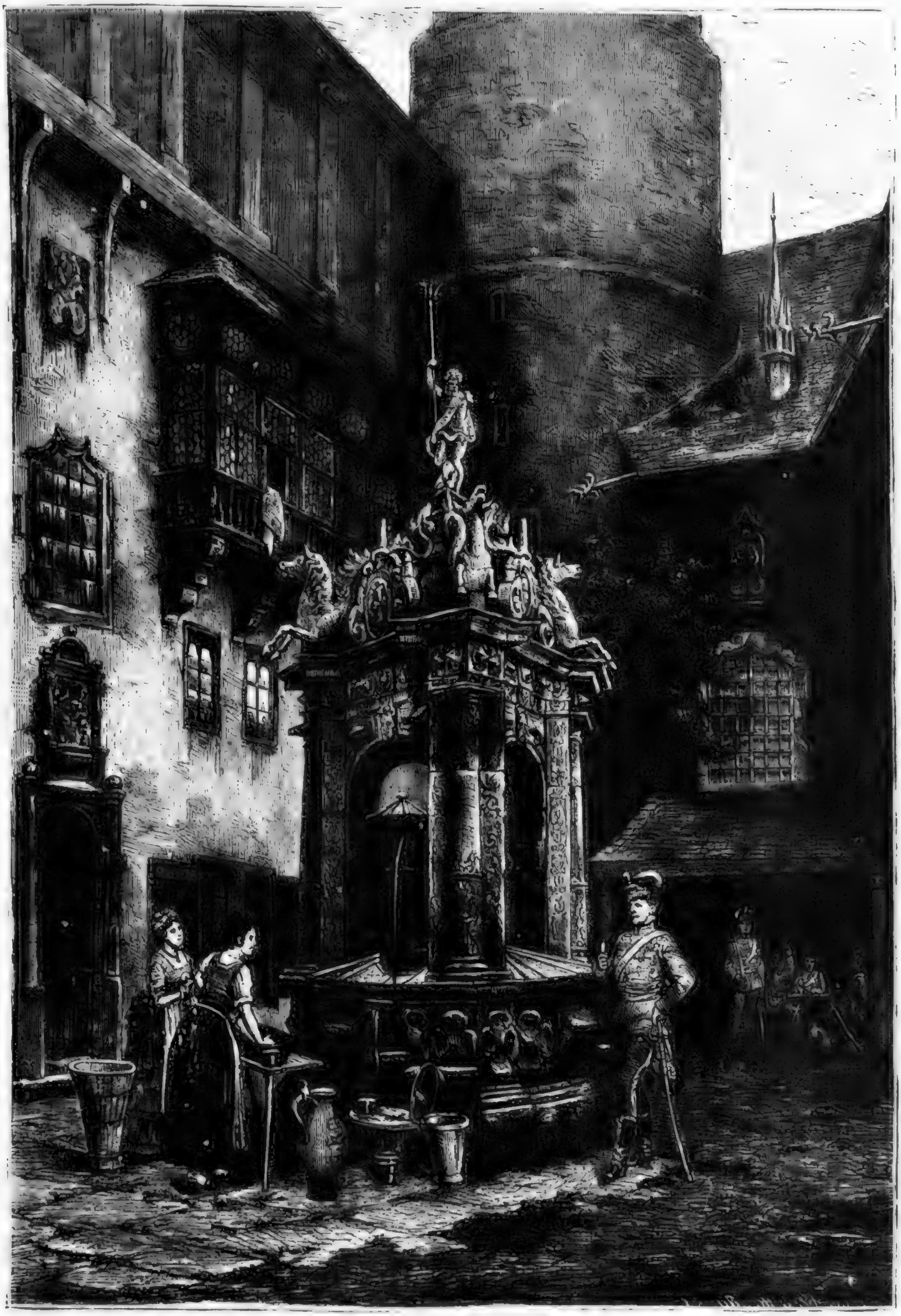
And Dickory ran up. But he lost some time in making up his mind which side of the cuckoo he would try first, and before he had well begun, "Scrrrrr—One, two, three," began the clock again. But the three had scarcely sounded when down came Dickory, squeaking with fright, and trembling so much that it was some seconds before he could speak.

"Did I not say that it made a terrible noise?" said Hickory.

"Noise!" replied Dickory. "I tell you it was five times as bad as when you went up; I am certain it was. And I have been feeling so much nervousness and anxiety all the afternoon, that it has given me quite a pain in my chest; besides, that last bit of cheese that I had was shamefully old and dry. And when that terrible noise came it made my heart beat so violently that I was afraid something serious might happen to me if I did not come down. So, of course, as it is not my fault, I am at liberty to try again if I choose."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dock. "I will bite off your tail if you do. Next comes my turn, does it not, Miss Glossyfur?"

"Yes, it is your turn next," said Glossyfur. "And you will go up the next time the clock strikes, will you not, and not put it off any longer?"



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT OF THE CASTLE OF MERSEBURG, PRUSSIAN SAXONY.—SEE PAGE 374.

"I should be delighted to obey your slightest wish," said Dock, "only it is not quite convenient to me. I can't see what hurry there is, for I am sure to win now. And I have an engagement to go and play dried peas" (which is mouse-billiards) "at eight; and after that I shall take a little nap. So suppose we say about one o'clock to-night? I dare say I shall be awake again about then."

Glossyfur felt rather disgusted at Dock's coolness, but there was no refusing him leave to try now, so one o'clock was agreed upon. Now the cunning fellow had a reason for fixing upon this hour. He had observed that neither of his brothers had run away until the clock had already struck two or three times; and he thought that if he went up when it was only going to strike once, he was sure of success.

I do not think that any of them slept much before one o'clock came, but they curled themselves up in their holes and made believe. As for the clock, he never had been known to sleep, and he ticked quietly on until Hickory, peeping out of his nest, called out to the others that it was nearly one.

"Crrp! Only two minutes to one. Now then," said the clock. And immediately Dock ran up the clock, and set to work on the cuckoo at once.

"Scrrrrr—One!" cried the clock. Down came Dock again, tumbling and rumbling, head over heels and heels over head, and lay at the bottom like one that was dead.

"Well, Dock, have you done it?" said Dickory.

"Done it!" said Dock, turning round savagely; "it is all your fault if I have not. Here have you two gone and made the place at the top of the clock so slippery with your clawings and scratchings, that it is impossible for a fellow to keep his feet. And I know the clock struck a full minute before he ought, just to put me out. And as for that cuckoo, the spiteful bird gave me a great kick as she went back into her hole, which would have been enough to knock either of you to the other end of the hall. It's all Glossyfur's fault; I saw she had a spite against me from the first; but I like fair play, I do. Get out of my way, will you?"

So saying, Dock marched off into their hole, and rolled himself sulkily up in a corner. There was nothing for the other mice to do but to follow his example, and presently the old hall was quite quiet again, but for the steady tick, tick of the clock. He ticked on rather sadly, though, for he thought: "My poor cuckoo will never be set free again."

Not one of the three brothers liked to be the first to stir the next morning, so there lay Hickory, Dickory, and Dock, each peeping out with one eye, and pretending to be fast asleep with the other, until it grew so very late, and they grew so very hungry that they could lie still no longer, and out they came together.

But who should they meet on the other side of the carved leg of the cabinet but Glossyfur herself, taking a stroll after her early dinner. She blushed very much at seeing them, and so did Hickory, Dickory, and Dock at seeing her. Dock stared rudely at her as he passed. Dickory looked another way, and pretended he did not see her. But Hickory said:

"Oh, Miss Glossyfur, I am so sorry we have all failed, for it is not only a loss to us, but to your friend the clock, too."

"Well, Mr. Hickory, said Glossyfur, "if you really wish to help the clock, you can always try again."

"And if I should be so happy as to succeed," exclaimed Hickory, "may I still hope for your consent to our being husband and wife?"

But Glossyfur blushed again, and only answered that she would see. The fact was, that though she wanted to marry Hickory, she did not at all want to marry either of his brothers.

"What nonsense, Hickory!" said Dock. "You surely are not going to take any more trouble for the sake of such a silly mouse as Glossyfur? I wouldn't, even if she asked me."

"No, indeed, Hickory," said Dickory. "I am sure she is not worth running such dreadful risks for. Why, I believe it would be the death of me if I were to try again. I have not got over it yet."

"I don't agree with you, and I mean at any rate to make one more trial," began Hickory, when the clock interrupted him with:

"Crrp! Only two minutes to one."

"Then I am off," said Hickory; "so please, brothers, let go my tail."

And whisking it away from their hold, the mouse ran up the clock. Out came the cuckoo to meet him, and with two great bites he gnawed the needleful of cotton in two.

"Cuckoo!" cried she, triumphantly, clapping her wings. It was a little behind the right time, certainly; but she had done it, and that was the chief thing after all.

"One!" joyfully struck the clock. And then the mouse ran down and threw himself at Glossyfur's feet, who gracefully gave him her delicate paw, and accepted him for her husband.

As for Dickory and Dock, they were so disgusted with the whole affair that they ran off to the fields, and never were heard of again. But Hickory and Glossyfur made themselves a comfortable nest in the old clock-case, and there they lived in peace and happiness, and brought up a large family of little mice, who played at "Puss in the corner" behind the wainscot, and sometimes even ran up the clock to feel what a terrible shaking and noise his striking made. And the old clock still ticks on contentedly, and the cuckoo has never once failed to come out and sing her song since the hour that the—

"Mouse ran up the clock."

THE FOUNTAIN NEAR MERSEBURG CASTLE.

Merseburg is a town on what was once a debatable border, where German, Wend and Slav were constantly settling little difficulties. The ruins show how castles were bravely held and more bravely taken, so that it is no wonder martial ideas still prevail.

For this reason, doubtless, the people of Merseburg will tell you that on account of the bravery of their ancestry in the fighting days of old, the town was called Marsburg, the very town and home of the god of war himself, and that the barracks of the Blue Hussars stand on the very site of the Temple of Mars.

Antiquarians—what a nuisance they are, destroying every pretty legend by hauling out some musty folio to show you that it is impossible!—insist that Merseburg is only a corruption of Mertensburg, that is, Martinsburg.

The place appears in history in the tenth century, as a German outpost on the frontier of the heathen Wends, and was probably founded by Henry the Fowler.

When the Huns invaded Germany they sent a haughty summons to Henry, whose answer was a dog, with its tail and ears lopped off. The enemy of course attacked furiously, but were trapped between the Elbe and Saale, and defeated with great loss.

Merseburg stands on the left bank of the Saale, and is on the line of the Thuringian Railway. It has within its still defiant walls a population of nearly 14,000. The castle, of which we show the court, and the Hussars' Barracks, its cathedral and palaces, all tell of the brave days of old, before it sank into comparative insignificance as a mere town of Prussian Saxony. Its busy factories of wool and linen goods, paper, tobacco, vinegar and excellent beer, show the industry and thrift of the people; while its school of surgery and its orphan asylum show that it is not behind the times in science and benevolence.

COMETS.

By W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S.

Of all the phenomena which the heavens present for our contemplation, one of the most imposing is a large comet as it spans the constellations with its wreath of flame, and traverses the sky with a rapidity of motion seldom to be witnessed. The unexpected apparition of so startling a visitor from the interstellar spaces, and the majestic aspect it assumes with increasing dimensions, are such as naturally fill the unlearned with awe, and we can easily understand the superstitious dread with which these objects were regarded in bygone generations, when—

> "——the blazing star was viewed,
> Threat'ning the world with famine, plague, and war."

Occasionally a great comet would suddenly burst out upon the affrighted gaze of mankind, displaying a terrific appearance as it successively took up new positions and assumed a number of grotesque configurations. This was before the invention of the telescope enabled comets to be discovered at remote distances, and watched as they gradually approached the sun with increasing brilliancy. The light of science had not penetrated far into the deep mysteries of these bodies, so that they terrified mankind with their threatening aspect, and were looked upon as the bearers of malign influences—the ill-omened intruders upon the normal beauty of the sky. Little had then been learnt concerning them. Their erratic motions were perplexing in the highest degree, and gave rise to many wild theories which sufficiently demonstrated the prevailing ignorance. They came and they went, exhibiting singular varieties of appearance, and a diversity of motion in striking contrast to the regular movements of the other celestial bodies. Some of the ancient philosophers looked upon comets as merely the reflection of beams from the sun or moon; others considered that they were originated by luminous vapors or exhalations from the earth.

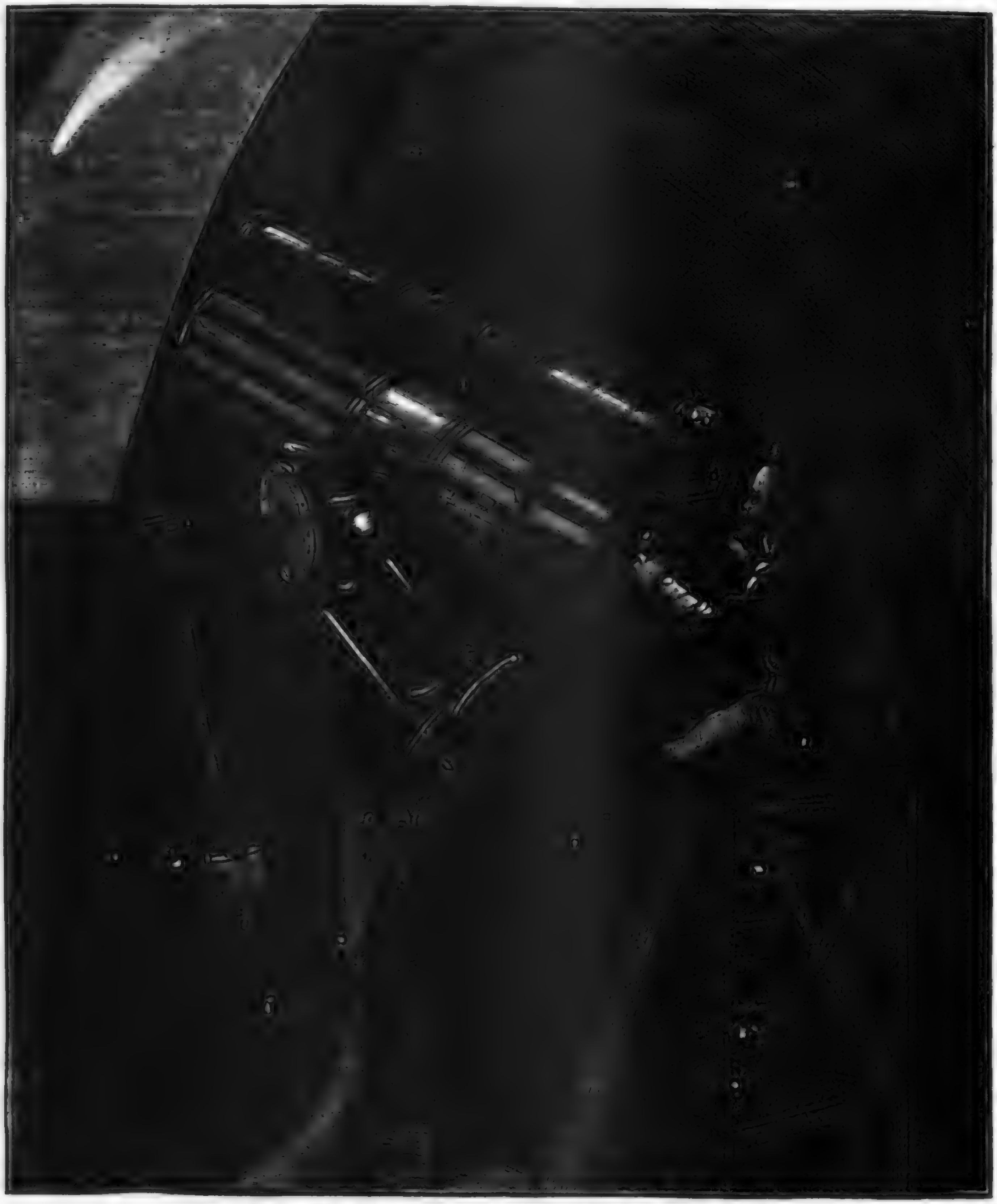
The visible character of a large comet renders it a special object of curiosity to those whose inclinations prompt them to seek knowledge of the most wonderful facts in nature. Indeed, the conspicuous appearance of such a body in the sky invariably attracts considerable notice, and is usually the prelude to many anxious inquiries from those who would catch a glimpse of the strange visitor. A newspaper paragraph generally gives the first public intimation of the discovery of a comet. But as a rule such notices refer merely to telescopic comets (Fig 1), of which several are detected every year, and it is only in the comparatively rare instance of a bright comet that popular interest is fully aroused. Then the next starlight night is rather impatiently awaited by many people anxious to indulge their curiosity, and perhaps to gain a little notoriety from their personal friends as being the first to point them out "the new comet."

A fine evening draws in, and our intending observer, having carefully assured himself that he has correctly interpreted the description of the comet's place, begins to scan the sky in the suspected region with a good deal of erratic vigor, long before the twilight has disappeared. Nothing is seen at first, and he begins seriously to doubt the alleged discovery, until, as the darkness increases and the fainter objects in the firmament become perceptible, he distinguishes from amongst the host of stars a small hazy appearance, which is at once recognized as the body sought for, and it is promptly pointed out with no lack of enthusiasm and pride to such of his friends as are within call.

There is the comet, it is true, and the observers are much gratified at the view; but after the novelty of the first impression has departed they agree that really the spectacle is not *very* striking, and signs of impatience and discomfort soon become apparent amongst them, until a hasty retreat is made in-doors, with apologetic expressions relating to the fear of taking cold.

But the interest of the earnest observer is not of the same fugitive character, and he remains to watch the comet, and to note particularly its appearance and direction. Comparing its position with respect to a terrestrial object, he finds that it pursues the same relative motion as that of the stars, and that in a few hours it will have descended to the northern horizon. It exhibits a decided train, which he notes flows upward and becomes more diffuse and faint, until its extreme upper limits cannot be defined from the background of faint stars on which it is projected. The head, or nucleus, looks bright, something like a tolerably large star enveloped in haze or seen through a translucent medium, and its solitary aspect amongst the constellations lends a peculiar charm to the spectacle. Our observer, having satisfied himself on these points, determines to re-observe the comet on the first clear night ensuing, but cloudy weather intervenes, so that the sky is constantly overcast until nearly a week afterward. Meanwhile the comet has undergone rapid changes in size and position, which almost prevent its being recognized as the same object. It has traveled over a large space to the westward, and is considerably larger and brighter than before. The train now extends over many degrees, while the nucleus has evidently intensified; but the comet soon sinks to the horizon, where its beautiful form is lost amid the gathering clouds. The next night it is seen again, when the observer is struck at once with the fact that it has further increased in dimensions, and that its motion is rapidly carrying it toward the sun. A few more nights, and it will evidently cease to be visible. As the observer continues to watch the comet during the short interval before its early setting, his mind becomes filled with thoughts as to the origin and end of the strange apparition. It has been increasing in size with startling rapidity, and rushing toward the sun with a swiftness of motion to which he can recall no parallel. What will become of it when it reaches the sun? Will it be volatized in the tremendous heat, or will its great velocity enable it to sweep past into the immeasurable depths of space beyond? Is the comet to be regarded as the "shining sword" of retribution—the emblem of ill—or as simply one of the ordinary phenomena of nature, with its appointed course? Evidently it is a body of vastly different character and composition from the sun, moon, and planets, which display a regularity and harmony quite opposed to the erratic motions he has been observing, for while the planetary members of the solar system confine their orbital revolutions to the zonal region of the ecliptic, the comet has followed a path nearly at right angles to it.

When a comet is first discovered, it is usually a very faint nebulous object, without any decided traces of a tail (Fig. 1, *a*). It soon develops itself into a more conspicuous object (Fig. 1, *b*), giving signs of a nucleus, from which a faint train is gradually thrown off as the comet becomes better situated for observation. It approaches the sun with increasing velocity, and is lost for a time in his rays, soon emerging again on the other side, and undergoing diminution as it recedes into space. As a rule, these bodies are not within the reach of the naked eye, and they are watched merely by a handful of observers, habitually engaged in such work at public observatories. Comets are rarely discovered by accident; they are usually found by the systematic exploration of the heavens with a telescope of low power. Several astronomers are wholly occupied every clear night in the work of sweeping the sky for new comets. When a suspicious object is brought into the field of view, its position is at once determined, and it is referred to a catalogue of nebulæ, for it is sometimes impossible to distinguish, as regards appearance, between a telescopic comet and a faint nebula. If its position is not identifiable with one of the numerous class of objects included in the latter category, it is closely watched for traces of motion, which must immediately become evident in the event of its being a comet. Its exact place relatively to several adjoining stars is carefully fixed, and after a short interval, the comparison



PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER, AT HIS OBSERVATORY, HASTINGS, N. Y., PHOTOGRAPHING THE COMET OF 1881.

shows a slight alteration in the observed positions, which at once settles the matter. The discovery is telegraphed to foreign observers, and subsequent observations of the comet enable the orbit to be calculated and its period determined if the elements are found to agree with those of a previously observed comet. But there are some difficulties in the way of fixing the true form of cometary orbits, because these bodies can only be watched while traversing a small arc of their paths, and the larger invisible portion of the orbit has to be inferred from the visible portion. This occasions considerable difficulty, because several varieties of orbit are found accordant with the paths of these erratic and often unexpected visitors.

FIG. 4.—TELESCOPIC COMETS.

FIG. 5.—SIX-TAILED COMET OF 1874.

Cometary orbits are divided into three distinct classes—the ellipse, parabola, and hyperbola (Figs. 2 and 3). In some cases comets revolve in elliptical paths of various eccentricity, and reappear periodically, as, for example, Halley's comet, which returns to the sun at intervals of about 76 years; or, selecting one of shorter time, the comet of Encke, with a period of only 1,210 days (3·3 years). The elliptical comets represent, in fact, the periodical comets, for the character of their orbits proves that they must revisit the sun again and again at certain definite ascertainable periods, subject to some slight irregularities occasioned by planetary perturbations.

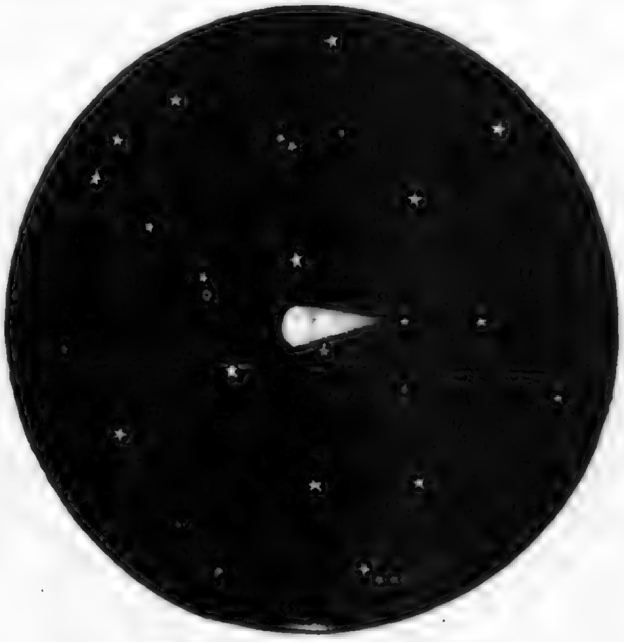


FIG. 6.—BORELLI'S COMET OF 1877.

The parabolic form of orbit is, however, usually applied to represent the paths of newly-found comets, partly from the facility with which it is calculated, and partly from the fact that it best satisfies the observations. The parabola is an ellipse of indefinite length, whose branches unite at perihelion, but extend in parallel lines an infinite distance into space, so that no comet of this class can be regarded as periodical, because on leaving the sun it never returns again to perihelion. Sir John Herschel says: "The parabola is that conic section which is the limit between the ellipse on the one hand, which returns into itself, and the hyperbola on the other, which runs out into infinity."

The hyperbolic comets are those following paths which,

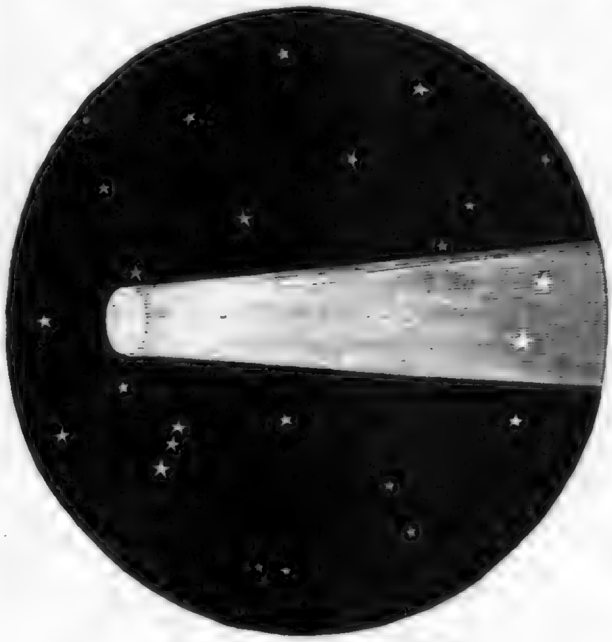


FIG. 7.—COMET NO. 2 OF 1877.

though uniting at perihelion, extend into illimitable space without ever re-uniting. The hyperbola differs from the parabola in respect of its branches, which are divergent, and not parallel. Very few comets have been found to pursue this form of orbit; the majority revolve in ellipses, and hence belong to our system. But in cases where the orbit is an hyperbola there is no such distinction, for, after visiting the sun once, the comet recedes into indefinite space, and is lost to us for ever. Indeed, that a comet belonging to this class is visible at all results from pure accident. Roving in space, they occasionally enter the region of the solar attraction, which soon makes itself appreciable as the comet is drawn toward the sun and wheeled around it with prodigious velocity, to depart again into space, never to return. Such comets do not properly belong to our system at all. Like certain fire-balls and meteors which have encountered the earth, they are purely sporadic in character, coming irregularly from the interstellar regions within the influence of solar gravitation, and rendered subservient for the time to its effects. At their nearest point to the sun (in perihelion) their distances vary considerably (Fig. 4). Like the first comet of 1847, they may almost graze the sun's surface, or never approach within the orbit of Mars, as in the case of Faye's periodical comet. The perihelion distance of the comet of 1729 was computed to be nearly equal to 400,000,000 miles, while that of comet I., 1843, was less than 550,000 miles.

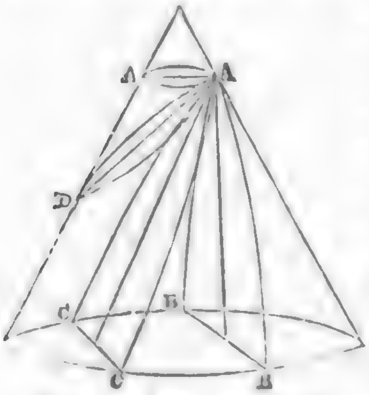


FIG. 2.—THE CONIC SECTIONS.

(A A) The Circle; (A D) the Ellipse; (C A C) the Parabola; (B A B) the Hyperbola.

Some comets appear wholly devoid of tails or of any nucleus indicating a condensation of materials; others show a very decided nucleus in the form of a luminous point situated in the densest region of the cometary vapor, and generally on the preceding side in the direction of the sun. Others, again, particularly in the case of large comets, show both a nucleus and train, which intensify and expand on approaching the sun. The nucleus is usually enveloped in an exterior nebulosity termed the *coma*, from the Greek *komé*, signifying hair. The comet of 1744 had six tails (Fig. 5), and, it is recorded, the intervening spaces were as dark as other regions of the sky. The comet of 1862 (III.) was not a very lucid object of its class, but it was chiefly interesting from the fact that it exhibited a series of singular luminous jets radiating from the nucleus and constantly varying in appearance.

The total number of comets which have entered our system, including those which properly belong to it, in ages past, is wholly beyond trustworthy calculation; but it is certain that a vast swarm of these bodies must have visited our region of space, the great majority of which were never visible to the human eye. Some would not approach sufficiently near the earth to be detected, others would be too small for inspection, and others again would elude discovery. In the three years, 1877 to 1879, no less than fourteen were detected (FIGS. 6, 7), though in the two preceding years (1875 and 1876) a remarkable lull occurred in the progress of cometary discovery, there being an absolute dearth of new comets between December 6th, 1874, and February 9th, 1877. The average annual number of visible comets is three or four, though some years are more prolific than others, as in 1846 and 1858, which gave eight comets each. The total number recorded up to the present time is about 850, and the rate of discovery is rapidly on the increase; for though, in the last century, the aggregate of such discoveries reached seventy-one, the number for the present century already exceeds two hundred.

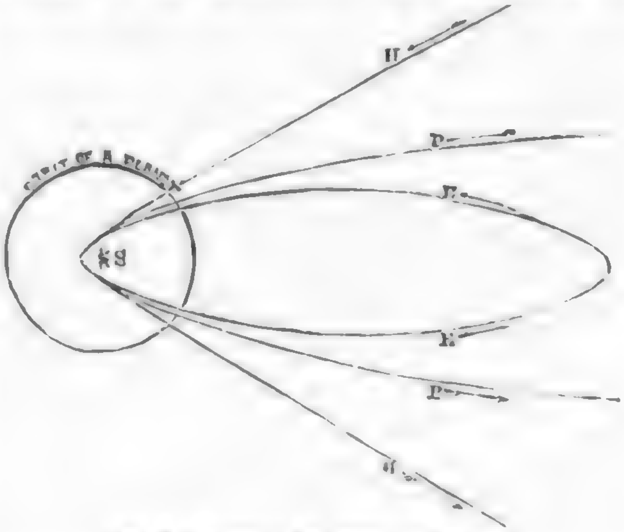


FIG. 3.—DIAGRAM OF COMETARY ORBITS.

(E) Ellipse; (P) Parabola; (H) Hyperbola; (S) Sun.

It will readily be understood that, before the invention of the telescope, only the larger class of these bodies attracted attention; thus the number of comets observed in modern times vastly exceeds those of ancient periods. Moreover, with increasing numbers of observers and improvements in astronomical appliances, it is certain that future years will yield a rich harvest of such discoveries. It is much to be hoped that some of the British observatories will devote a share of attention to this department, seeing that not a single new comet has been discovered in England during the last quarter of a century.

The comets of short period, whose returns are capable of definite prediction, are essentially objects of considerable importance. They are apparently grouped into distinct families, with aphelion distances just outside the larger and more distant planets. Thus, the Jovian family consists of a number of comets having periods of about five or six years, including the periodical comets of Brorsen, Winnecke, Biela, etc. The comet of Peters (1846, VI.) and of Tuttle (1858, I.), with periods of about thirteen years, revolve in orbits extending beyond the path of Saturn. The comets of Tempel (1866, I.) and Stephan (1867, I.) have their aphelia near the orbit of Uranus, with

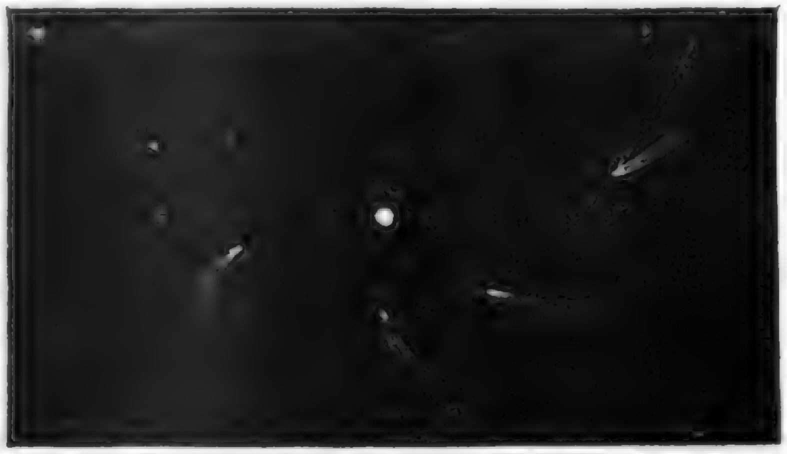


FIG. 4.—SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS OF A COMET NEAR PERIHELION.

periods slightly exceeding thirty-three years; while those of Halley, Olbers (1815), Pons (1812), and several others of the same group, give periods of between seventy and eighty years, and are, at their outermost points, more distant than the planet Neptune. In some instances periods of enormous length have been assigned to comets; thus the six-tailed (?) comet of 1744 was supposed to follow an elliptic orbit with a period of 122,683 years! and, like the second comet of 1844, having a theoretical time of revolution exceeding 100,000 years, can only possess interest for the historian.

The first of the periodical comets was discovered by the genius of Edmund Halley, and the chief facts concerning its history are very interesting. The large comet of 1682 induced him to investigate the subject of comets, and to calculate the elements of such of these bodies as had been sufficiently observed, with the view of finding some proof of periodical reappearances. His inquiries showed that the large comets seen in the years 1531 and 1607 moved in nearly identical orbits with the one he had observed in 1682, and he inferred that they were the successive apparitions of one and the same comet, revolving in an elliptic orbit, with a period of about seventy-five and a half years. He predicted its next return for the end of 1758 or beginning of 1759, and pursuing the question still further, detected historical records of other comets agreeing precisely in point of date with previous returns of the great comet of 1682. In the year 1456 a comet was seen "of unheard-of magnitude"; it had a tail sixty degrees long! In 1380 another comet was recorded, and in 1305 "a comet of terrific dimensions made its appearance about the time of the Feast of the Passover, which was followed by a great plague." In 1066 a large comet was seen, which "created universal dread throughout Europe, and was looked upon as a presage of the success of the Norman invasion." The returns of this remarkable comet have, in fact, been traced back to the year 11 B.C. by Mr. Hind, who has also identified from among the ancient Chinese observations many other apparitions of the same body. But the historical notices prior to the Christian era are too vague and imperfect to allow the returns of the comet to be traced back even further into remote antiquity. In 166 B.C. "a torch was seen in the heavens," but though the date agrees well with calculation, it cannot certainly be said to have been an appearance of this comet.

The predictions of Halley were fully verified. The comet was re-discovered on December 25th, 1758, and remained visible five months. On May 5th, 1759, its tail was forty-seven degrees long. In the Autumn of 1835 it was again seen, but it appeared to have lost much of its ancient magnificent character. The year 1912 will probably witness its next return to our parts of space.

Of the comets of shorter period, that of Biela may be instanced as certainly the most noteworthy. It has a period of less than six years and three quarters, and at its return in 1845 it was observed to divide into two distinct parts, which also reappeared in 1852, following parallel paths. Such a unique phenomenon had never before been witnessed; but another curious circumstance remains to be stated—viz., that this double comet appears, since 1852, to have wholly disappeared from our system! Repeated search has proved unavailing, and it seems a probable conjecture that it will never be seen again. Further divisions of its materials may have occurred, dispersing the original mass over a long range of the orbit, so that the only visible remnants of this singular body are occasionally seen as shooting-stars on the night of November 27th, when the earth makes a very near approach to the comet's orbit.

Encke's comet of short period, observed by Pons on November 26th, 1818, was found identical with one which had been recorded in 1805. Encke succeeded in computing the whole orbit, and found the period of revolution about 1,207¼ days. The observation of this comet brought to light a marvelous fact in regard to its motion, which is slowly but certainly bringing it nearer to the sun, and shortening its periodic time. If this continues, the comet must ultimately fall upon the sun. The laws of gravitation fail to explain so curious an anomaly. The disturbing forces of the planets are often severely felt by the thin materials of a comet, but in the present case these have been duly taken into account, and nothing remains but to attribute it to the effects of a resisting medium pervading space. Some physical agency, the nature of which is not exactly determinable, must constantly oppose the comet's velocity, and intensify the results of solar attraction in such a manner that the orbit is closing in upon the sun.

Newton held the opinion that comets were simply the aliment by which suns were sustained, and that such bodies, as they swept around their central luminaries, were gradually declining upon them. He said: "I cannot say when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun—possibly after five or six revolutions; but whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point that our globe will be burnt, and all the animals upon it will perish."

The light and scattered materials of a comet could scarcely, however, give rise to so vast a conflagration, though the sun's light and heat would, perhaps, be greatly intensified in the event of such a catastrophe. The sudden outburst of light in the case of the temporary stars observed by Hipparchus (134 B.C.), Tycho Brahe (1572), and others, has been explained on the same ground.

The following is a list of the short periodical comets with which we are best acquainted:

Comet's Name.	Period in Years.	Next Return to Perihelion.
Encke	3·30	1881
Winnecke	5·55	1880
Brorsen	5·58	1884
D'Arrest	6·38	1883-4
Biela	6·63	1885
Faye	7·41	1881

Though considerable importance is attached to these bodies, they are insignificant objects, and appear to be in process of wasting away, for at successive returns the same comets show decided evidence of decreasing brilliancy, and it has been conjectured that their materials are becoming distributed along their orbits, so that many of the comets will follow the precedent of Biela, and become wholly invisible when the central mass has been disintegrated and scattered into meteor orbits. That comets are liable to distortion and division when near their perihelia is a fact borne out by many historical notices, and it may be due either to the unequal attraction of the sun upon the several portions of the cometary cloud, or to the action of a repulsive force. In an case, it is certain that the large area and unequal density of a comet as it wheels around the sun, passing, it may be, near one of the planets, is subject to many perturbations and disruptive influences which, frequently recurring, have the ultimate effect of sundering the original mass and extending it over a considerable arc, or, indeed, over the complete orbit, as in the case of the third comet of 1862, which gives rise to the annual display of August shooting stars.

XUM

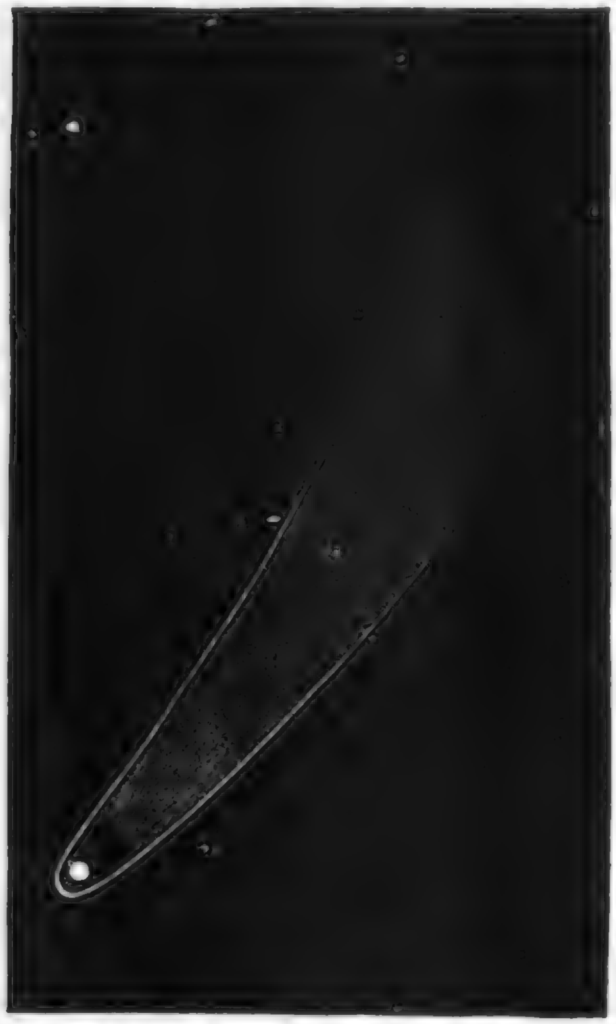


FIG. 8.—GREAT COMET OF THE AUTUMN OF 1811.

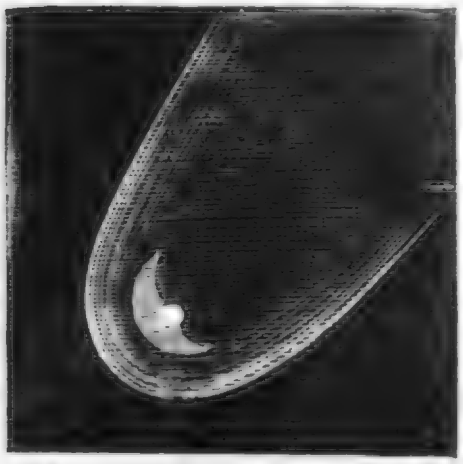


FIG. 9.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, ENG., SEPT. 21ST, 1858.

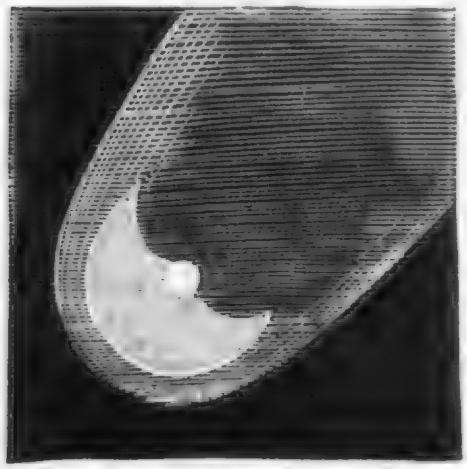


FIG. 10.—DONATI'S COMET, AS SEEN ON SEPT. 24TH, 1858—8 P. M.

The dimensions of certain comets have assumed extraordinary proportions; thus, the great comet of 1843 had a tail 200,000,000 miles in length. There were two large comets in 1811, each of which exhibited tails of at least 100,000,000 miles. The comets of 1618 and 1861 each had visible tails extending over more than 100 degrees of the firmament; and it is extremely probable that these estimates are far below the actual figures, for it must be remembered that the visible portions of these bodies represent merely a condensed fragment of the entire mass, which is undoubtedly scattered over a far greater range of space. The nucleus of this condensation is sometimes very small and brilliant. The comet of 1811 (Fig. 8) had a nucleus only 428 miles in diameter, while the "coma" in which it was enveloped was calculated to cover 1,125,000 miles. The nucleus (Figs. 9 to 16) of Donati's comet in 1858 reached 5,600 miles, but the actual magnitudes have been found to vary with considerable rapidity.

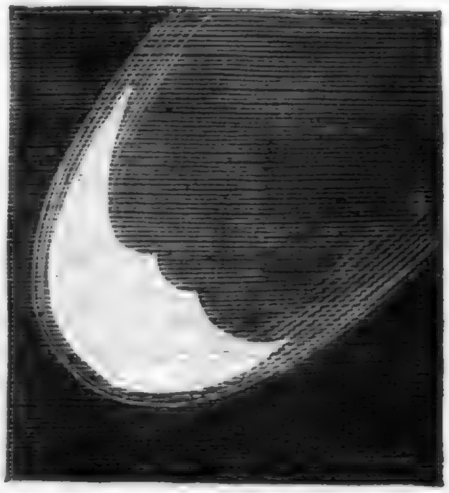


FIG. 11.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON SEPT. 25TH, 1858—7:30 P. M.

These changes are due in great measure to the effects of solar heat and attraction, which must be severely felt upon the scattered particles of these bodies. Planetary perturbations are also to be taken into account, for in cases where a cometary track falls near a planet there is reason to apprehend that the former is diverted from its original path. Such disturbing elements are always taken into account in calculations of cometary orbits and periods, as they are far too considerable to be disregarded. The planet Jupiter, from his immense mass, is eminently capable of influencing the motions of such comets as come within the range of his power; and, indeed, history contains a curious instance in which a comet wholly disappeared from our system, owing to its near approach to that planet. Lexell's comet, discovered by Messier in June, 1770, was computed, soon after its appearance, to revolve in an elliptical orbit, with a period of five years and a half; but this could not be admitted, as no such body had been observed in preceding years. In explanation of this anomaly, Lexell

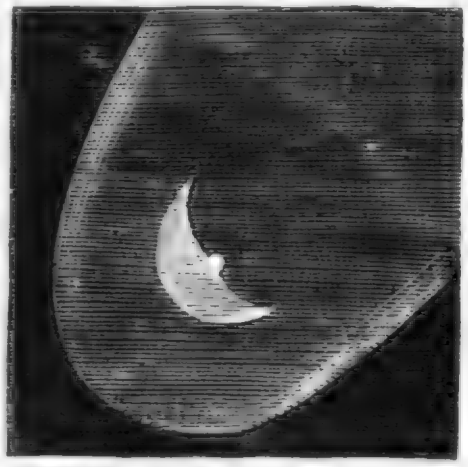


FIG. 12.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON SEPT. 27TH, 1858—7 P. M.

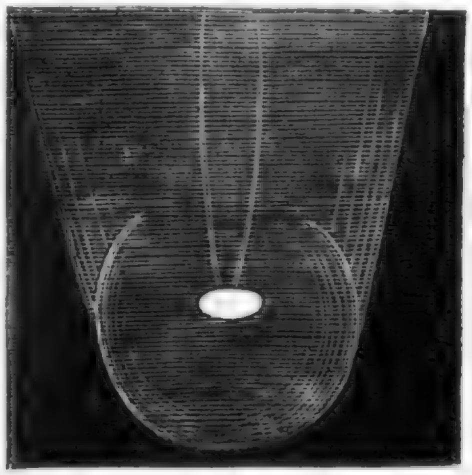


FIG. 13.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON SEPT. 30TH, 1858.

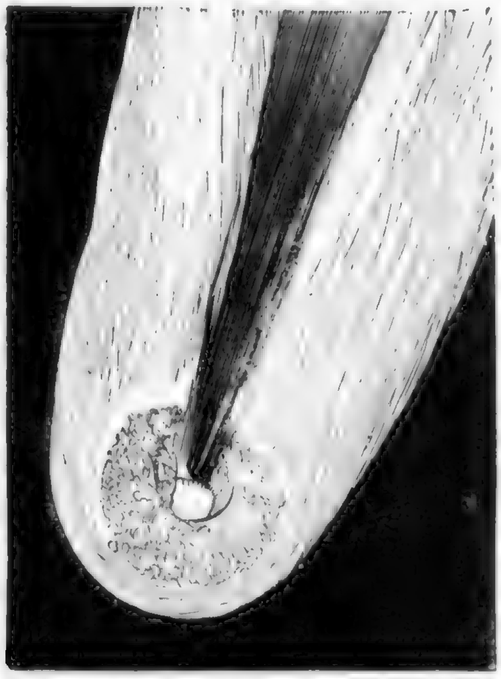


FIG. 14.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, OCT. 1ST, 1858.

showed that in 1767 the comet must have passed close to Jupiter, and have sustained so great a shock that its orbit was entirely changed into the elliptic path derived from the observations in 1770; in fact, its incursion into our system was quite new, and wholly attributable to the disturbing action of Jupiter. Lexell also pointed out that in 1779 the comet must again approach the planet, and that probably its path would be converted into a parabola, in which case it would recede from us finally; and this eventually proved true, for the comet was never seen again.

Pons, early in the present century, was a most diligent comet-seeker. He found twenty-seven during the years 1801 to 1827; and, before him, Messier had been devoted to the same work, for between 1764 and 1798 he had discovered twelve of these bodies.

The duration of visibility in different comets is extremely variable, according to circumstances of position and to the degree of inherent brightness. The comet of 1811 continued in view for 510 days, and those of 1825 and 1861 for twelve months each. Yet other instances might be adduced in which comets had been observed on one or two nights only. Some comets are only visible in the Northern Hemisphere, others are confined to the Southern, while in some cases, as in that of June, 1881, they are seen in both hemispheres. A great comet was seen in the Southern Hemisphere early in February, 1880, with a train of some 40° or 50°, extending upward, and curved amongst the stars of Phœnix and Eridanus. On February the 7th, 1880, as seen at the Cape of Good Hope, the lower part of the tail enveloped the Southern star Fomalhaut. It was unfortunate that the position of this fine and recent comet rendered it invisible to observers in the Northern Hemisphere.

The brilliant comet which became visible in the United States on the 22d of June, 1881, was not expected, and seems to be the same observed by Dr. Gould at Buenos Ayres on the 3d of the same month. It was moving rapidly northward, and except in length of tail, and a dark stripe throughout its length, resembled the comet of 1858. The tail was much curved, and a second one was soon seen, straight but dim. Some astronomers concluded it to be the comet of 1812, while others found its course not to correspond with either that of 1807 or 1812.

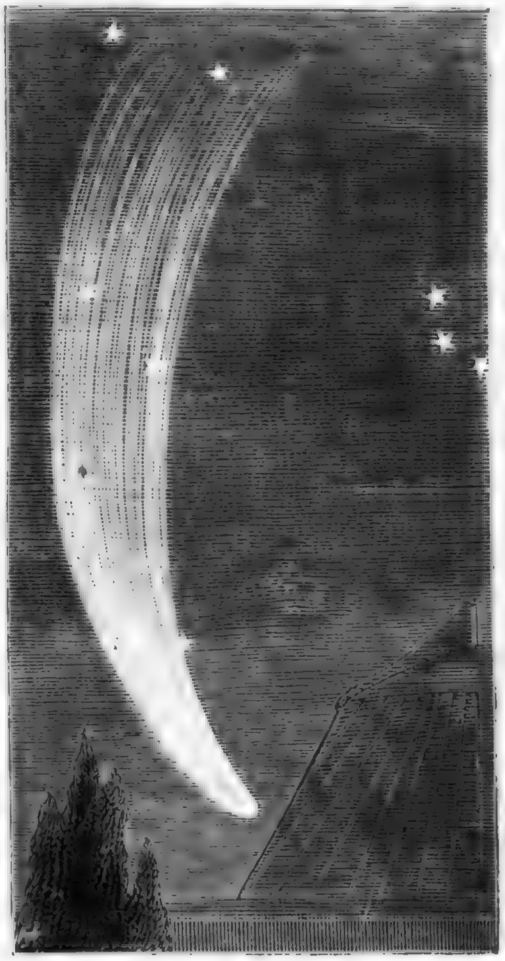


FIG. 16.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON OCT. 11TH, 1858.

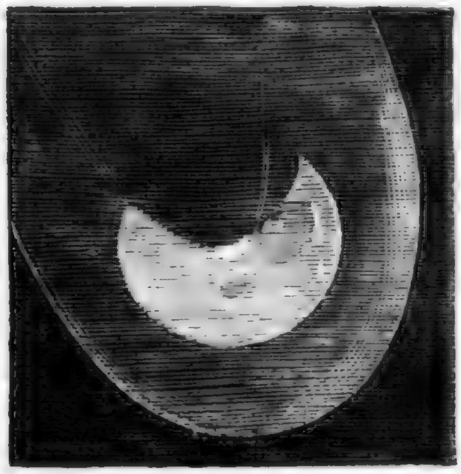


FIG. 15.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON OCT. 5TH, 1858—6:30 P.M.

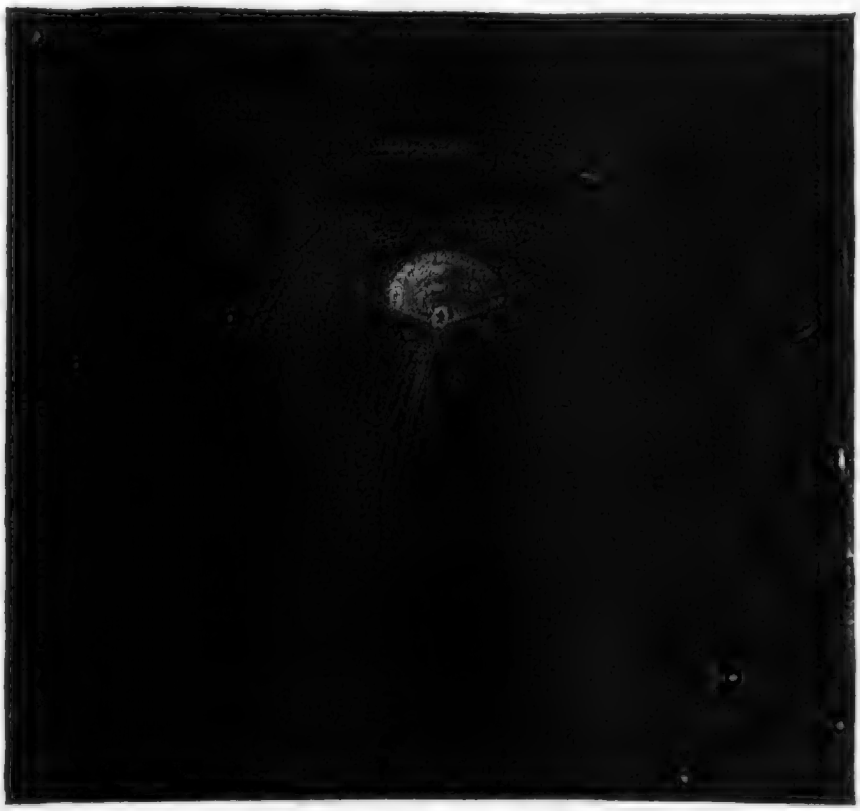


FIG. 17.—COGGIA'S COMET OF 1874.

Professor Draper, of Hastings, New York, succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the comet, and also of the rays of the more refrangible end of the spectrum.

The comet continued visible for a long time, enabling observers to make careful and distinct studies. Gradually a jet was thrown out, and this gradually formed into a distinct body, so that early in July two comets were seen by some observers.

The physical nature of comets has offered some puzzling questions for theorists. It has been more than ordinarily difficult to account for the erratic behavior of these bodies, and for the many curious forms which have been noticed in their appearance. But observation has at length accumulated a mass of facts regarding the visible aspects of these strange objects, which are of considerable value in such inquiries. It must, however, be admitted that the subject is still involved in mystery, and that the physical constitution of comets continues to present a problem of great complexity. The tails of these bodies, their comæ, the jets, fans and aigrettes, are phenomena so utterly different to what is seen in other celestial bodies, that our conception fails to afford a sufficiently clear idea of the forces producing such curious results. It has been supposed that comets shine with an inherent phosphorescence, and are not rendered visible by the reflected light of the sun, for though some comets have exhibited bright planetary disks, no signs of phases have ever been evident. But this fact alone cannot be held to negative the point, because if a comet is understood to consist of an immense assemblage or stream of planetary atoms, then it is certain that the solar rays will be permeated amongst the whole mass, and it will appear luminous throughout the entire range of its denser portions. Every individual fragment will have its phase, which must, however, be entirely imperceptible at the distance of the earth, for the vast concourse of miniature pellets composing the stream is visible only as a mass. A little dispersion must place them wholly beyond our reach; indeed, in the case of some of the largest comets, we have been struck with the great tenuity and rarity of their material composition. They shine like a wreath of thin transparent vapor, through which the faintest stars are readily discernible. Sir John Herschel has referred to the "all but spiritual texture" of comets, and they have been elsewhere characterized as "visible nothings." The faintest cloud we see illuminated by the sun has far more opacity than is found in the brightest comet.

It has been suggested by the ingenious experiments of Tyndall that the tail is simply due to a chemical action of the light transmitted through the nucleus, which means that it is merely a spectral appearance, and not a distension of the comet's materials. This would account for the generally observed fact that the tail flows in a direction away from the sun, though it would by no means eliminate other difficulties, such as the very sudden development of the tail in certain instances, and its remarkable variations as it is wheeled round the sun.

A repulsive force originated by the sun, which has the effect of distributing the outlying materials of the nucleus into trains off different curvatures, has been advocated as the true explanation of these phenomena; but this theory also has its objections.

The spectroscope usually reveals three bands, corresponding to the lines of carbon. In the case of Coggia's bright comet (Fig. 17) of 1874, Dr. Huggins wrote that three bands were seen in the coma and part of the tail. There was also a continuous spectrum, which in the comet's train became so decided as nearly to overpower the bright lines.

D'Arrest, at Copenhagen, saw "a beautiful continuous spectrum, crossed by three bright lines of carbon." Dr. N. de Konkoly, at the Observatory of O-gyalla, Hungary, found the spectrum agreed perfectly with that of carburetted hydrogen. Mr. Lockyer inferred, from his observations that the blue rays were singularly deficient in the continuous spectrum of the nucleus of the comet, that it was of low temperature.

Several observers found the spectrum of the nucleus to agree with that coming from a glowing gas, the nature of which was indicated by the positions of the bright bands, which were found to correspond with the bands seen in the spectrum of olefiant gas or heavy carburetted hydrogen.

But notwithstanding the aid of the spectroscope, and the long period over which telescopic observations of comets have now extended, it must be allowed that the question is still much shrouded in mystery. No clear exposition of the phenomena presented by the trains can be gathered from known physical laws, the changes are so sudden, extensive and curious, and differ so frequently in many details, as to defy explanation or prediction. But the forces of attraction and repulsion to which, in a general way, the appearances of comets are wholly attributable, are likely to affect different comets in different degrees, seeing that such bodies are often vastly dissimilar. Some of them approach the sun far within the orbit of Mercury, and will experience the extreme effects of these forces; while others, never coming within the orbits of the minor planets, will to a large extent evade their operation. Again, there are great differences in the density and size of these remarkable objects, which must render them liable in various degrees to the influences acting upon them.

Additional observations are still required regarding the visible character of comets, combined with the important facts of position and distance, both with respect to the sun and earth. When these shall have been duly compared, some of our present difficulties may disappear, and the physical constitution and extraordinary changes of these singular bodies will possibly admit of a more ready interpretation.

Comparing the comets of 1807 and 1881, Prof. Frisby, of the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., says: "A comparison of the elements will show a very close similarity, and still a remarkable disagreement.

	COMET OF 1881.			COMET OF 1807.		
	Deg.	*Min.*	*Sec.*	*Deg.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*
Longitude of perihelion	265	31	15 4	270	51	42
Longitude of node	2 0	58	27.0	266	47	11
Inclination	63	25	55.7	63	10	28
Perihelion distance	0.735 8			0.64612		
Time of perihelion passage	June 16 .3 001					

"It will be seen at once from a comparison of the elements that there is a strange coincidence; that is, the longitude of the perihelion and that of the node almost correspond crosswise, or the longitude of the node of the comet of 1807 is nearly the same as the longitude of the perihelion of the comet of 1881, and that the longitude of the perihelion of the comet of 1807 is about the same as that of the node of the comet of 1881; the inclinations are nearly the same, but the perihelion distance differs considerably. If we consider the mean distance of the sun as 92,000,000 miles, their distances will be slightly over fifty-nine and sixty-six millions of miles, giving a difference of nearly seven millions of miles. The period of the comet of 1807 was computed by Bessel to be about 1,714 years, and there appears to be no record of the comet of 1881 being seen before; and although the periodic time in a very eccentric eclipse is an uncertain quantity, we can scarcely conceive how its orbit can have changed much, because it has a very great inclination to the ecliptic, and cannot be disturbed to any great extent by any of the planets of the solar system.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Vesbium.—Prof A. Scacchi, who has been for some time engaged in chemical investigations on the lava which issued from Vesuvius during the year 1631, has recently made an interesting communication to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Naples, with regard to the probable presence in these deposits of a new metal. The material which Prof. Scacchi has operated upon consists of delicate yellow incrustations found in the crevices of the lava, in company with atacamite and azzumite, and has been named by him *vesbine*, while the supposed new metal is termed *vesbium*. Both words are derived from the ancient name for Vesuvius mentioned by Galen in his work, "De Morbis Curandis" (Book v. Chap. 12). Vesbine is found to consist of silicates of copper, the alkalies, iron, aluminium, etc., together with small quantities of the salts of what receives the name vesbic acid. The later is obtained in an impure state—containing traces of iron, aluminium, lead and copper—by evaporating the solution of vesbine in hydrochloric acid to 170° C., extracting with water, treating the residue of silicic acid, and vesbiates with hydrochloric acid, filtering from silicic acid, evaporating again to 170°, and extracting with water. The dark-green residue thus obtained formed the material for the series of investigations on which the discoverer bases his claims to the existence of the new element. The characteristic properties thus far noted are the following: When fused with phosphor salt, its compounds yield in the oxidizing flame a reddish or brownish yellow bead, and in the reducing flame a green bead. The alkaline vesbiates are soluble in water. The compounds with the other bases are soluble in acids, but insoluble in water—with the solitary exception of the manganese salt. The zinc salt is green, the silver salt is of a reddish yellow. The acid solutions of the iron and aluminium salts are green. Addition of sulphuretted hydrogen causes a flocculent brown precipitate, while the liquid assumes a deep azure blue hue—one of the most distinctive properties of the acid. The yellow vesbiate of potassium, when fused, turns black, and if then cooled is insoluble. If, on the contrary, the temperature is further elevated, the fused mass becomes transparent, and is soluble on cooling. The analysis of the silver salt showed it to contain 47·58 per cent. of vesbic acid. This would give 105·29 as the equivalent weight of vesbic acid, and an atomic weight of about 130 or 162, according to the amount of oxygen in combination. In view of the small quantity of but three grammes of vesbic acid which Prof. Scacchi has thus far succeeded in isolating, he very prudently desists from making any definite claims with regard to the certainty of the existence of vesbium, until he has obtained quantities sufficient to insure purity in the compounds and exactness in the analytical results. Thus far it appears allied to vanadium or molybdenum, although not responding to the special tests of these metals. A more accurate determination of the atomic weight will also show whether it can fill the gaps in the groups containing these metals according to Mendeleeff's classification.

Niagara made Useful.—"In May, 1879, in answer to questions put to me by the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Electric Lighting, I gave an estimate of the quantity of copper conductor that would be suitable for the economical transmission of power by electricity to any stated distance; and, taking Niagara as example, I pointed out that, under practically realizable conditions of intensity, a copper wire of half an inch diameter would suffice to take 26,250 horse-power from water-wheels driven by the Fall, and (losing only 20 per cent. on the way) to yield 21,000 horse-power at a distance of 300 British statute miles; the prime cost of the copper amounting to $300,000, or less than $15 per horse-power actually yielded at the distant station."—**William Thomson**, University, Glasgow.

M. Letourneau laid before the Société d'Anthropologie, of Paris, some details concerning the sailor Pelletier. He had been shipwrecked, when twelve years of age, on the coast of Australia, and had become completely assimilated to the savages among whom he had lived. When questioned by the French Consul at Sydney, he wrote the name of his native place and that of his ship in one word. He tried to write to his father, but what he wrote had no meaning. In a few days he recollected some fifteen to twenty French words.

The Eggs of Eels.—We direct attention to an alleged discovery of eggs in eels, and also to the fact that both sexes had been observed nearly two hundred years ago. The following extracts are made from the proceedings of the Royal Society, about the year 1690: "Until about twelve months since, it was currently believed that eggs had never been seen in eels, and it was considered quite an interesting discovery when a New England fisherman then discovered them in situ, and also observed specimens of eels both of the male and female sex. Thus a vexed point which had been discussed for two hundred years was settled satisfactorily, when, as I understand, Professor Packard confirmed the fisherman's discovery. Recently, while looking over some papers read before the Royal Society of England, dating very far back, I found that a Mr. Benjamin Allen, about the year 1690, read a paper before the society, claiming to have examined two eels, and 'found one with egg,' and another with 'fixed young ones, fastened to very small placentæ each, which was fixed to the intestine.' 'The eggs were on the outside of the intestine.' He also said, 'The parts distinguishing the sex are discoverable; those of the male affix to the extremity of the kidney; the female had a slender gland transversely lying near the bowel.' A discussion followed, and a Mr. Dale raised a doubt on account of Mr. Allen's anatomical details being inconsistent with nature, and from the fact of Leuwenhoek finding a uterus in all eels he examined, and also 'masculine seed,' from whence he conjectured they were hermaphrodite. He, however, so far confirmed Mr. Allen on one point, as to state that one Walter Chetwynd, Esq., had in the month of May, 'found them to be viviparous, by cutting open the red fundaments of the females, from whence the young eels would issue forth alive.' No other member is reported as having spoken on the subject, and so the matter rested."

According to the researches of Bonnet ("Biedermann's Central-blatt"), the blood reaches its minimum daily temperature between midnight and 3 A.M. The maximum temperature is observed between 2 and 4 P.M., though in permanently hot weather it may be delayed till 8 P.M. Neither sleep nor wakefulness, hunger nor satiety, neither age nor sex, has any influence.

Dr. B. Joy Jeffries has made a careful examination on the prevalence of color-blindness among the schoolchildren in Boston. He finds this defect in 4·202 per cent. of the males, and in only 0·056 per cent. of the females—results agreeing substantially with those obtained by the most careful observers in Europe.

According to the Paris correspondent of *Science*, a criminal who had been executed by hanging was completely restored to consciousness by a powerful electric current, but succumbed, on the second day following, to cerebral congestion.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Knocked on the Head.—A nail.

The Oldest Settler in the West.—The sun.

A Host in Himself.—The cannibal who devoured his entertainer.

It is supposed that one of the chief objects of soldiers' drill is to make holes in the enemy.

Now that smallpox is prevalent, mothers as well as astronomers are looking for spots on the son.

Domestic Philosophy.—When there is a storm in the nursery, the mother will castor oil on the waters in vain.

"How does painting agree with my daughter?" asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.

"Say, boy—say!" exclaimed a hot-looking man with a valise, "which is the quickest way to get to the cars?" "Run!" yelled the boy.

"Lie! well, I guess he does lie!" said his neighbor Jones. "Why, he's so fond of lying that he won't let a clock strike right in his house."

A newspaper asks, "Will some one tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was?" Certainly; her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

New, and Truly Sincere, Form of Invitation.—"Mr. and Mrs. ——— request the favor of your presents at the wedding of their daughter."

A clergyman compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the vast animal from the phenomena of the hide.

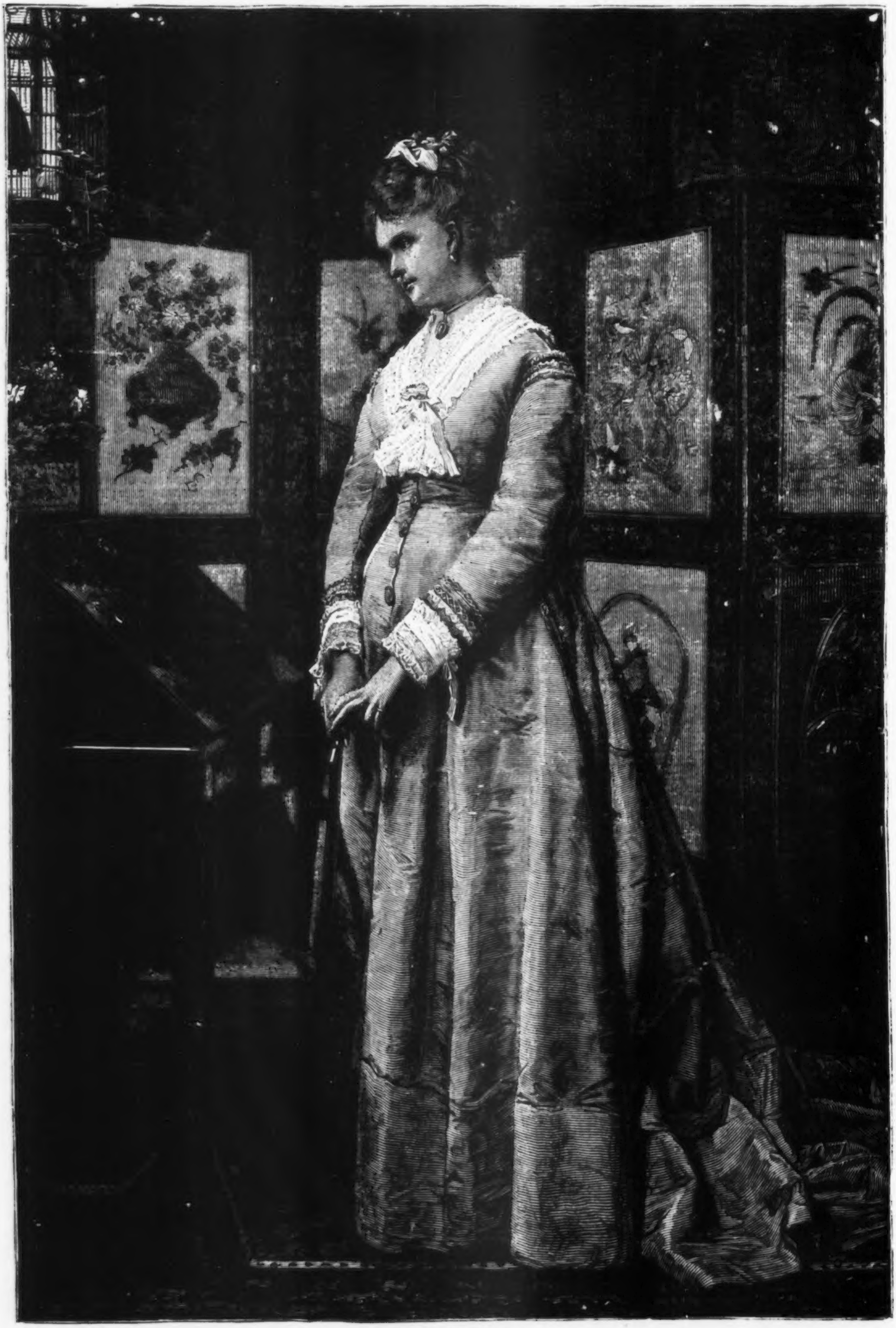
The Desire of the Sons of Men.—"What does *encore* mean?" asks a contemporary. It is only one phase of the universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it at once.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

BABY'S WARNING.

When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight:
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no Castoria,
For mothers learn without delay,
Castoria cures by night and day.

Dr. Johnson said to a young lordling who was boasting of his long line of ancestors: "A wise man never attempts to trace his genealogy but a little way back, because if he goes far he is sure to run upon an ancestor who has been hanged."



WEARY AMID LUXURY.